

**THE STORY OF INDIA.**







*Yours faithfully, the Author.*



# THE STORY OF INDIA

BY

ISABEL F. K. HUNTER, F.R.G.S.

(“SPERO”)

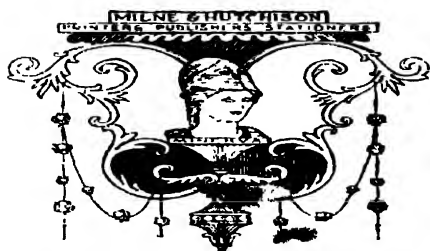
Author of “The Land of Regrets”



ABERDEEN  
MILNE & HUTCHISON

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1928



SOME BOOKS ARE TO BE TASTED OTHERS TO BE SWALLOWED  
AND THE FEW TO BE CHEWED AND DIGESTED. — R. B. S.

DEDICATED

“Till the day dawns  
And the shadows flee away”

To the unfading memory of  
My Brother,

COLONEL FRANCIS CHARLES KING-HUNTER,  
The 24th Regiment (South Wales Borderers),

who, having retired, yet at once (1914) took up service in the Great War,  
devotedly serving King and Country, and raising 12 battalions to reinforce  
his shattered Regiment.

For the foregoing services and his love of the boys and girls of our Great  
Empire, I further dedicate my “Story of India” to his grand-children,  
Mervyn Brian Charles, Basil Edgar, and Rosemary Bonham-Carter, as  
well as to our grand-nieces, Anne Robertson and Edith Caulfield-Browne.



## AUTHOR'S NOTE.

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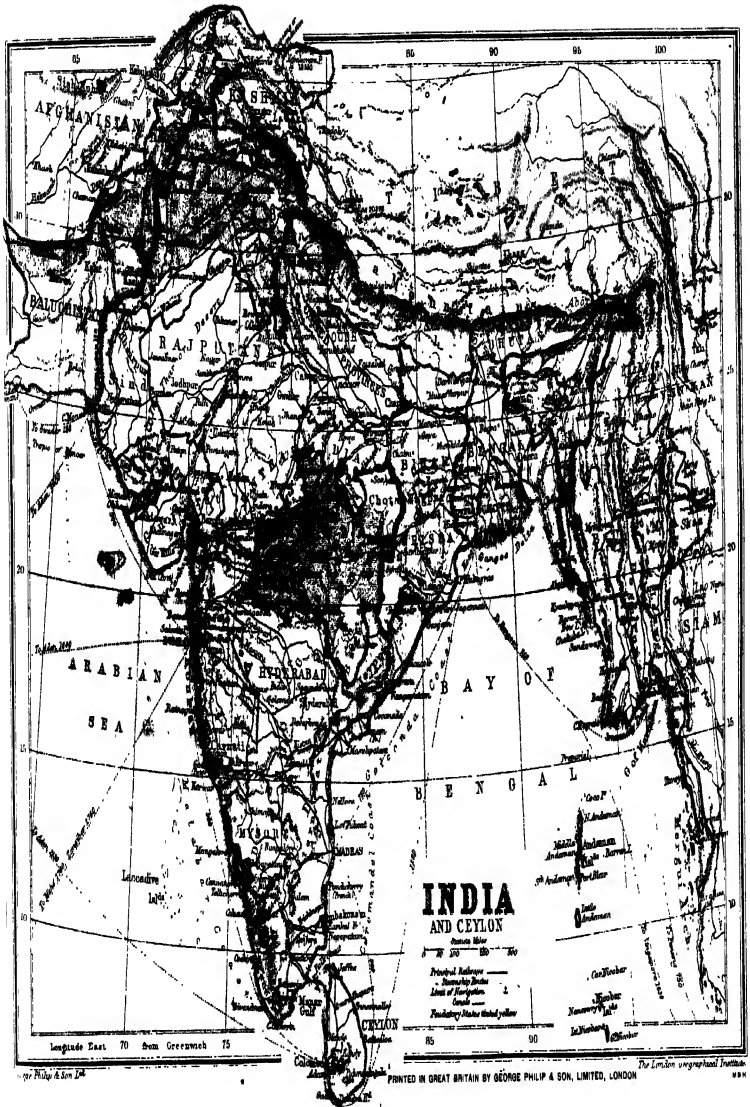
THE general narrative has been prepared at the urgent solicitation of my friends who know of my having been resident in India for a period of sixteen years, during which time I embraced the opportunity of eliciting information from reliable sources and of studying the manners and customs of the people.

My readers have information not readily obtainable, and it is hoped that the younger generation from the facts presented may be inspired to take an interest in this great country.

I tender my grateful appreciation to Lady Strachey for notes supplied dealing with the subject of the "Stracheys," to the Honourable Mrs. R. Hardinge for particulars in connection with Lord Hardinge, and to Mrs. Littledale for notes pertaining to Warren Hastings.

I. F. K. H.









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# THE STORY OF INDIA.



## CHAPTER I.

### Heroes of 327 B.C.

"An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told."

"Take my hand, and let it move,  
At the impulse of Thy will."

FROM the most ancient of all histories, we learn that in the days of Joseph "all countries came into Egypt for to buy corn." Amongst these countries was India, and we read that her merchants bought indigo and muslins, and bartered them for the corn of Palestine's fertile pastures.

While for an orthodox Hindu the political history of India begins more than three thousand years before the Christian era, much of this being tradition only is rejected by the historian proper, as he is unable to place events in chronological order. Down to the seventh century B.C., even the most enlightened were ignorant of the art of writing, hence the difficulty of assigning dates or of crediting traditions handed down by word of mouth from father to son. Their well-trained memories were wonderful, but not sufficiently reliable where dates and accuracy are essential.

The seventh century is marked by a development of maritime commerce, and then the education of the people of India seemed to begin and included a crude method of writing. Of this we are glad, because we want not only

to know but to be able to believe all we can learn of the early history of this vast and most interesting country.

The first monarch of whom anything substantial is known was Bimbisara or Srinika, the fifth of his line (530 B.C.) of the Saisunaga Dynasty. His kingdom was in Central India—the part now called Bhagalpore—and included Mongyr. Diodorus, a Sicilian historian, tells us that a great King of Egypt named Sesostras or Rames II, who reigned before the days of Moses, sent a navy of four hundred sail into the Red Sea, and, conquering all Asia, passed over the river Ganges, and thence through India to the Pacific Ocean. From Diodorus also we learn that two thousand years before the birth of Christ the legendary Queen Semiramis, with a fleet of two thousand boats and an army of three million foot-soldiers and two thousand horsemen, crossed the Indus and fought the Emperor Stabrobates. Although her forces were defeated and suffered severely, the event proves that there were brave women in those days and that the army was strong and powerful.

When Solomon received command from his father, David, to build a Temple to Jehovah, it was the merchants of Tyre (the city of the Phœnicians) whom he employed to bring treasure for his work—pearls and brazen vessels, gems and embroideries, vestments, woven carpets and shawls of many colours—and from the country of the Queen of Sheba they brought back gold and silver, sandal wood, ivory, apes and peacocks to adorn the Temple of Solomon, and with them they brought their Sanskrit or Indian names.

Solomon founded Tadmor in the wilderness as a resting place for the traders with their caravans as they journeyed to and fro bringing their precious freight from the Indies, Malabar, Ceylon and the Far East. Tadmor was destined to serve a greater and wider purpose in the future!

Tyre remained the chief naval power and Mistress of the Seas until the days of Nebuchadnezzar, when the Babylonian Empire fell (558 B.C.) into the hands of Cyrus, as was foretold by the prophet, Ezekiel. Then the wealth of the East no longer passed through Tadmor, but remained with the Persians, who, under Darius Hystaspes, advanced the conquest of their Empire as far North as the Punjab, whence its coffers were enriched, and its army augmented with contingents of fighting men wearing white cotton clothing and armed with bows and arrows.

While the fall of nations in these ancient days spelt dire calamity to them, from our comfortable standpoint of advanced civilization we can trace the great advantage which resulted to the world at large from their misfortunes. Ambition to possess—emulation to succeed, the general distribution of the good things each country possessed, followed in due course—indeed, all the primary aids to, or beginnings of, the civilization which the present age enjoys.

It was not until the days of Alexander the Great that the trade from India again resumed its original route down the Persian Gulf, along the Tigris, through Palmyra (the Tadmor founded by Solomon) and enriched the cities of the Mediterranean. When Alexander invaded the country the king reigning in the part called Magadha, now Behar, was one of the Nandas, a class of low origin who obtained the Kingdom by murdering its rightful sovereign and his heirs. They retained their power for two generations only. From these Nandas was descended Chandra Gupta, the first monarch of all India (322 B.C.), and of him we shall learn more later.

Meanwhile, we are concerned with Alexander the Conqueror of the then known world, and we are very deeply indebted to him. It was due to his campaigns that India became known to Europe. But . . . who was

Alexander or Sikandra the Great? He was the son of King Philip of Macedon, and it is from Grecian records that we learn most of his courageous efforts to conquer India. It was a very simple incident which revealed Alexander's natural instincts and capabilities, and which probably led up to his great undertaking, one I think that will interest our boys and girls.

When Alexander was about twelve years of age, and living at his father's palace, a fine-looking charger was brought for King Philip's inspection, which betrayed such vicious traits that the King sent him away. The handling the rejected animal received from his groom drew forth an angry cry from Alexander, "What a horse they are losing for want of skill and spirit to manage him!" "Young man," said his father, "you find fault with your elders as if you could manage the horse better than they could." "And I certainly could," the boy replied. Asked what forfeit he would pay if he failed, again the boy promptly replied, "The price of the horse."

Alexander, who having noticed that Bucephalus—such was the charger's name—was startled by his own shadow as well as irritated by the rough treatment given him, had led him away from the sunshine, stroked and spoken gently to him. Then mounting him, somewhat to the affright of the onlookers, he let Bucephalus prance and play as much as he would, until, having quite subdued him, he led him up to the King. Philip wept for joy, and proudly embracing his son said, "Seek another Empire, my son, for that which I shall leave you is not worthy of you." Philip had provided capable tutors for his son, but now, feeling that none but the best should be entrusted with the education of such a boy, sent for Aristotle, the most famous philosopher of the day, and required him to continue the task. "Be informed," he said, "that I have a son, and that I am thankful to the gods, not so much for his birth, as that he was born in

the same age as yourself, for, if you will undertake the charge of his education, I assure myself that he will become worthy of his father and of the kingdom which he will inherit." A royal method was at once provided for the continuation of these studies.

Aristotle prized out-of-door life, so, instead of a schoolroom the King made ready a beautiful garden with shady paths and stone seats, and there master and pupil revelled in the philosophy of the age and in Alexander's favourite studies of history, poetry and plays. He delighted especially in Homer, and traced a resemblance between himself and Achilles, the hero of the *Iliad*, from whom his mother delighted to tell her son he was descended. The statue of Achilles at Hyde Park Gate is within sight of the many who pass by regardless of it as well as of so many of our interesting and beautiful monuments.

Philip's confidence in his son was proved when he was only sixteen years of age. Called away to Byzantium, he left his kingdom solely in Alexander's care, and returned to find that he had not only ably acquitted himself as ruler but as a victorious defender from invading foes who, taking advantage of Philip's absence, had attempted to revolt and throw off the Royal Authority.

Such was Alexander of Macedonia who, while still a minor, ruled his father's kingdom wisely and well and who became conqueror of India and of the whole then known world. So we see in these far away back days that there were then, as now, courageous and brave men who faced wonderful odds, dangers and difficulties without the knowledge now possessed, and without the necessary adjuncts and accessories.

There was no cause, we shall soon see, to regret the invasion of India. Alexander made a lasting incision in the wall of partition between East and West, and opened

up four different lines of communication for the world—three by sea, one by land.

Traces of the Greeks remain unto this day. Grecian features are noticeable in the Punjab and are still more remarkable in Kashmir, while proceeding eastwards the Greek type fades. In statuary, Greek features and profiles continually occur. Conspicuous amongst these is a beautiful specimen at Lahore of an old blind man feeling his way with his staff. The classical features are purely Grecian. The inscription runs thus:—

“Blind, having seen,  
Poor, having rolled in wealth  
He, with a staff, Feeling his way  
To a strange land shall go.”

It was from the early Greeks that the Indians first learnt architecture and, from the wonderful remains and ruins still existing, we know how cleverly they practised the art. It was my good fortune to see ruins in Assam dated 300 B.C. The cement used on them, a modern authority has proved, must have come from Italy or Greece. It was with the roughest of tools these clever workers accomplished their beautiful carving, and even now, in many parts, it is chiefly with such crude tools that they continue to work.

The science of astronomy has ever been a favourite study with the Indians. Garga, their astronomer of the first century B.C., admitted that the methods of the Greeks had aided him greatly, while later astronomers adopted the Greek Zodiac and its divisions, only slightly orientalizing the Greek names. The similarity between the Indian and the Greek drama, as also their philosophy, may be traced to the latter nation.

Coins also played a useful part in enabling historians to establish chronological order. The study of numismatics is the work of the expert, but even a superficial study will be found of the greatest interest.



The Greeks left many coins behind them; to be found "here, there and everywhere," their dates and designs settled many doubts and difficulties. Their quaint shapes were roughly cut—usually in copper and silver. Some Grecian ones shown me, I think in Gwalior, were of the more uncommon round shape with clearly and beautifully cut heads of Grecian rulers.

We see, therefore, that much practical good came to India from Alexander's invasion, even though senseless warfare was the channel through which it came. His name is still remembered in the Punjab and Kashmir, so when the boys and girls of our Empire go to travel India they will be able to tell the people all they know of King Alexander the Great. When they talked of him to me as Sandra, I knew not what they meant, and ignorance of their language then prevented elucidation. Now it would be a delightful subject to talk to them about; there would be no lack of intelligence or interest on their part.

And now after this digression we return to Alexander and his campaigns in India. He had completed the conquest of Bactria, south of the Oxus, and no doubt his prowess and power had been noised abroad. We would fain dwell on Persia and its greatness in these days of Cyrus and Dionysius, of Darius Hystaspes, second only to Cyrus and the many other great Kings and clever people, and even the fabled Queen Semiramis and of how

"The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold."

but whatever the future holds for my pen, for our boys and girls, we must stick to our guns now, and that is India and Alexander's campaigns.

## CHAPTER II.

**Alexander and his Campaigns.**

“To be conscious that you are ignorant is a great step to knowledge.”

THE first of Alexander's campaigns began in May, 327 B.C., while the Nanda dynasty was still in power in India. It was a disastrous time; there was the hot weather to contend with, the troops suffered severely from its effects and conditions, and many died. Nevertheless, Alexander crossed the Hindu Kush Mountains, and, subduing the tribes which opposed him, taught them a lesson, which reduced future difficulties and left him free to penetrate into no-man's-land, which other travellers have never since ventured to enter.

Meanwhile, although we do not feel much respect for the Nandas then in power, as they played a part on the chess-board of Indian history we cannot quite ignore them. So, while Alexander rests and prepares for his next onslaught, which included the building of boats, we follow up allusion to them by a brief digression from his work.

The Saisunga dynasty, which preceded the Nanda and probably dated from 642 B.C., included ten kings. The last two were named Nandivardhana and Mahanadin.

The Nanda dynasty followed, probably 413 B.C., and comprised nine rulers, Mahapadma and his eight sons, whose dynasty lasted about a century. The last of these, Kshatriyas, was the king slain by Chandra Gupta Maurya and his advisor and Brahman Minister, Chanakya. Kshatriyas was a heretic, therefore hostile to

the Brahmans, and still more was objected to because he was rich and powerful and possessed a great army of 20,000 horse, 200,000 foot, 2,000 chariots and 3,000 elephants. Of much of their work as rulers we know little of these Nandas. There are accounts which do not tally, nor are sufficiently authenticated to characterize as history. Boys and girls must dig deeper for themselves. Again I do not wish to weary casual readers with matter that might be uncongenial to them and in consequence be consigned to their lowest shelf. There are our great historians for reference, there are records from the Jain<sup>s</sup> and Buddhists.

And there are the Puranas which, in passing, need a word of explanation. Who or what were they? The name implies old, such is its translation. They were very old, of great antiquity, therefore were not people but things—things too, of value and interest, the works of ancient writers. The number of these still extant in Northern India is Eighteen. Of those used in the south little is known. These Purana writers were restricted to five subjects. They were not allowed unlimited freedom. These subjects were primary creation, secondary creation, genealogies of gods and patriarchs, the laws of Manu and the history of ancient dynasties. The large amount of legendary lore included in these works adds considerable interest and, at the same time, bulk. Yet another illumination may, by the way, be advisable, viz., the "laws of Manu." These were written or compiled from the works of his predecessors, in Sanskrit, the sacred language of the Brahmans, by a wise man named Bhrigu, the date being probably between 200 B.C. and 200 A.D. A study of Manu throws light on the great subject of caste about which we hope to write later, but as laws, perhaps a too superlative place of importance was given them, for such were not the laws of the Medes and Persians, and infallible.

Now we return to Alexander again, glad to be in clear waters, and hope now to sail smoothly, lightly skimming the waves, skirting the rocks and unhesitatingly facing the breakers, roisterous and boisterous though they may be, without *mal de mer* or failure.

The building of boats during the time of Alexander's rest is descriptive of his character. These were required for the rivers, which would otherwise have intercepted his progress.

In May, 327 B.C., he crossed the Hindu Kush Mountains situated north of the Kyber pass and of Kabul and Afghanistan, and, remaining there a year, so effectually subdued the tribes that all fear of ever being troubled by them again was effectually removed.

In February, 326 B.C., Alexander and his troops next crossed the Indus, then the boundary of the Persian Empire, and landed at Attock between the Jhelum and the Indus rivers. The latter was then known as the Hydaspes. The country was found ready for conquest. The petty kingdoms of the Punjab, then jealous of each other and engaged in disputes and intrigues, were willing to join an invader rather than ~~be~~ one. Only one of these, Porus by name, a giant of six-and-a-half feet, ventured to oppose the Greek general. Compiled from Alexander's own letters, Plutarch gives a vivid description of the battle which took place between them at the bend of the Jhelum river near the modern Chilianwallah, south of Rawalpindi. Crossing the river at nightfall in tempestuous weather, Alexander was met by the Indian Prince, the progress of whose army, consisting of 30,000 infantry, 4,000 cavalry and 200 elephants, was impeded by his chariots sticking in the miry margin of the river. Further misfortune followed in the battle when Porus's elephants stampeded and in so doing trampled his own troops underfoot. Alexander's son fell, Porus was wounded and fled, but on swearing allegiance, was

restored to his kingdom and became the trusted friend of the conqueror.

Alexander celebrated his victory and established his power by building two cities, Bucephala, on the west bank of the river, named after his favourite charger and his first conquest, killed in battle, and Nikia, since named Mong on the east bank. The king of the country there, then known as Ambhi, welcomed Alexander, and we see his discretion in seeming to do so. In addition he made valuable presents to Alexander who, in politic appreciation of these, gave in return still more valuable gifts. Those of Ambhi's king were a wise choice howsoever unregal we may consider them. They comprised 3,000 oxen and 10,000 sheep, which provided plenteous food for Alexander's troops and followers. They also proved the good agricultural state of the country.

From Attock Alexander advanced to Taxila, the capital of the country between the Indus and the Jhelum rivers, and adjoining as well several other capitals of minor states.

About seventy miles north of the present Rawalpindi, Taxila was a place of great importance in those days. It lay in a well-sheltered valley on the highway from Central Asia to India, convenient for the site of a great and prosperous city, well populated too, for it contributed 5,000 men to assist the Greek invader. From various sources we learn that Taxila was then an educational centre, whence pupils came from all parts and included princes and students of the Brahman or priestly order. Even in those days the school of medicine received special attention, indeed all the arts and sciences found encouragement at Taxila, so we may justly consider it then as a university town. Now the district is the scene of excavations which take us back to the days of Asoka and which are engrossing the attention of our highest archæological authorities, even the Director-General

himself. So, while our nation is so deeply engrossed in bat and ball and numerical successes we are the more proud of and grateful to those who work so brilliantly over musty recesses which hold, or ought to hold, world-wide interest. To have visited the country then known as Taxila and the grave of Asoka who was buried there are amongst the many of my interesting memories.

After his victory at the Jhelum river, Alexander continued his advance south-east, through the kingdom of Porus to Amritsar, where he planted his standard. He would fain have continued his conquests, but his troops, exhausted by the Punjab's hot season and dispirited by the severity of the monsoon, obliged him to abandon his intention of marching to the Ganges. The eastern part of the Punjab and the mighty Jumna still lay between him and the sacred river, native troops had already risen in his rear, and a single defeat in the exhausted state of his troops might have proved fatal to his hopes. So, yielding reluctantly to their clamour, he led them back to the scene of their former victory and embarked eight thousand of them, while the remainder marched in two divisions along the banks of the river.

The Scinde country was hostile, most formidable was the opposition which Alexander received from various tribes by the way, whose forces were very strong. Alexander's superior generalship alone prevailed to win him victory. Magnificent gifts from these tribes eventually proved their wealth, and submission.

At Moulton, the capital then as now of the Southern Punjab, Alexander was obliged to fight a pitched battle. In taking the city he was severely wounded, which enraged his troops to such an extent that they put every soul within it to the sword.

Further south, near the confluence of the famous five rivers, Alexander made a long halt, long enough to found a town which he called Alexandria, the modern Uchh,

and there he received the submission of the adjoining country. A Greek garrison and Satrap (a Persian Governor or Viceroy) whom he left in charge was the foundation of a still more lasting influence. As arduous a task as building a town was the construction of a new fleet, which the conqueror found necessary for the greater rivers upon which he had next to embark.

Proceeding south-west through Scinde, Alexander followed the course of the Indus, until he reached the Arabian Sea, where the modern and fast extending Karachi is situated. There on the highest suitable point he founded a strong naval city, Patala, which survives to this day as Haiderabad, the capital of Scinde. In a word, there is so much to tell of the history of India that we must pass over the building of cities and fleets and planting of garrisons, which took years to accomplish, and next picture Alexander shipping off half his army under the command of General Nearchos to coast along the Persian Gulf, while the other half he led himself through Southern Baluchistan to Persia. It was after severe losses from want of food and water that he arrived at Susa, the capital of Babylon, 325 B.C.

Alexander captured no provinces during these two years of campaign in the Punjab and Scinde. Such was not his policy. He acted only as he thought best for the country. He made matrimonial alliances and transferred much territory from the lawless tribes, which he half subdued, to the chiefs and confederations who were devoted to his cause and whom he knew would better care for the people and the country. So, onwardly, triumphantly, the Greeks pursued their way, subduing and conquering as they went much of the formerly hostile Scinde country.

Ten months were spent covering the country which can now be accomplished in a few days.

After a halt at Karachi with his remaining troops, Alexander started on his march to Persia, a march doomed to be his last. It lay through unknown country, abounding with dangers, obstacles and hardships, yet success crowned his marvellous efforts, his indomitable perseverance which left him all worthy of the title of Great. One flight only remained, one which to such a man in his zenith and comparative youth may have been hardest of all, one too he could not oppose or fight against, one without bloodshed or battle cries and without state or grandeur and alone, with "dear ones far away." Yet, who knows, perhaps he was weary of life and warfare and glad the last struggle was past, all earthly battles well won and peace at hand. So:—

"He rose to his feet, as he crossed the bar  
Gentleman—unafraid"

Alexander died at Babylon (323 B.C.), aged 32 years. That he intended to return to India was obvious. The Governors, both civil and military, whom he left there in charge, were pledges of his return, as also was the large contingent of troops left at Taxila, Nekai and Mong, formerly Dere Shan, Mong and Uchh respectively. Alexander left no heirs capable of continuing the work. It was to his Generals that he left his vast acquisitions and, in due course, other powers arose, as we shall soon see.

Many are the legends handed down of the strange experiences of the Greek hero and his army in the days of his invasion of India. Some are illustrative of the mystic-loving nature of the Greek and Indian nations, whose mythology is more interesting than that of any other country in the world. We have already noted how the elephants of the Prince Porus refused to obey his mandate, we read elsewhere of their helpfulness in battle; how, seizing refractory soldiers, they passed them to



their mahouts (drivers) who instantly killed them. The Greeks, who loved to tell stories as well as to hear them, declared that they had seen serpents glittering like precious stones, whose sting was instant death; and pythons, greatest of all serpents, having exceeding girth and the capacity for swallowing whole live deer. Their legends tell us that ants existed, the colour of cats and the size of wolves, which dug up the gold buried in the sands of Afghanistan, and massacred the Indians who came on camels to secure the treasure: they tell us also of fierce dogs which captured lions and while they mauled them suffered their own limbs to be cut off one by one, until obliged by their injuries to desist.

The Greeks were horrified to find that the Indians usually cremated widows on the funeral pyre of their husbands. This rite was called Suttee. They taught the first lesson for its abolition. Alexander expressed his indignation by burning all the cities wherein it was practised. It is good to know that to-day Suttee is abolished, but its abolition is only of comparatively recent date.

## CHAPTER III.

**The Maurya Dynasty and Chandra Gupta.**

"Sovereignty is only possible with assistance."

IN the partition of the Empire after the death of Alexander in 323 B.C., the part then known as Bactria, through which flowed the Oxus river, fell to Seleucus Nicator, surnamed the Conqueror, the founder of the Syrian Monarchy.

He was a bold fighting man who cared more for winning countries than for the welfare of his people. He established himself as governor of Babylon. Six years later he was driven out. Three years of exile followed, when his efforts to recover Babylon (312 B.C.) were successful. He then assumed the title of King and concentrated on the extension of his dominions.

Meanwhile, the new Maurya power, already alluded to, had arisen in India. The king reigning in the part then called Magadha, now Behar, was one of the Nandas who, as we have already seen, gained the kingdom by murdering the rightful sovereign and his heirs. These Nandas retained their power for two generations only.

Amongst the Indian adventurers who followed Alexander's camp, each with a scheme for winning a kingdom or subduing a rival, was Chandra Gupta Maurya, believed to be a grandson of the last Nanda Queen. His accession, as nearly as can be ascertained, was in 322 B.C. He was then young and inexperienced.

Thus we see that in 300 B.C. there were two monarchies in India, allies, not rivals, and united by

marriage ties as well. On the east Chandra Gupta—who founded the Maurya dynasty. On the west Seleucus Nicator.

Hoping to recover Alexander's Indian possessions Seleucus crossed the Indus to attack the new Maurya king. He was defeated and obliged instead to lose the country of which Kabul, Herat and Kandahar were the capitals. Chandra Gupta's inconsequential exchange for these was 500 elephants, while he completed the pact of peace by accepting in marriage the daughter of Seleucus. In due course we will see that the sons of these two monarchs renewed their treaties of peace, as also did their grandsons, Asoka Vardhana and Antiochus Soter.

Seleucus came to a violent end (B.C. 280) in the seventy-eighth year of his age, and was succeeded by his son, Antiochus Soter, between whom and Chandra Gupta's son, Bindusara, the treaties were renewed and remained inviolate. A useful and friendly act on the part of Seleucus was the sending of his Ambassador, Megasthenes, to Pataliputra, the Court of Chandra Gupta. Megasthenes made good use of his leisure there by writing an account of his country, its geography, institutions, products, peoples and conditions. This work, unfortunately, was not preserved intact, but other writers wisely made full use of the clever work of Megasthenes by including extracts from it in their own works.

Of political events in Chandra Gupta's reign we know little. His dominions, there is little doubt, included the country we now know as Afghanistan, reaching to the Hindu Kush range, the Punjab and the Central provinces of Agra, Oude and Behar—with probably still more outlying country. Chandra Gupta was a despotic ruler, transforming the liberty of his people into slavery. He punished with ruthless severity, and in consequence of his own misdeeds he lived daily in

fear for the safety of his life. He had by law four advisers to restrain his actions: these not only feared the King but were too fearful for the safety of their own heads to oppose him. Again, no matter what they wished to advise, the King held the casting vote, the trump card or final word, and with such an unscrupulous man as Chandra Gupta, unhesitatingly he overruled his counsellors. "Off with his head," said Alice in Wonderland. Chandra Gupta was no less peremptory. A Brahman minister said, "Sovereignty is only possible with assistance. A single wheel can never move alone, hence the King shall employ Ministers and hear their opinions." Good advice which, however, Chandra Gupta only heard when it suited his purpose. An assassinator himself, with the sword always hanging above him, he made short shrift with his dissenters or opposers. "Thus doth Conscience make cowards of us all."

Paliputra, Chandra Gupta's capital, was the country now known as Patna, Bankipore, and the surrounding villages. It was a fine city for those days, built near the junction of the Sone and the Ganges. Remains still exist of old river-beds and landing stages. A timber palisade fenced the city, having sixty-four gates and innumerable watch towers. The King's palace was built of timber with gilded pillars ornamented with silver birds and gilded vines. Trees, shrubs and fish-ponds ornamented the grounds; indeed, great splendour and ostentation, although of a barbaric nature, prevailed everywhere.

When the King appeared in public he was either mounted on a gorgeously trapped elephant or carried in a golden palanquin. His clothing of finest muslin was richly embroidered with purple and gold. His body-guard was composed of women archers, and these were the first to greet and receive him in the morning when he

left his sleeping apartments. We dwell specially on Chandra Gupta's grandeur, so superlatively ornate, as it is illustrative of kingly palaces in those long-ago days, while, no doubt, the usual oriental veneer dulled their brilliancy.

Hunting and shooting, with races of a barbaric order, were the King's amusements, and even then, betting was freely indulged in, with all its evil consequences.

We seem inadvertently lapsing into roisterous, boisterous waters again. It is difficult to touch on Chandra Gupta without doing so. We must, therefore, epitomise him—sink his misdeeds in those barbaric days and dwell on his efficiency. There is no doubt that he was a powerful monarch, established a great empire and is justly described as the first Emperor of India; while to his Minister, Chanakya, either by the King's order or on his own initiative, and in spite of his wickedness, history is indebted for his writings on statecraft which have been most useful. To find details of Chandra Gupta's sovereignty has been a laborious task for our historians. So many pieces of the puzzle are lacking.

The reorganization of his army was one of Chandra Gupta's important works. He supported the four-fold system, that is, an army composed of cavalry, infantry, chariots and elephants. His cavalry mustered 30,000; infantry, 600,000; elephants, 9,000. His cavalry was by thousands a reduction on the late Nanda king's, while his infantry greatly exceeded his predecessor's. We have already seen the use of elephants in warfare. These were shielded with coats of mail and their tusks with sharp barbs. The Commander-in-chief always rode on one guarded by soldiers on either side. We do not hear much of chariots in Chandra Gupta's forces, but we do know that it was customary for officers to occupy such with a guard of infantry on either side.

From Megasthenes, the Ambassador of Seleucus, we learn that the Maurya Army was paid and equipped by the State. An Indian Army in those days, it is interesting to note, was organized in squads of ten men, companies of one hundred and battalions of a thousand. Under Chandra Gupta's rule we have reason to believe he organized a war office, elaborately detailed, by which the army was controlled, and its affairs entirely administered. The credit of this organization seems, undoubtedly, to be due to Chandra Gupta and his special Minister, Chanakya.

So much for a brief outline of Chandra Gupta—India's first Emperor, and the first ruler of the Maurya dynasty. His end was tragic. A famine was predicted of twelve years' duration. Twelve thousand Jains, led by their prophet, Bhadrabahu, at once went forth in search of unaffected country. The King, who may himself have been a Jain, abdicated the throne and joined the emigrants in their search for fruitful and fertile pastures. The cause for his final act is not known, but the fact remains that he starved himself to death, and that such is a Jainish method of suicide lends colour to the assertion that he was, by religion, of the Jain Order, of which we shall learn more later. Chandra Gupta reigned for twenty-four years, and so far as has been ascertained was about 50 years old only when he died, leaving his son, Bindusara, to succeed him (298 B.C.). He was sur-named "the Slayer of Enemies," for which reason it is likely that he inherited his father's love of fighting and conquest, otherwise we know little of him, his life and policies. That he continued on friendly terms with his Seleucan contemporaries is in evidence. His reign extended to twenty-five or twenty-eight years, so we leave him in some uncertainty for the undoubtedly great and good reign and life of his son, Asoka Vardhana.

## CHAPTER IV.

**Asoka the Good.**

"He is greatest whose strength carries up the  
Most hearts by the attraction of his own."

ASOKA VARDHANA, the son of Bindusara, and the grandson of Chandra Gupta, ascended the throne of Pataliputra or Palimbothra, 273 B.C.

That he was not Bindusara's eldest son and therefore not the rightful heir to the throne is in evidence. That he was his father's choice, and specially prepared by him for the position, is also in evidence. It was at Ujain in Malwa, Western India, also at Taxila that, as Viceroy, he learnt his responsibilities and gained experience for the higher position of king, for which he was so well suited. Asoka was one of the best kings the world has ever known, and his life and work inspire so much interest that one is tempted to forget that a bird's-eye view of India's history only is attempted or promised. While centuries before Christ and Christianity he was yet Christlike in his life, and goodness permeated his every action; therefore, we feel justified in giving him special consideration. "Lives of great men all remind us we can make our lives sublime," and it was Lord Dalhousie, one of India's great and good Viceroys, who said, "What one man can do another can."

The delay of four years for Asoka's coronation leads us to believe that there may have been opposition from his elder brother, Susuñā, to his coronation. Anyhow, Asoka was successful in carrying out his father's wishes, and thus proved himself the better man—and such he certainly was. His coronation day, after the unusual

delay, was so great a joy to him that he annually commemorated its anniversary, even to the release of prisoners under sentence of death. It has been averred by a Ceylonese writer "that Asoka waded to the throne through a sea of blood," yet this we do not wish to believe of a man so advanced in goodness and rectitude as Asoka was. Is it not the best in this world who always meet with persecution and all uncharitableness? One learns to take such as a proof of Heaven's favour, a step to lead one higher, and therefore to glory in it, in spite of the pain! Whatever dissensions there were, Asoka ignored them, and with perfect tranquillity and confidence assumed the reins of government, and conducted wisely and well the affairs of the vast empire founded by his grandfather, Chandra Gupta. A study of the map of India will give a fairly clear idea of its extent. Bounded on the north by the Hindu Kush Mountains, it included Afghanistan, Baluchistan and Sind, the valleys of Kashmir and part of Nepal.

It was as nearly as can be ascertained in 269 B.C. that Asoka was crowned King and solemnly consecrated to his regal position. This, then called Aspersion or Abhisheka, i.e., Anointing, is equivalent to the coronation of European monarchs.

Asoka assumed the title of Devanam Piya, which, translated, means dear to the gods, but treated as a formal title corresponds with His Sacred Majesty of the Stuart period. He also chose to describe himself as "Pyadasi," i.e., Gracious Mein, another Royal title which may be rendered His Grace, or His Gracious Majesty. Thus, when these titles were combined with that of Raja or King, Asoka's full royal title was His Sacred and Gracious Majesty the King. Asoka loved his titles and was exacting in their use. That of Pyadasi was not conferred but assumed. To a Ceylonese chronicler he is indebted for yet another title, Piyadasana,



Dear to the Sight. That this came from Ceylon is well pleasing, and rather disproves the assertion that Ceylon was antagonistic to him.

Asoka was a convert to Buddhism somewhere about 260 or 261 B.C. A great writer calls him the Buddhist Emperor of India. A veritable pillar of the faith, he did for it what St. Paul and Constantine did for Christianity. He organized it as the religion of the State; formed a Council to confirm its beliefs, edicts to publish its principles, a state department to guard its purity, missionaries to spread its doctrines and a council of wise men to revive its scriptures.

While Asoka's first concern was for the souls of his people, the reality of his religion prompted him also to care for their creature comforts, and this care he extended to the utmost limit of his dominions. Wells were dug, roads were made, an organized system of medical aid was provided for all, and officers were appointed to watch over the interests, well-being and morality of the people, and these were obliged and willing to go anywhere, no matter how despised and degraded the district. In such Asoka decreed they were the more needed. In this good work peaceful methods only were adopted, and such are still a marked feature of the Buddhist religion in which we note a beautiful spirit of charity, the foundation of all true religion. Of Buddha and his life and teaching we shall have more to say again. Asoka's creed asserted that "Man frees himself from vice and by his own virtues wins happiness here and hereafter."

"By ourselves is evil done,  
By ourselves we pain endure,  
By ourselves we cease from wrong,  
By ourselves become more pure.

"No one saves us but ourselves,  
No one cares and no one m iy.  
We ourselves must tread the path,  
Buddha only shows the way."

This certainly is not our belief. Asoka must then have been in his transition state, and, we must remember, lived centuries before Christ, who showed us the true and only way, the only way to bear life's burdens, its stings and arrows, injustice and outrageous fortune—to bear so effectually that joy comes in the bearing, for again

They are but steps to lead us higher,  
To the mansions of the blest.

Some writers assert that Asoka abdicated the throne before he assumed the monastic robe. This seems unlikely, if not untenable, because there is proof that he was performing the avocations of both offices at the same time. We do not know how he combined these dual obligations, the highest in the land, with probably the most humble, but this we do know, he did so, and must have found a royal road thereto. For this we honour the Buddhist Emperor the more, especially in days when pleasures take so superlative a place, to the neglect of man's chief end and that one day in seven, which a great writer calls "the core of civilization." Asoka can have had no time for the ubiquitous ball and wheel!

The earliest event of which we have authentic information of Asoka's reign was in its ninth year, when by warfare he took possession of Kalinga, on the coast of Bengal. The horrors of war made a deep and lasting impression upon him.

We would wish that such feeling had been general and everlasting. "A day of battle is a day of harvest for the Evil One," while the words of the great and good Duke of Wellington are even more convincing, "Nothing except a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won." So let us hope for ploughshares and pruning hooks instead of swords and battle cries, and peace for now and always, in our hearts and in our lives and therefore in our country. Such was Asoka's wish.

"He prayeth best who loveth best  
 All things both great and small;  
 For the dear God who loveth us,  
 He made and loveth all."

While Milton's beautiful lines are prognostic:—

"They err who count it glorious to subdue.  
 By contest far and will to overrun  
 Large countries and in fields great battles win,  
 Great cities by assault . . .  
 But if there be in glory aught of good  
 It may by means far different be attained  
 Without ambition, war or violence;  
 By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent—,  
 By patience, temperance."

We believe that Asoka never waged war again. The remembrance of its horrors and the knowledge that he alone had caused it, aroused feelings, to use his own words, of "remorse, profound sorrow and regret." One hundred and fifty thousand persons were carried into captivity, one hundred thousand were slain and many times that number died from pestilence, famine and the suffering that follows in the wake of warfare.

After Asoka's acquisition of Kalinga and the knowledge gained that "the chiefest conquest is won by the laws of piety," he devoted his first energies and best efforts for the people of the conquered country then under his care and rule, protecting them and teaching them the laws of religion and its sure power for true advancement in life, and for this purpose he issued long edicts for their guidance and instruction.

Asoka always practised what he preached, and his example was true to his precept. He impressed upon his people his opinion that conquest by warfare was not the duty of Kings, and that if war in self-defence was rendered necessary then he said, "Let patience and gentleness and every law of piety rule in warfare and strife, their every action."

## CHAPTER V.

**Asoka the Good.**

“There are two powers that make for peace,  
What is right, and what is fitting.”

It was in his early days that Asoka developed a talent for writing edicts. The second of these is a specimen of the many he wrote, and is quoted first because of its general and primary importance. It was inscribed on a rock in the northerly part of the Mysore State. Thus saith Asoka :—

“Father and Mother must be harkened<sup>o</sup> to. Similarly respect for living creatures must be firmly established. Truth must be spoken. These are the virtues of the law of piety which must be practised. Similarly, the teacher must be revered by his pupil and towards relations proper courtesy should be shown. This is the ancient nature of piety. This leads to length of days and according to this men should live.”

All deservedly good and everyday principles with a Mosaic promise included, and these Asoka had inscribed on rocks and pillars that those who ran might read, while a more important reason was because they were everlasting. These edicts emphasise and are added to the *dharma*, i.e., the rules of life of the Hindus and the Brahmans. Each caste had its own *dharma*, and all were very strict in the keeping of their rules. I would compare or liken the *dharma* of the Hindu and Brahmans to the Catechism of the Modern Church giving, with all reverence be it spoken, a preference for the former which are clear and intelligible; whereas the latter were learnt

with parrot-like precision and their meaning remained an unsolved mystery. On applying to my governess for explanation, the query was hedged—"she was Church of England," she said; we were either silenced or told to be satisfied with her reply, for the mysticism was Scottish and the remembrance indelible.

The edict XIII, which we place second, a long and very important one, has reference to the Kalinga warfare. In it Asoka thus publicly expresses his intense regret for it and finishes with these words:—"If perchance my sons and grandsons become engaged in a conquest by arms, they should take pleasure in patience and gentleness and regard as the only true conquest, the conquest won by piety. That awaits for both this world and the next. Let all Joy be in effort, because that awaits for both this world and the next."

One or two more edicts and, owing to their length, I leave them for the research of my readers. They will be found all worthy of the effort. On rock, edict XI, Asoka extols almsgiving, friendship, the proper treatment of slaves and servants, and recapitulates the supreme duty to father and mother, the giving to friends, comrades, relations as ascetics and Brahmans, and the sparing of all living creatures. Therefore, a father, son, brother, master, friend, comrade, nay, even a neighbour, ought to say:—"This is meritorious, this ought to be done. He who acts thus both gains this world and in the other world begets infinite merits by means of this very almsgiving of piety." In yet another edict, Asoka says: "All men are my children, and just as I desire for my children that they may enjoy every kind of prosperity and happiness in both this world and the next, so also I desire the same for all men." Then the King, his heart overflowing with tenderness, and as if he had not been sufficiently emphatic, continues, that he desires his people "should not be afraid of" him and should receive

from him happiness, not sorrow, and that, "for his sake they should follow the law of piety and so gain both this world and the next."

It was my good fortune to see the Bhâbrâ edict, recorded on a huge boulder on the top of a hill in Rajputana. Its inscription also had reference to Kalinga, proving how deeply-rooted was the remorse in Asoka's heart. This boulder now finds a permanent resting-place in Calcutta. Had I possessed then the knowledge I now hand on to my readers, I might have seen many more. A cousin of mine, Major Fraser, whose regiment was stationed at Gamjam, in the Madras Presidency, described to me a rock edict he had seen there. On a hillock, it was surrounded by iron railing and carefully guarded by a Sepoy. The inscription on copper plate was in Sanskrit, quite legible to those who could read it. ✓

Asoka's edicts were on all subjects. A favourite maxim of his was, "Let small and great exert themselves." So also with things—nothing was too small, nothing was too great for the Buddhist Emperor-king. His methods in caring for the less details resemble the taking care of the pence with the sure result that the pounds took care of themselves, or that the details being cared for the result would be a perfect whole. One of these humane details was the erection of dak hungalows (rest-houses) for the convenience of travellers. In touring India, until quite recently when motor-cars help to spoil the formerly perfect rustication and joy of touring, these were a pleasing adjunct, at times a necessity, though not preferable to one's own canvas roof and camping in the sunshine.

Another of Asoka's useful details was the planting of trees and making of wells along the byways to supply shade and water and fruit foods in their season. Such were an important detail for the single-file processions of almost nude pedestrians, the tourist so frequently meets.

A long pole balanced on black skinny shoulders, a basket poised, either end containing the travellers' modest requirements. These did not even include a toothbrush, always an essential for the natives of India, for such were cleverly made, by the way, from a piece of bamboo finely incised and fringed, the principle of taking what you have got and you will never want, being hereby illustrated. These wells and shady fruit trees, like the Waverley pen, were a "boon and a blessing" worth a king's ransom to those weary ones, and won a blessing as well for Asoka. Thus saith the King:—

"With various blessings has mankind been blessed by former kings, as by me also; by me, however, with the intent that men may conform to the law of piety, has it been done even as I thought." (Pillar edict VII.) And again, thus saith his sacred and gracious Majesty the King:—"This thought occurred to me—I will cause the precepts of the law of piety to be preached, and with instruction in that law will I instruct, so that men hearkening thereto may conform, lift themselves and mightily grow with the growth of the law of piety. For this purpose the precepts of the law of piety have been disseminated so that my agents, too, set over the multitude, will expound and expand my teaching."

I would fain dwell on Asoka's fascinating messages to his people, whom he terms "My people. My children." He writes to them as a father to his children, but these should be studied in their entirety, so I refrain. Again, that there is tautology, is one reason for not repeating them verbatim, but we must remember he was speaking to his vast empire—and there were no penny-posts in those days or wireless wonders, and all needed the same truths expressed in these sermons *on* stone, and broadcasted.

These letters were to be placed on pillars, on rocks, on stones all over the Empire, all for the same people,

“My Children.” The King wanted *all* to learn piety, goodness; in a word, the essence of and keynote of happiness. So Asoka being transferred, yet speaketh. The same keynote happily exists for us to-day; the keynote which teaches goodness, therefore greatness—true goodness far, far apart from the bitterness, wrath, malice and self-seeking which prevail in some quarters to-day, hindering *temporarily* with their noxious vapours every holy and natural impulse and influence. With example and precept as real and true, we are as highly favoured as Asoka's “Children,” and we have our Asoka too. God bless our King, God save our King, and make us worthy of him.

Perhaps enough has now been said to justify the assertion that Asoka was one of the best kings the world has known. He was to the end of his career a zealous Buddhist and a vigilant autocratic ruler of Church and State. The Hindus credit him with a reign of thirty-six or thirty-seven years, and admit yet four more years of sovereignty when awaiting coronation — forty or forty-one years in all.

Careful research undoubtedly proves the inclusion of part of Kashmir within the limits of Asoka's jurisdiction. A city, named Pravurapura, founded by Asoka, was the seat of government. It preceded Srinager, the seat of government, at Sir on the Liddar, near Islamabad, and must not be confounded with the present Srinagar, or City of the Sun, of to-day, which is twenty or thirty miles distant. Travellers visiting the original site near Islamabad would profit by the remembrance that the wonderful ruins of Martand are within hail, and that to visit them is an unforgettable joy.

Asoka is credited with practising his architectural skill in Kashmir and of building five hundred monasteries there. Ruins do exist, but whether they be monastic or not it is not within my ken to say, but



probably they were. Again, I confess my ignorance that in those happy days when I rambled Kashmir, my introduction to the Buddhist Emperor-king had not been effected. To Asoka we trace many useful and philanthropic institutions. For the care of animals, both hospitals and medical aid were provided, and for the higher creation he is credited with the maintenance of sixty-four thousand priests. To this day his country of Maghada, now Behar, is styled the Land of Monasteries.

## CHAPTER VI.

**Asoka at Nepal.**

"It is to me a peculiarly noble work rescuing from oblivion those who deserve immortality and extending their renown at the same time that we advance our own."

IN addition to being a great king, a great organizer, preacher and teacher, Asoka was also a missionary. His large-heartedness prompted the desire that all should know "the one thing needful," the powerful—the most powerful asset towards civilization, and still more to happiness and Heaven. Who will lie, steal or deceive if they have one grain of love, which is God, in their hearts? No one will. Let "the core," the keynote, the seed be firmly struck and planted and civilization and its sure results will spread and flourish like wild fire. Then will come peace, unison and countless blessings, making this beautiful world—Heaven. Meanwhile, self-seeking and self-aggrandization will never produce such results but will rather hinder and choke them.

Asoka's younger brother, Mahinda or Mahindra, who though often styled his son, seems undoubtedly to have been his brother, shared his missionary spirit. He also had been trained as a monk and as such was devout and zealous. Possessed also, instinctively, of knowledge of the secular needs of the people for healthy surroundings, irrigation, care and comfort, Mahindra was doubly useful as a missionary. So Asoka's choice

in sending him to Ceylon was a wise one. King Tissa of Ceylon, the friend and contemporary of Asoka, welcomed and encouraged this missionary enterprise. Its work began 251 or 250 B.C. Mahinda was accompanied by a useful number of fellow-missionaries, and was followed soon after his arrival in Ceylon by his sister, Princess Sanghamitta, accompanied by a party of nuns, and thus it was from Mahinda and his sister that the Magadi language became the sacred language of the Ceylonese. In her work Sanghamitta was as successful as her brother. He settled in Ceylon, lived and died there, was greatly beloved by the people and was eventually canonized. Monuments bearing his name immortalize him. It was no hardship for Mahinda and Sanghamitta to make their homes in Ceylon. It is a beautiful country where "every prospect pleases," and I do not say "only man is vile."

I found the Ceylonese people like the Kashmiris, refined and interesting. One little incident is indicative of much else, one especially pleasing to me. Anxious to be in as close contact with the people as possible, in order to form an opinion of them, I entered a second-class carriage at Colombo, bound for Mount Lavinia, where for the time being, at the beautiful hotel on a rocky eminence overlooking the sea, I was staying. Call me not bold, I was seeking knowledge! Only one seat was vacant in this second-class railway carriage. All others were occupied by Ceylonese of the student class in their quaint "Caboja" dress. All were smoking, each and all rose simultaneously and flung their cigarettes out by the window. It was my turn to apologise for intruding. I only met with renewed politeness. It was their pleasure, the spokesman said, to travel with an English lady. Not English, I explained to their surprise—only . . . after a pause—Scottish, and when their wonderment waned I added, a veritable descendant of "Bonnie

Prince Charlie." They understood. Their English was excellent, and the little run of seven miles was all too soon accomplished and an indelible impression left.

While Ceylon has been, with sundry interruptions, under English rule since 1507, it would yet be within reason and generous to attribute at least some fundamental goodness of the people to the gentle Mahinda and his sister, Sanghamitta, the "Friend of the Church." It is with reference to their lives there that I allude to the many monuments, chiefly ruins, and some lacking beauty, existing in Ceylon. We feel Asoka and his brother had much to do with their location.

At Anuradhapura, the nucleus of Buddhism which spreads over the Island, is the rock-hewn study of Mahinda and his tomb. He died and was buried there 204 B.C. Also, while I cannot locate the spot clearly, I was shewn what my guide called "Minda's palang" (Mahinda's bed), one which none would ever have wished to deprive him of. It was oblong, of stone, rising about two feet from the ground and scooped out at top to fit the body. One hoped, indeed, that a plentiful supply of *rasias* and cushions were added to make comfort for Mahinda. If not at Anuradhapura itself, this crude bed was certainly in the vicinity.

Again, one is tempted to wander afield and dwell on the beauties and interests of Ceylon, of the lovely flowers and their wondrous colouring, of the *Peridenia* gardens with a Scotsman in charge who, on meeting a kindred spirit, alarmed the natives with the wonderful language he talked, and the Residency, again with a Scottish and home-county-ruler at the wheel. We are a clannish people, so pleasure, beauty and hospitality were delightfully blended. "When shall we three meet again"! Strangely enough, it was the Lat Sahib (Lord Sahib) who greeted me a few years later in London at the wedding of a Gordon Highlander, my nephew.

Then there was Kandy with its picturesque lake and magnificent surrounding of flowering trees and shrubs massed by Nature's lavish hand, the lake, like a perfect mirror, duplicating all and playing bo-peep with the shadows and the sunbeams and the oscillating branches. Then there is Hatton and Horton, each with its own attraction and wonderments, lovely waterfalls, a glad surprise, and Horton with its bold ascent and a too prosaic name, Adam's Peak, the most interesting but not Ceylon's highest mountain. Seen on a moonlight night its perfections are surely revealed, and in some circumstances there is danger, if not happiness, ahead.

A brief glance at Nuwara-Eliya with its bracing breezes, its waterfalls and botanical gardens, its quaint wood-raftered residences and flowers—beautiful flowers everywhere, must suffice—but,

Oh! No. One could not pity Mahinda and Sanghamatti; their home was so lovely and they loved their work and the people loved them, and domestic joys were there also, for Mahinda had a little wife tucked away somewhere, but there, surely there to be a helpmate and an inspiration. His religion did not prompt celibacy or require it. It prompted love and purity and nothing so senseless as an irresponsive blank wall of loneliness. His wife took a secondary place and that was very good for her. The higher love came first. She may not have had a missionary spirit, but supplied the practical part to make the perfect whole which Tennyson dreams about.

It hurts and grates to tear oneself away from Sunny Ceylon—its romances, its inspirations, its surprise, even to the joy of continually meeting friends added to the joy of new ones of the very best. Go to sleep, old England, for a little while and wake up to revel in life's simple joys. "They are like poppies spread." Pack its troubles away, think not of them; try not to contend

with them or their stings, nor let them mar beautiful health-giving life. Find life's poetry and

"Smile awhile and while you smile  
Others smile, until  
There are miles and miles of smiles  
Because *you* smile."

Now to return to Asoka again and to connect him with Nepal, which certainly came under his jurisdiction and influence and with far-reaching results.

His sovereignty extended over a considerable part of the lowlands or Terai. These may have been acquired for India by the Great Alexander. Asoka was accompanied on his official visit to Nepal by his daughter, Charumati, and her husband, Devapala. Their crossing the borderland from India to Nepal is easily visualized, there perhaps where the country is fairly bleak and bare, and great Everest over-shadowing them. One does not picture the party surrounded with regal array but rather as a band of pilgrims with every device and manœuvre to make comfort by the way, yet of most primitive design. Now, little white pillars mark the line of demarcation, one foot may rest in India and the other in Nepal. There were no gates to open; no bolts or bars to cause delay, no fanfares of trumpets to herald a royal approach; yet no qualms of conscience, no fears of arrest or direful consequences. Asoka was going to his own and no doubt found a welcome, assumed or otherwise. Probably it was by cross-cuts, or as the crow is supposed to fly, that the travellers reached the capital, Manju Patan, which occupied the site upon which Asoka founded and began building the present and modern capital of Katmandu. "No qualms of conscience" needs explanation.

Later, when Nepal became exclusive and particularly objected to the English, it became proscribed country. No alien might enter in, and it was under

such conditions that the country was governed when a party of four harmless travellers determined to defy regulations. Their passports allowed them only to skirt Nepal and Tibet. That was insufficient for their enterprising natures, but they justified their desires by the innocence of their intentions. They knew others had suffered and suffered severely from their perversity, and that trouble might follow for the Government of India. Nevertheless, the venture was accomplished and accomplished safely, without the loss of noses, toes or fingers (a primary punishment), or warfare, or reprisals for the Government of India.

Being one of these notorious offenders, proscription removed and silence no longer a necessity, I may safely describe the incident. It was in India's short twilight hours that we crossed the line, accompanied by as small a retinue as comfort required, viz., four policemen, servants, porters and syces for our ponies. At nightfall, fortunately, the moon shed only a quarter of her brilliancy. Camping for the night, we continued the march in the early morning and, then greatly to the satisfaction of those concerned, allowed camping paraphernalia to be returned by them to Indian soil. The ending is flat; we did the thirty miles intended. We had no adventures. Our noses and toes remained intact, and the only sign of humanity we saw was a prostrate man of Nepal, expiating his sins in a three months' pilgrimage by that silliest of all methods—measuring his length on the ground, gaining the distance of his length—then, *da capo*. He looked weary, worn and torn. We longed to tell him of his folly.

A year or two later, when the Maharajah visited Calcutta with his quaint entourage, mine was the interest of an introduction to him. By his interpreter I told him of our escapade. He\* laughed heartily and more so when I added, "When you come to visit me in Scotland,

I will not treat you so." "Come again," he said, greatly amused. "Come again and the best will be done for you."

Charumati and Devapala found life in Nepal so pleasant that they resolved to take up their abode there and devote themselves to missionary work. There they lived and died, diffusing good influence around them. They had a large family, and founded Deva Pata which their descendants peopled.

In gratitude for, or in commemoration of their happiness there, Charumati and Devapala decided each to build a nunnery and a monastery. Charumati succeeded in her desire, ended her days and died in her nunnery. Devapala died before his work was completed.

As personal experience as well as research prove the superiority of Nepal from every point of view, it is pleasant to attribute so much of this advancement to Asoka and his children, even in those long-ago days.

Asoka was succeeded by his two grandsons, Dasarantha, in the eastern part of his dominions, and Samprati, son of Kunala, in the western, with Ujain as his capital. Of these two sons much is not told us. Samprati is credited with an architectural taste and the building of temples, chiefly of the Jain order. Still less is told us of Asoka's sons. That they were not "chips" is in evidence; that they were devoted to their father and he to them is also in evidence. The name of Tivara is recorded in an edict of Kunala; the tale is a sad one. It was by the order of a jealous wife named Tishyarakshita that he was sent to a far country, there imprisoned and his eyes gouged, an order reported to him as coming from his father and to which in consequence he submitted with patient resignation, and in so doing gave proof of his filial devotion even to irreparable loss and suffering. Unfortunate in his choice of a third wife, the balance was struck by the two good queens who



preceded her, one named Asandhimitra and the other Karuvaki, is described as the mother of Tivara, the favourite child of the king. I hope, howsoever feebly, that ample proof has been given of the goodness and greatness of Asoka, one of the best kings the world has ever known. If, however, the latch has been lifted, the curtain raised and a panoramic view, howsoever misty, obtained, I rest assured that every reader will penetrate deeper for himself. So let us leave Asoka the Good on the high pedestal he has raised unconsciously for himself. Much, indeed most, of his life we learn from his own writings and from their indelible committal to the rocks which have guarded them for us, while his moral code might with advantage be published far and wide. "Work I must," he said, "for public benefit," and work he did.

## CHAPTER VII.

**The Light of Asia.**

"Faith is a kind of winged intellect. The great workmen of history have been men who believed like giants."

BEFORE continuing the story of India, the allusion to Buddhism prompts a brief reference to the life of its founder, the sublime teacher who has been called "The Light of Asia," to be followed by an equally brief survey of the religions of the East.

Who was Buddha? On the beautiful slopes where remain the ruins of his monastery I read his life. I was well supported. A chaplain from Philadelphia and yet another from Karachi had accompanied me from the hotel to the holy shrine. The little cell partitions of this Buddha's monastery are still in evidence, overgrown with grass and lichen, all green and fertile-looking, while many foot-made paths proved the numerous pilgrimages made thereto by Buddha's followers. In the near distance below lies Benares with its sacred river and many ghats, or landing-stages, for the pilgrims who come from far and near. A fine observatory stands out in bold relief, and a visit to it, with a most lucid description of its astronomical power, combined with courteous attention, were earnestly appreciated. Across the river, so freely studded with boats and craft of all kinds, lies the winding road which leads to the Maharajah's palace, where also it was my privilege to be invited and delightfully received.

Buddha was of royal parentage, and legendary lore attributes to him divine and supernatural birth, the type of the great antitype to follow. He was the son of Suddhodana, King of Kapilavasta, and the name given to him at birth was Guatama Buddha, while his title, as befitted his birth, was prince. King Suddhodana ruled over an outlying Aryan settlement at the base of Nepal's hilly district and within reach of icy breezes. There was Buddha's birthplace.

It was the King's desire that his son should grow up on the warlike model of his race. But the young Prince willed it otherwise. He shunned the sports of his playmates, and retired to solitary day-dreams in the palace gardens. The King tried to win his son to the affairs of State and mundane matters by marrying him to a beautiful and talented girl. The young Prince unexpectedly proved his manliness and fitness for his bride, as was the custom in those days, by deeds of valour and prowess at a tournament. For a while, in his new-found joys, he seemed to forget his solemn and spiritual inclinations, but these recurred to him later in his life, in the city where old age, disease and misery constantly came under his notice. After ten years the great change in his life came. A son was born to him, and fearful lest this new tie should bind him more closely to his luxurious and happy life, the pathetic tale is told of how he tore himself away from wife and child while they slept, denying himself even a parting caress before he rode quickly away into the darkness. In his flight he took with him one attendant, a faithful charioteer, by whom in due course he returned to his father his discarded horse and jewels. Then having cut off his long Rajput locks and divested himself of his princely raiment, which he exchanged for the filthy rags of a passer-by, he went on alone, a homeless beggar. These acts of self-denial, the abandonment of wife and child,

and of all earthly pomp and power, are the great renunciation which forms the favourite theme of the Buddhist scriptures and the model or type of self-sacrifice which was required of all Indian reformers.

Self-sacrifice, or the effacement of self, is a spiritual necessity, but Buddha soon found out that the life of torture and austerity to which he and his five disciples gave themselves up, was a hindrance and not a help in the holy calling to which he dedicated himself; he needed rather to fit himself for it. Nevertheless, very great was the struggle, distracted as he was with doubts, and smarting under the desertion which followed of his five companions. At last, worn out in mind and body, peace came to the haggard ascetic, when in a final paroxysm, he fell senseless to the ground. The Buddhist Bible depicts him after the struggle had passed, sitting serene under a fig tree, fully assured that he did well to abandon all self-torture and injurious asceticism and, instead, give himself up to the preaching of a higher life to his fellow-creatures. Thus all doubts for ever at rest, he became known as Buddha only, literally "the enlightened." Now five hundred millions of people accept the truths which he then taught to the few, and as a religious founder he has gained more disciples than any other creed in the world. The fig tree, because he found rest under it after his great struggle, became, and has ever since been, sacred to these five hundred millions of mankind.

From Asoka's life we have learned much of the tenets of Buddha's religion, and we are filled with wonderment that, founded by a mere man only, without a Christ or a Saviour, it has held its own throughout the ages. Goodness alone was its keynote.

Hence a difference between our faith and theirs. We need the King of Love, the Mediator and Saviour to give everlasting endurance. We cannot "tread the

path" alone, and He not only shews the way, but holds us up that our footsteps slide not, and underneath are the everlasting arms. Nevertheless, the similarity between Buddha's dogmas or principles and the Church of England's Catechism is very striking. Buddha preached and taught for forty-six years, and at the age of 80 years fell asleep and was buried at Sarnath. The date of his death, as nearly as can be ascertained, was 487 or 486 B.C.

From the writings of Fahein, the earliest Chinese pilgrim to India, we learn a few Buddhist items, the humorous side of which prompts the desire for a greater intimacy with Fahein. It greatly pleased him that no passports were required to India. He writes:—"Those who want to go away may go. Those who want to stop may stop." He was surprised at the number of Buddhist monasteries at Matura on the Jumna and elsewhere, and makes special note of the order given, "No one is to kill any living thing or drink wine or eat onions or garlic"—an order which can not have extended to India generally or to Assam, but we do know he did not journey into that delightful country, so famous for its lovely tea gardens. And he adds as a serious blemish:—"They do not keep pigs or fowls; they have no dealings with cattle or butchers' shop or distilleries in their market-place." And he adds again:—"Cowrie shells were their ordinary currency."

Fahein's visit to India extended over six years, i.e., from 405 to 411 A.D. He was wholly engaged searching for information of Buddha's life, books, miracles and teaching, yet by the way was observative, enjoyed India and all its good things and carried away happy impressions only.

## CHAPTER VIII.

**The Vedic Period.**

“Knowledge is power.”

FROM Buddhism we naturally retrospect the Vedic period before passing to Hinduism and Caste. Volumes might be written on these subjects, but my object is only to open the doorway of knowledge to each, in order that allusion may freely be made to them without raising questions or difficulties in the minds of my boy and girl readers.

“Knowledge is power”; the translation of Veda is knowledge and it is very wonderful to know that it, and the search for it and acquisition of it, existed from the beginning of time, or with truth we might apply the well-known expression and say that the Vedas are as old as the hills. We are content to leave their age uncertain, because the highest authorities can only assert, with the proverbial grain of salt, such periods as 1,400, 1,500, 2,000 or 3,000 B.C. as their date, and who knows? Perhaps, or probably, each of these periods had their part and share in the composition of these Vedic epic poems and hymns.

This we do know: their character is unique, their language, for the most part, with its quaint phraseology, is most fascinating. One cannot imagine a more perfect remedy or distaste for much of the literature of the day than a study of these old-world poems. We do not know how much we owe to the translators of them for their beauty, but their age alone demands respect and there is

no thirst which will not be quenched by a perusal of them, while in variety and quantity they will meet all tastes.

The Vedas were, without doubt, written by worshippers of nature, which of itself is a wonderful teacher and a wonderful comforter. Ten in number of their volumes, called the Samhita, or collection of metrical hymns, contain over 1,000 of these; the remainder are chiefly epic or descriptive poems, styled the Rig Veda. These Vedic writings generally were composed by the Aryans, a fair-complexioned people who had migrated at a remote period from some colder climate in Central Asia and subsequently settled in the Punjab, the land of the five rivers already alluded to, in the North-Western quarter of India. Their settlement reached to the land bordering on the Ganges, and there these poems were composed. A study of these volumes fills us with wonderment, and we can no longer look upon the back ages as uncivilized, but aver that they do not take a secondary place to the literature of to-day.

The terms, Hindoo Aryan, and Aryan only, are applied to the authors of these works. The explanation is obvious. The former were those who migrated to India and the latter were those who remained in their own country, yet contributed their full share to the great Rig Veda. The meaning of names is also a matter of interest: Arya originally meant kinsmen, only later it was meant to imply nobility of birth. Whilst a nomadic and peace-loving people, these Aryans yet had their bows and arrows, spears and battle-axes. Let us hope for defence only, not offence.

Milk was an important article in their menu, served with barley and wheat cakes, fruit and vegetables. They venerated the cow, yet on important occasions did not refrain from including her, also the bull and the horse, in their festal bills of fare. Nor did they object to strong

libations named *sura* and *soma*—the former of the nature of beer and the latter, though chiefly used in sacrifices, was yet appreciated by the Aryan himself and sometimes with prejudicial effect.

In their amusements they were quite up-to-date, even to dancing and music—and gambling.

It was about 700 B.C. that there arose a holy Brahman in Bengal, named Kumarita Bhatta, who preached the old Vedic doctrine of a personal God and Creator; this again gives rise to puzzling thoughts as to dates, which, according to astronomical authorities, might be 5,000 years ago. Let us, therefore, be content to believe that the Vedic religion existed and exerted great influence on its followers long before the rise of Buddhism.

The Brahmans assert that the Rig Vedas were of Divine inspiration; we would rather say that they were the result or voice of a delightfully free and happy people in a beautiful, fertile and prolific country. The Aryans were a pastoral and agricultural race, keeping cows for the produce they yielded, and cultivating the land for cereal crops. They also seem to have attempted the manufacture of weapons and armour, but their intentions were all of a peace-loving nature. They practised navigation for purposes of gain. They lived in close and daily communion with their gods, praying to them for plenteous rains, abundant harvests and prolific cattle, for health, long life and large families, and protection from their enemies. Their gods were the personification of the powers on which they relied for all the good things they desired. When they wanted rain, they prayed to Indra, whom they constituted their god of rain; if they wanted warmth, then their supplications were addressed to Agni, the god of fire; for sunshine they prayed to Surva; for moonlight to Soma or Chandra, and for fresh breezes to Vayu and Maruts (storm gods). Their god of death was called Yama, and people about to die



were supposed to be going to the mansion or abode of Yama—all nature was as gods to them. They prayed to the river—"May the Indus, the far-famed giver of wealth, hear us, fertilizing our broad fields with water." Memories of the wonderful Himalayas, the base of which they skirted as they journeyed south to Northern India, prompted them to praise "Him whose greatness the snowy ranges and the sea and the aerial river declare."

Their form of worship throws more light upon the simplicity of their rites and ideas, which were all of a most child-like and make-believe description. They had no temples, but wisely performed their devotions and made their sacrifices in the open air, than which no worship could be more uplifting or divine, as experienced in the great earthquake days of 1897 in the Khasia Hills. Their sacrifices were chiefly the presentation to their deities, through the medium of fire, of simply-prepared foods, butter, cakes, grain or curds, while we read of roasted buffalo or, at times, horse being required to satisfy and pacify Indra, when their prayers for rain were ineffectual. Some of the Vedic gods were also the gods of Rome and Greece, and the Deity is still adored by names derived from the old Aryan roots, such as *dio* to shine, the Indian *deva*, the Latin *deus* or divinity used by Brahmans, Protestant clergy and Catholic priests. Indeed, we can trace in many ways similarity to the Aryan race and this, even in the matter of words, however different at first sight they appear. Take, for instance, daughter, Sanskrit *duhitri*, from the old Aryan root *dugh* or *duh*, to milk, originating in the occupation of the maidens of the family as milkmaids. Father, mother, brother, sister and widow (*Vidhana*), may all be traced to the same Aryan source, as also may be the names of domestic animals and of agricultural implements and cereals, as well as the months of the year.

In conclusion, and as I have already tried to picture, the Rig Veda is the great literary summary of the early Aryan settlement in the Punjab, and the period called Vedic takes its name from these epic poems, which seem to have been composed by families of Psalmists, some of whose names are preserved. While chiefly addressed to their gods, the poems are yet, as their term epic implies, descriptive of their nomadic life and final settlement; of their habits and customs, as living on the banks of the Indus and divided into various tribes which were sometimes at war with each other and sometimes united in warfare against "the black-skinned" aborigines. Caste was then unknown. The father of each family was its priest—only at great festivals did he relegate his duties to some higher or more learned power. Women enjoyed an honoured position; some of the most beautiful poems of the Vedas were composed by their great ladies.

Marriage was sacred, husband and wife were on an equality; both were rulers of their household and prayed to their gods together. Suttee, the burning of widows, was unknown, although a verse from the Vedas was eventually distorted to commend its practice. We have cause to feel very grateful to the Aryans for the wonderful description given us of those early days. A history of romance, chivalry and love, of intrigue and of schism and scheme, of gaiety, tournament, dance and music, which brings us to the conclusion that the days of old were very much as now, though lacking the civilization, the glare and glamour, and the so-called education which often mars our life and robs it of all pristine and primitive freshness. I imagine there was no blasé people in those days, who either in reality or pretence found no pleasure in life; but rather was there a thorough enjoyment of life and all its beautiful pleasures and privileges which prompted the productions of these wonderful volumes of praise and prayer.

From their writings we learn that the Aryans were acquainted with most of our metals, and valued them; and amongst this primitive people were clever gold, iron, silver and copper smiths, also carpenters, artizans and barbers. They had also learnt something of navigation and of the building of ships and boats, probably of the catamaran order. In warfare they fought from chariots or horseback, while the elephant, as used by Alexander and Porus, was unthought of. Their happiness was in their pastoral and nomadic life. Cattle were their chief source of revenue, and while these were bartered, coins were in use. The Aryans ate beef—which the Hindoos will not do, and I am sorry to say that they knew how to make wine of an intoxicating nature from the soma plant, and this and flesh they also used in their sacrifices. When they exhausted the resources of one place they moved on elsewhere; whole tribes, communities or families, father, mother, children and cattle, all going together, with their gods conveniently tucked away somehow, always ready to be prayed to as need arose. "Give us cows or land or long life," one would sing, or they would attempt to strike a bargain, "Slay my enemy, scatter the black-skinned ones, and I will sacrifice to thee."

The knowledge of sin and the need for pardon were not absent from the minds of the Aryans. No response to their prayers, or a continuation of their troubles, prompted contrition of greater earnestness. "What sin is it, oh! great Varunna, for which thou seekest to slay thy worshipper and thy friend." Again, believing in hereditary sin, they cried, "Absolve us from the sins of our fathers, as well as from those which we have committed in our ignorance. It was not our own will which led us astray, but wine, anger, dice or thoughtlessness." Thus we see that the Aryans were not a peculiar people, and that in us is found a reproduction of all their

little faults and failings, though we lack perhaps their prayerful earnestness and desire for amendment. The Aryans, unlike most of the aboriginal tribes, cremated their dead. The friends and relations stood round the funeral pyre, commanding a general distribution of the members of the body. The eye they commended to the sun; the breath to the wind; the limbs to the earth; and the soul, which the fire was supposed to separate from the body, they implored the god Agni to convey to the world of the righteous. Their pathetic hymns of fare-well and regret reveal refinement and depth of feeling, which places them on an equality with advanced Christians.

Amongst their gods, Indra, the god of rain, was given a high place—if not the chief. As husbandmen they realized their constant need to propitiate him. Again, when their wanderings led them to mountainous districts where warmth was required, then to Agni, the god of fire, was the first place given, and to him, after Indra, the greatest number of hymns are dedicated. They were a wary people, and at all times propitiated and gave precedence to the god they most needed.

## CHAPTER IX.

**Brahman and Hindu Religions.**

“Reading maketh a full man, Conference a ready man,  
and Writing an exact man.”

UPON the temporary decline of the Buddhist faith, the Brahmans, that ancient order which had never relaxed their potency, even during the supremacy of Buddhism, came to the front again, and to them was left the task of organizing the diverse races, pre-Aryan, Aryan and Scythian, from which the population of India was made up. The conflicts of creeds and the disintegration of Buddhism occupied about seven hundred years—the Hindoos fix the eighth century as the crisis or turning-point in their history. Before this practical Vedic religion, revived and preached by Kumarila, the ideal abstraction of Buddhism waned. According to tradition, the reformer emphasized his doctrines and authority by a free use of the sword. Old men and children especially were severely dealt with. The order was “Let him who slays not, be slain.”

The Brahman religion certainly influenced Hinduism, but the natural development of the races produced it.

Hinduism is two-fold in its nature. It is a social organization, produced by caste, and a religious confederation with Vedic, Brahman, Buddhist, pre-Aryan and Scythic creeds for its basis.

From the Vedic creed we trace in the Hindu religion the worship of nature. From the Brahman dogmas, as well as from its derivation, *brih*, to expand, we note the spiritual element or its essence which permeates its life,

its tone, its all, which we might term its keynote—God in everything—all else subservient. This beautiful thought makes their religion nearly perfect, so also would be ours if—a very big if—we made it all it ought to be, if we were all we ought to be. Think of it before judging the Hindus, weigh it in a true balance. A Christian country with every advantage, ours. It is pain even to enumerate the daily defects, shortcomings, vices; worse still to give them their true appellations. I would spare myself that and regret the knowledge which experience gives, from its Law Courts with their attendant evils to the seething scum, not from the slums, these we pity, but from the scum, so effectually disguised, that we are deceived. Oh! the sadness of this, which prevents Earth being Heaven. The Hindus, too, may have degenerated, while their dogmas remain fundamentally beautiful.

The laws of Manu, supposed to have been written long before the Christian era, lay down—as did Asoka—the rules for everyday life. They also divide the Hindus into four orders. Firstly, the Brahman or priestly order; secondly, the warriors or Rajputs; thirdly, the traders and agriculturists, all entitled to the honours of the twice-born caste; fourthly, were the sudras, the offspring of mixed marriages, who had become serfs and to whom was given toilsome and degrading work. Caste was a mark of distinction between priest, soldier, artist and menial. The sudras were responsible for their own degradation. There was no socialism in those days, howsoever good such might be, prefixed by yet another big if—if the people made such possible. The priests in those far-away days were especially insistent on caste distinction.

The division of the people into clergy and laity, and the formation of the orders of monks and nuns was Asoka's work, and these have passed almost unchanged into the tenets and technicalities of the Hindu faith.

Amongst the rules of the Vishnite Community (the followers more especially of Vishnu, the second person of the Hindu Trinity) are those which we, as followers of Christ, may well consider our own.

(1) "Life of man or beast must not be violated, because it is the gift of God."

(2) "Humanity is the cardinal virtue, and the shedding of blood is a crime."

(3) "Truth is the great principle of conduct."

(4) "Retirement from the world is desirable because the desires of the world are hostile to tranquillity of soul, and to undisturbed meditation."

(5) "Obedience to the Spiritual Guide is compulsory."

To this last rule a wise proviso is attached; the devotee is advised to study well the life and doctrine of his preceptor before committing himself to his care and teaching!

The analogies between our Christian observances and those of the Hindu and Buddhist temples are most striking. It was my good fortune, while touring on the North-Eastern Himalayas, on the border of Nepal, to come unexpectedly on a Buddhist Temple and Monastery. The beautiful order which prevailed was a marked feature; flower-gardens and floral decorations were everywhere. On all sides from the primitive little houses came the monotone of prayers, flags with prayers in Sanskrit floated in the breeze; thus continually, like incense, and in accordance with Christian principles, was prayer being offered. Most touching of all was the highly ritualistic service in the temple, which, after removing our shoes, we were permitted to enter. We could not understand one word, but a close observance of the ritual made all clear. The chanting of the priests, their genuflexions, their vestments, the incense, lighted candles, bells, rosaries and responses, the raising of his

baretta by the chief priest were all analogous to the Church of the homeland.

Not the least effective part of their ritual was what appeared to be their Eucharist; at its close, a savoury white mixture, prepared near the altar by some of the younger priests, was most reverently handed to the High Priest, blessed and partaken of by him, and in due course and rotation handed to the others, all of whom partook of it, kneeling.

So far I have dwelt on the pleasant aspect of Hinduism, but there is another side—festivals of so barbarous a nature that one dreads mention of them. Human life in the bygone days was not exempted, though taken chiefly by the lower castes to appease what they believed to be the fury of their gods; they firmly believed that without the shedding of blood there could be no redress for their grievances. Happily, sacrifice of human life is now prohibited by law, but the shedding of the blood of innocent cattle is still practised and cruelties of the most revolting description are sometimes witnessed. How one wishes their sacrifices were confined to the simple offering of rice and flowers! At the Manikarnika Ghat, Benares, I was much struck by the sincerity of the offerings by the Hindu pilgrims and others; a garland of marigolds hung round the quaint little figure they called god; some rice or condiment laid in front of it; prostration before and after the act—generally with visage marred and blurred with grief. One longed to ask their trouble and try to speak words of comfort.

With the abolition of human sacrifice, animals were substituted. It is the custom to-day in Sylhet, Assam, just before sowing time to crucify a monkey. Howsoever cruel, it is preferable to the "Hook swing" which was practised at Sivite festivals, when, in order to propitiate their god, Kali, a hook was pierced through a man's



back and by it he was swung for a time in the air. While the pain must have been intense, the wounds caused, and loss of blood, were slight and never fatal. How grand it is that our religion requires no such ceremonies, and it is the possession of its fruits that impels us to hand it on to others less fortunate, though we dread the intermediate state for them—its half-heartedness and doubts and the alienation from friends which conversion entails—that is inevitable, but in due course there is reward.

Two and a-half millions of the population of India profess Christianity to-day. The origin of its propagation is obscure. St. Thomas is credited with having first preached Christ in Southern India, and with having founded several churches, before he suffered martyrdom at the Mount near Madras, A.D. 628. While some writers throw doubt on this assertion, we know for certain that Christianity co-existed with Buddhism for 900 years, i.e., the Christianity of the Nestorian Church founded by Nestorius, which gradually, but surely, superseded the latter in power and numbers. Buddha was so Christ-like in his life and teaching, however, that surely we may claim he made a path for Christ and Christianity.

## CHAPTER X.

**Mahommed.**

"Ye have all heard tell of the prophet Ma . . . homet."

WHEN I was a very little girl I, with my young brothers and sisters, was taken by our Governess, for educational purposes, to hear a lecture on Mahommed. With many, many incidents of a similar joyous nature the episode is framed in a remote corner of a perfectly beautiful and gloriously happy picture of our childhood. "Ye have all heard tell of Ma . . . homet." These words were doomed to become a byword in our nurseries and schoolroom, to form reply to every query imposed, and to rouse laughter in every serious moment of the day. The lecturer had taken his place, a very lean, grey man, with cheeks like sun-baked, rosy apples, a very peaky nose and chin, and bright sapphire eyes glinting under gold-rimmed glasses, while, like a China Mandarin in its loose setting, these assertive words were uttered, each one emphasized with a nod as the lecturer turned to his audience on either side. "Ye have all heard tell of Ma . . . homet."

It was our misfortune to occupy the front seats in the lecture hall. There were no broad backs to screen us and our naughtiness. Trying to restrain emotion, each was terrified to look at the other, and our governess, wearing her severest expression, yet had a gleam of merriment in her beady brown eyes. The state of matters was hopeless. My littlest brother, looking so piteously sweet, had

packed his hanky in his dear little mouth, while laughing tears furrowed his rosy cheeks. In a moment we were all on our feet and being hustled out before our reputations were a memory only or the mirth became infectious. But this is not "The Story of India." It is a digression to Scotland and "Auld Lang Syne" and the happy days of yore, and is written for those to whom these pages are in part dedicated—even the children's children.

It was at Mecca in Arabia in the year A.D. 570 that the great prophet and teacher, Mahommed, was born. He was the son of a poor merchant named Abdallah (servant of Allah), who died soon after his boy's birth, leaving him to the care of his wife, Aminah (the safe or secure), who, however, did not long survive her husband. Mahommed inherited from his parents a strong physique capable of enduring hardships, although one writer affirms that he was subject to epilepsy. When he was twenty-five years of age Mahommed (the praised) became agent for a rich widow, Khadijah, whom he served so well that in due course she rewarded him by giving him her hand in marriage. They had a family of two sons and four daughters; the best known of the latter was Fatima, the tragic death of whose two sons, Hassan and Hasain, is the subject-matter of the great Mohurran festival.

While alone on Mount Hirat, near Mecca, the Angel Gabriel, it is said, appeared to Mahommed and commanded him to preach a new gospel. For obeying this command he was severely persecuted by the Meccans, and, as a result, became impoverished. He fled to Medina, where he preached successfully, and was accepted as a true prophet.

Much might be said of the life of Mahommed, of his appearance, his inconsistencies, his love affairs—and of his surroundings, which affect these points so much; but with "The Story of India" for our chief consideration,

the details must be left for individual research. In his early life as a caravan boy, Mahommed learnt the art of scouting—which proved most useful to him in his whole career, especially as a leader of banditti. He acquired in those early days means and ways of obtaining information secretly; his natural judgment of mankind seldom erred; but he used his power over the incredulous and the weak too often in an unjustifiable manner. He died at Mecca on the 8th of June, 632 A.D., and is buried there.

The chief dogma or belief of the Mahommedan religion is resignation and submission to the will of God, its fundamental tenet, "There is no God but God and Mahommed is his prophet." The Mahommedans believe in the resurrection of the dead and in Heaven and Hell. In Heaven they hope for all manner of delights, in Hell they anticipate torture for all unbelievers. They have a firm belief in reward and punishment hereafter; they dread the latter, and their hope for the former is a personal characteristic. They allocate a special Heaven for women, but profess a doubt of their attaining any! Among their rules of life, ablutions before prayer are enjoined; the drinking of wine and eating of pig are strictly forbidden; a man may have four wives and an unlimited number of concubines, but must confine his attention solely to these. The Mahommedans have seven great festivals—the chief of which the writer viewed with interest; and, indeed, on one occasion found herself blocked in the midst of their procession, a little wile of her *pro tem.* coachman which was humorous, if not enjoyable. The procession in which I was for a time an unwilling item was no other than the Mohurran Festival. Its name, signifying "the holiest," was taken from the old name of an Arabic month, in which was waged an unholy war. It was, and is still, faithfully kept in memory of Mahommed's two grandsons: Hassan, who was poisoned, and Hassain, who was murdered. This

great festival lasted ten days. At its close excitement reaches such a pitch that serious disturbance usually follows. The remaining six festivals take place at intervals during the year. The religious aspect is generally secondary—revelry, debauchery and unrest primary, and sure it is, these festivals were not welcomed by the Mem Sahibs with Mahommedan servants.

Mahommed imposed upon his followers four important acts as duties. These were prayers five times daily, namely, at sunset, nightfall, daybreak, noon and afternoon. By the strict Mahommedans these, judging by appearances, are kept. It is quite a common occurrence at any of these times—no matter the place—to see Mahommedans prostrate themselves and engage in prayer with exceeding earnestness. Secondly, the giving of alms was enjoined. Thirdly, the feast of Ramazan—a month-long feast which came in the hot season. Then was celebrated the anniversary of what they supposed to be the descent of the Koran from Heaven. Fourthly, a pilgrimage to Mecca. This was very faithfully made by the Mahommedans. On one occasion I remember my syce asking leave to go; he said, "Missy, I very old man. I make pilgrimage, then I come back, I tell no more lies, then I die." The former argument, needless to say, carried weight. I recall the incident of a few months later, when the nights were at freezing point, when I was wakened by a gentle sound of grazing on my window panes. Two great eyes were gazing in with a loud-breathing accompaniment. There was no mistaking the Roman nose flattened against the glass barrier. It was my pony come to tell me that the night was very cold and that the syce had appropriated his nice warm blanket and he was left with a grass-cut's old sack. Who says horses have no intelligence—someone does, or did. One had even saved my life, so I know better and I know their affection, too. I was speedily by Cæsar's side with a

warm rug and sugar-cane, and led him back a good half-mile to his stable and his faithless syce ; but, of course, he had not lied, there was "circumstantial evidence" only that he, too, was cold, and that trouble too was reparable.

Further items in the Mahommedan creed inculcated by the Great Prophet were that usury and games of chance were strictly forbidden. The laws against idolatry are very stringent. Wine imbibing and piggy food are forbidden. Reward and punishment, hope and fear, with a sure belief in fate are the fundamentals of their religion. One wonders why so many creeds, dogmas and beliefs are permitted—what needless mystification—surely one is best, one road, one way, and surely ours is best! . . .

If we look through all the earth,  
Men we see have equal birth,  
Made in one great brotherhood  
Equal in the sight of God.

In order to acquire even a superficial knowledge of the Jains, the sect which next claims our attention, we must retrogress to 600 B.C. and learn what we can of its founder. We must not omit to connect with this period Bimbisara or Srenika, the first king of India and the fifth of the Saisunga dynasty ; the first we can talk of with confidence and assurance. We must also remember his son, Ajatasatra, who succeeded him, and also Gautama Buddha, who, though quite an old man then, was the friend of Bimbisara and his son. Of primary importance now, however, is Vardhamana Mahavira, the founder of Jainism. His picture lies before me while I write. I cannot describe him as beautiful, for such he was not, but that he was so good is much more important. Like Buddha, he was of noble birth, being the son of Leckhavi, a noble of Vaisali, their capital ; also he was a contemporary of Buddha. Like him also he renounced his position and privileges and joined the austere and

contemplative order of Parasnath. After some years, when he was about forty years of age, finding this order did not satisfy his desires and ideas, he founded his own order, and for the remaining years of his life gave himself up to teaching and preaching, chiefly in Magadha or South Behar, Tirhoot and Bhagalpur. Mahavira organised the religious order of Friars and Nuns, lay-brothers and sisters. His work continued with exceeding earnestness until his call came, when he left 14,000 converts to mourn him. He died at Pawa in the Patna district. The Parasnath mountain, 4,488 feet above sea-level, in the Madupur district, is the metropolis of Jain worship. Apart from its religious interest, as a favourite place for pilgrims, the scenery is very beautiful and equally delights the sportsman as the orologist.

Ten thousand pilgrims visit Parasnath annually, and especially beautiful is the scenery through which their foot-worn pathways lie. A Jain convent is there and the remains of altars and chapels are still in evidence. If the Jain principles were Mahavira's, then we did not err in saying he was a good man. The golden rule seems to have played its part therein, where a fundamental principle must appeal to all. "A true Jain will do nothing to hurt the feelings of another person, man, woman or child." Jain ethics are meant for men of all position. "Do your duty," they say, "do it as humanely as you can." The Jains believe that all things living have souls and are endowed with a certain amount of consciousness. They maintain that even stones, air and water feel pain or joy. This is a pleasant thought which should infuse gentleness into our natures. Of course, all nice people are Jains at heart where the care of animals, the preservation of their lives, and comfort for them is concerned. Perhaps, however, even the very nicest of us may be forgiven where mice and mosquitoes are concerned! We would not, could not slay, however,

but we might depute somebody else who, perhaps, was less Jainish than ourselves, or who so acted for the peace and well-being of others more sensitive. Wordsworth must have been imbued with Jainish ethics when he wrote:—

“To every natural form, rock, fruit or flower,  
Even the loose ‘stones that cover the highway  
I give a moral life: I saw them feel.”

In spite of their tender and humane characteristics, capital punishment and war inhumanities are condoned by the Jains, and we say with Lord Dundreary, “This is a thing no fellow can understand,” and it is tenderest pity we give to Kings and those in authority who, willy-nilly, but because of their office, have to sign away lives—not good enough to live—and certainly less so to die.



## CHAPTER XI.

**The Parsees.**

"There are two powers that make for peace,  
What is right and what is fitting."

HAVING briefly outlined the most important sects in India, there is yet an important people, neither sect nor order, neither Indian nor English, to whom place must be given; a people of great interest, and at one time of renown, and very justly so.

That they bear their reverses bravely and wisely now, as in the past, is an additional reason for giving them place, example being stronger than precept. There is yet another reason—one that will appeal to all, namely, their loyalty to our King and country in the late war. I allude to the people bearing the non-elucidative title of Parsees; a people who have made India their home for centuries, with Bombay as their headquarters. India has been kind to them and they have given her no cause to be otherwise. They are comparatively a small community, numbering about a hundred thousand only, half, approximately, residing in Bombay, the rest being scattered over India. They earn respect wherever they go, for their commercial honesty, their activity and industry, their capability and benevolence. The name of Parsee is identified with good citizenship and with good and enterprising work.

Their appearance at once attracts attention and interest. They are not Indian. They are not English.

They are Persians: fugitives these many years ago from persecution for their religion, their self-respect and their independence. This persecution came from the Mahomedans in the Parsees' own country. This leads us to have less respect for these Mahomedans than we already had, but we leave them a loop-hole. Their wickedness was in the back ages. I should much like to digress and tell the whole story of the Parsees, even of their perils by sea, their bravery and their trustfulness, their prayers and effectual results, but as that would be of Persia, not India, I adopt a better plan and advise the perusal of Sir John Malcolm's history of Persia, and I think when my readers have read later in these pages what a hero he was they will like to read his "Persia" and of her great Kings, Cyprus and his son, Cambyses and Darius Hystapes, who was second only to Cyprus, and who, by bringing the Punjab of India under Persian sway, as well as the valley of the Indus, introduced, to India's loss, immense wealth into Persia. Of course we do not rejoice over this, but in those days when might was right, they certainly shewed their capabilities. My small inconsequential opinion is that we should all be content "to play in our ain kail yards," beautify them, extract all we can from them, be satisfied and at peace with other "kail yards" and, in common parlance, mind our own business. So you see my politics are obvious and quite on the right side. These, inherited from the best of sources—born in me—are a veritable part of me, and I rejoicingly add in these heart-stirring hours of this day, 2nd May, 1926, "God bless and save our noble King and bless and protect his Government, which is doing its very best and utmost for us and for our country." Its best is best. Let us support it with our very best, our utmost trust and confidence, bravely, calmly, leaving the rest in the Highest Hands of all. Good will result, and indeed we have no need to have

fears or anxieties at all. We are only facing a blessing in disguise.

In his youth Sir John Malcolm was brimful of boyish mischief, yet always stayed with a heart of gold. He was loved by his school-master, who distinguished between vice and childhood's happy overflow. "So Jock's at the bottom of this" was usually the extent of his severity.

Leaving these wicked Mahommedans to Sir John Malcolm's pen I confine myself to a brief outline of their perversity as the surest method of raising general curiosity and concentrate instead on these brave, long-suffering Parsees or Persians who took their name from that part of their own country called Pars, or the still less elucidative alternative of Fars. The flash-light only which we cast on the Mahommedans reveals them as fanatical in their desires to convert the Persians to their religion, saying they had orders direct from their prophet to do so. As we did not give Mahommed our best heart's love or credit him with divinity, this, of course, was bombast, a superfluity in their human recesses, inherent from the old Adam.

Our Divinity neither counsels wars or rumours of wars. He sends peace, goodwill, love, harmony and requires our surplus energies for good works and self-improvement—the cultivation of ourselves and our country, the advancement of all that is good and noble and elevating, and in defence, not offence.

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite  
For 'tis their nature to,  
Let bears and lions growl and fight  
For God has made them so."

This is not childishness; it is advanced Christianity. "Whatsoever is pure—whatsoever is honest, *think on those things,*" on those things only. Connected with the

best and noblest of fighting men, I boldly declare myself a pacifist, a conscientious objector, and I would far rather rot in a prison cell any day than fire the veriest of toy pistols even at an enemy.

The Persians were a non-fighting nation ; they were under oath never to bear arms and for this we place them on a lofty stance or rung of the ladder ; yet, when under Indian care, indebted to them for home and everything save their own abilities and industrial tendencies, they felt it their bounden duty to support the Hindoos in defending themselves against their enemies. "Fear not, oh Prince," they said, "all of us are ready to scatter the heads of thy foes and we will fight as long as a drop of blood remains in our veins. Not one man of us will turn his back, though a millstone be dashed at his head." And fight they did for India, and with very great and helpful results.

"But none of all who owned the Chief's command,  
Rushed to that battle-field with bolder hand  
Or sterner hate than Iran's outlawed men,  
Her worshippers of fire."

Now to whet and increase curiosity, and send readers promptly to Sir John Malcolm's history, I add a few mental notes of minor degree about the Parsees. They are a fair-skinned and good-looking race, especially the women, for whom such adjuncts are of superlative importance. We would say that Alexander the Great and his compatriots had much to say to this. The fine features of the Parsees suggest the Grecian blend. Their female dress is extremely picturesque, and this without the artifice and worry of the dressmaker. It is graceful in all materials, but especially so in the lovely silks and embroideries which the ladies wear. Over an under sheath-like garment, six yards of wide material is draped on the figure, the fullness chiefly arranged at front and left side. This reaches to the instep. Kilts are not worn

by the Parsee ladies, and while nature has been munificent in her gifts of symmetry and beauty in nether details, these are reserved for private view only, and not for the curiosity of all and sundry and to the shame of the wearer.

The men are fairly English in their dress. Their coats, of the frock description, are innocent of buttons, which creates a blank, clerical appearance and changes their similarity. Neck and front are united by small ties only. At one time their sleeves were made double the length required and then crinkled up to the necessary length; now ordinary length enhances their similarity to English designs. A skull cap is always worn, and over this for out-of-doors is worn a turban, seemingly of black satin; in shape like the top half of a grocer's bag, worn with its seams at each side; being brimless it suits these buttonless coats and is original, not imitative or likely to require patenting.

For female education, not deemed essential in early days and retarded because of the seclusion with which women were so jealously guarded as well as by their early marriages and marital conditions, fetters no longer exist. The necessity for education became an established fact, and, owing to the natural intelligence of the people, reached an advanced stage, even to training and matriculation for the medical profession, a special boon to their suffering sisters who, for such attentions, preferred their own sex. So far, I had only met or heard of one lady lawyer in India—Miss Cecilia Sorabji, who had ably proved her capabilities and usefulness to her secluded sex, and who, some years later on my return to England, I was proud to find a member of my own club.

It was contact with the English which prompted the Parsees to extend their educational standards. Their own language had been a deterrent, but as they acquired Gugarati from that part of India in which they were

domiciled, education spread rapidly. Another great advantage was added when schools were established in Bombay, conducted by time-expired British soldiers settled there. Then was English acquired, while the greatest impulse of all was given in 1820, when, under the auspices and patronage of the Honourable Mountstuart Elphinstone, then Governor of Bombay, the "Bombay Native Educational Society" was established, a benefit always held in appreciative remembrance. Lord Elphinstone—as we shall know him later—was quick to perceive the great benefit and need for such an educational centre for the country at large and for the Parsees in particular. The seed sown on good soil was ready for the cultivation of the intellect, the development of the understanding and the reception of languages, literature, science and philosophy.

After being so long left in darkness the people, Parsee and Indian, greedily and profitably imbibed: "knowledge is power," so easily carried about, and almost unconsciously diffused.

We turn regretfully from this subject to the religion of the Parsees. Its founder was Zoroaster, acknowledged by Europeans as greatest amongst the prophets. Its results and influence have been far-reaching and permanent, and productive of high moral standards in its followers.

The important ceremony of the investiture of Parsee children takes place any time after they have attained the age of three years and six months. So far as I could ascertain, the ceremony corresponds in principle with our confirmation, a taking on oneself the responsibilities of life, and, in the case of a young child, was imbued with sadness.

It was at a fine old palace in Calcutta, the home of a rich Parsee family, that I was invited to such a ceremony. The large hall in which the ceremony took place had its

floor of white marble with pillars of the same, arching its length, and immense crystal chandeliers attached to the roof and countless jets illuminating their white surroundings. The scene was an imposing one. Side tables from end to end each side, were laden with refreshments, oriental sweets and wine. Across the top of the hall was a raised dais, crimson-carpeted, and on this, in order, were seated the near relations of the child to be invested. The Dastur, or chief priest, stood in the centre with four and five subordinate priests on either side, making eleven in all. In the midst, with only a thin wisp of covering—a pitiful, wistful object—stood the little boy, the candidate for investiture.

During the ceremony, the silence which prevailed added considerably to the solemnity of the occasion. The prayer of repentance called the "patet" was recited, in which the candidate joins when he can. At this special service the candidate seemed to exceed 6 years. He looked more like 11 or 12 years of age. After this "patet" prayer the Dastur required the child to hold the Sudra (shirt) with both hands, over which he placed his own hands, and then led their confession of faith which, after words of adulation to the Most High, concluded with these words: "The good Righteous, right religion, which the Lord has sent to his Creatures is that which Zoroaster has brought, the religion of Zoroaster." After this the Dastur removed the wisp-like covering and in its place clothed the child in the "Sudra" which, like a screen, he had previously held extended. Next, the Dastur passed the Kusti (girdle) three times round the child's waist, accompanied with words of prayer, after which he is allowed to sit, while a homily, called the "hosban," in praise of humility, truth and purity, is recited. The blessing is then given by the Dastur, who, at the same time, pours over the child a mixture of cocoanut, rice and almonds.

This concluded the religious ceremony in the old Calcutta palace, naturally a relief to the child after an hour's restraint, with all eyes fixed on him, the centre of attraction. It was with a joyous step that he threw himself into his mother's embrace, and thereafter followed the congratulations of other relatives and friends, each bringing beautiful presents which the recipient received with quiet dignity, laying each in turn to swell the heap beside him. His father, meanwhile, was rewarding the Dastur and his attendant priests, whose part in the ceremony had been chiefly responsive. Then the curtain seemingly fell, and the boy disappeared with his mother to be dressed in fine new clothes, on this occasion pale violet in colour, embroidered white and silver.

Great importance is attached to the thread or cord, the outward symbol of investiture. Called the "Kusti," it is a thin woollen cord of seventy-two strands. These strands or threads represent the seventy-two chapters named "has" in the Parsee Sacred book, the Yazashone. This "Kusti," or girdle, is passed three times round the waist and is secured by four knots, two in front and two behind. A hymn is quietly sung during this part of the ceremony, while with each knot the Parsee boy responds. Firstly, "There is only one God and no other is to be compared with Him." Secondly, "The religion given by Zoroaster is true." Thirdly, "Zoroaster is the true prophet who derives his Mission from God," and after the fourth knot, "Perform good actions and abstain from evil ones." The earnestness with which these assertions were made impressed the onlooker with the reality of their sincerity. They had become a veritable part of the recipient—his "to hold and to have."

The curtain then had effectually dropped, and the vast company moved away to enjoy and sample the good things on the side tables, accompanied by the subdued tones of a general hum.



It was in perfect English that a Parsee host addressed our party, acknowledging with special satisfaction the clerical status of my friends. We, too, had journeyed from a palace, and, for the time, I gloried in their glamour and greatly enjoyed the interest of conversation with these good Parsee people, and especially in hearing the details which I am able to record first hand. There was still more to follow, but that we carry on to a new chapter.

## CHAPTER XII.

**Marriage Customs.**

"A happy marriage has in it all the pleasures of friendship—all the enjoyments of sense and reason and, indeed, all the sweets of life."

THE "more to follow" was a double wedding, for which preparations were proceeding apace. Two brothers were about to marry two sisters. To witness this was a much-appreciated privilege. That the day was Sunday surprised me, so I ventured to ask the Parsee gentleman, who so assiduously attended us, if such was their usual custom. He replied that it was a religious ceremony, and as such they considered Sunday a suitable day, but that they did not confine such ceremonies to Sunday. A banquet, he added, followed in any case; that was a necessity. I felt inclined to differ. The side tables had been effectually cleared and fresh supplies were appearing with a hey presto! touch and the silent tread of unshod feet. I contented myself by telling him that I was an amateur "Chiel amang 'e takin' notes," and asked his permission to carry on. He smiled his pleasure and augmented his attentions.

Marriage is a matter of sincere rejoicing in the Parsee community. From the time of their children's birth, the parents concentrate on their matrimonial prospects and advantages without reference to little Cupid's interposition. Sometimes match-making mothers have their ideas fixed even before the arrival of their victims and without regard to the sex problem! Others, wisely make proviso. Marriages or betrothals at the age of 2 or 3

years were a common practice. The Zoroaster law commends 15 as a suitable age, and that now is extended to 22 years, while a much longer extension is anticipated. Anyhow, marriage is a real matter for exultation, for festivities, the display of wealth, jewellery and fine clothes and for the still more praiseworthy one of the distribution of gifts.

When the parents of the intended lovers have quite decided on the suitability of their choice of partners for their children in life's lottery—and this without one flap of Cupid's wings—then application is made to an astrologer to fix the day of betrothal. What a joy is, or was, overlooked when the maiden should become supreme, when her pretty blushes, her natural fascination, even to the decorative art, instinctively appears, when, too, the higher thoughts come. A new life, new hopes, self forgotten, all are centred on the inspirator with the desire to give far more than she has taken, and, in the giving and the taking, every goodness and every grace of which she is capable, is developed the joint foundation of happiness and lasting beauty. All else seems veneer and tinsel, ephemeral and bondage.

Nevertheless, the astrologer plays an important part in the Parsee calculations. He is entrusted with the horoscope of both bride and bridegroom in order that he may study their "stars" and decide if the couple are likely to harmonize and so bring happiness to each other. If he disapproves, then preliminaries are cancelled—so for once it is well if Cupid had not appeared on the scenes.

While waiting for the dual wedding my Parsee friend became very communicative regarding primary details which, lacking the keynote given by Cupid, seemed so prosaic, so grey and dull. Who knows, however, perhaps the by-play and the roseate hues were not wholly omitted.

The exchange of presents between the betrothed couples was an important feature, even to the extent of making the betrothal indissoluble. Banquets and Natches (dances) followed in close succession. The former are English in arrangement, if less ornate. Certain days in the Parsee year are supposed to be more than others propitious for marriage, so, on these days an accumulation of engagements become fixtures.

The bridal processions, an important feature, were on this occasion left to imagination, ably assisted by the volubility of my Parsee friend. The first of these, from the bride's home to the bridegroom, sending him presents, is quickly followed by a second to the bride's house. That, the most important one, is accompanied by a band playing lively music. The bridegroom followed it, accompanied by the "Dastur." Then in rotation all his relatives and friends fell in, even to children in arms.

The great ceremony always takes place at sunset. The same group of priests as for the investiture were in attendance, wearing, as formerly, white cassocks, very like those worn by our own clergy, with their own special skull cap, for this occasion, in white. The brides wore richly embroidered soft filmy material, simply draped to the figure, while the continuation of the specially long dress length already described culminated in a deftly arranged veil. The couples were seated opposite each other. Between each of these a curtain was arranged to screen bride and bridegroom from each other. Under this they were required to hold each other's right hand. A second curtain was then placed round each couple, entirely secluding them, with the ends tied together by a double knot. Raw twist is then wound seven times round each pair by the officiating priests, who recite prayers during the ordeal. After the seventh round the twist is tied seven times over the joined hands of each couple as

well as round the double knot of the first curtain. Incense is then burnt in a metallic vase, after which the curtains are dropped and bride and bridegroom pelt each other with rice. Then with the couples sitting side by side, the "Dasturs," standing one in front of each, recite blessings on each. The meaning of these little ceremonies is too obvious to need explaining.

There was still more to follow of an uncomplex nature—questions asked and financial bargains struck, and promises exchanged; then a very long list of injunctions or maxims were read, which, too lengthy to recapitulate, must, if strictly obeyed, have made life somewhat prosaic. Prayers and blessings again followed. Then came the beginning of the end, when, fearful of being late for social requirements, we were more than ready to depart. But we knew that for the Parsee company feasting would begin and for a long time continue.

## CHAPTER XIII.

**Asoka Reappears.**

"The hearts of men are their books, events are their tutors—great actions are their eloquence."

AFTER this long digression, and let us hope its usefulness, we return to history again and pick up the threads at Asoka, the Great and Good, and his successors. We are in turbulent waters with breakers and rocks inset. All is murky and misty, beyond our powers to clarify, but *cui bono?* Perhaps in the near future the great work being done now will lead to the much-desired elucidation and, in due course, we will have, with all details supplied, a clear and consecutive history of India.

Ignorance of India is no longer permissible, and one only needs to learn a little of this fascinating country to desire to know very much more and to find that its interest will surpass even that of our own island home, though not its greatness or its goodness. So we briefly recall Asoka and the probable date of his coronation or Abhisheka as 269 B.C., and that he was succeeded by his two grandsons, Dasaratha and Sampriti, son of Kunala, the former reigning over the Eastern and the latter over the Western division of the Empire. These grandsons of Asoka, we remember, were not "chips," and that the unity of the Empire did not survive Asoka. Several others of Asoka's descendants are said to have held authority after these two grandsons but, unable to authenticate the assertion or the probable dates, we leave it in the mists of uncertainty and give place to

Brihadratha, the last prince of the Maurya dynasty slain by Pushyamitra Sunga, his commander-in-chief, who usurped and established a new dynasty, the Sunga, which lasted 112 years; that is, until 73 B.C. The descendants of the Greek generals or Satraps left by Alexander the Great also tried to increase their power and authority and diffuse Grecian influence. One of these, Menander, King of Kabul and the Punjab (153 B.C.), was successfully repulsed by Pushyamitra. Menander was certainly a fighting man, and a dramatist as well, who left his mark, with good effect, on the Indian drama. Pushyamitra may have been an Iranian or worshipper of the sun, and this thought is encouraged by his celebration of the horse sacrifice, a rite always associated with sun worshippers. This horse sacrifice was of ancient date and could only be celebrated by a paramount sovereign as a substantial proof of his military successes.

The ceremony is worthy of digression. A challenge was firstly given to all rivals claiming superiority as warriors. None exceeded Pushyamitra's successes as such or in increasing his own possessions to the disadvantage of others. So with assurance he sent forth his challenge and then arranged the great ceremony named *Asvamedha* or horse sacrifice. A valuable animal was chosen, special regard being paid to his colour. He was then consecrated and set loose to wander as he liked for a year. The victorious king, or his representative or heir, followed the horse with an army. Into whichever country the horse went the ruler of that country must either fight or submit. If the owner of the horse gained submission from all the countries into which the horse led him then the king returned to his own country in triumph with all the defeated rulers in his train. Failing success the king was disgraced and humiliated. With success, however, came disaster for the horse. A great festival was held, to which all the relations of the king

were invited and required to attend without delay, and at the same time "to dismiss all anger from their minds," and this little bit only is entirely to our liking.

It is fairly certain that the bold King Pushyamitra met with some opposition in his wild adventures following the vagaries of a horse. A sect of foreigners named Yavanas took up his challenge, met and fought him on the banks of the Sindhu river, now the boundary between the Rajputañ and Bundelkund States. We see, therefore, that the charger was making full use of his freedom. Probably it was owing to Pushyamitra's advanced age and quite in accordance with custom that his grandson, Vasumitra, was in command of the contingent following this four-footed and erratic leader. He, too, came off victorious, thus confirming his grandfather's right to supremacy and to the formal rank of Lord Paramount of Northern India.

The old gentleman was ~~of~~ <sup>entirely</sup> very proud of his successes, and in his exuberance wrote to his son, Agnimitra, the Crown Prince, who ruled as Viceroy at Vidisa, now Bhilsa, on the Betwa in the Sindhias territory. "May it be well with thee," he wrote, and his letter is worthy of repetition because of its quaint phrasing. "May it be well with thee! From the sacrificial enclosure the Commander-in-Chief, Pushyamitra, sends this message to his son Agnimitra who is in the territory of Vidisa, affectionately embracing him. Be it known unto thee that I, having been consecrated for the Rajasuya sacrifice let loose free from all check or curb a horse which was to be brought back after a year, appointing Vasumitra as its defender, girt with a guard of a hundred Rajputs. This very horse, wandering on the right or south bank of the Sindhu river, was claimed by a cavalry squadron of the Yavanas. Then there was a fierce struggle between the two forces. Then Vasumitra, the mighty bowman, having overcome his foes, rescued by force my excellent



horse which they were endeavouring to carry off. Accordingly I will now sacrifice, having had my horse brought back to me by my grandson. Therefore, you must dismiss anger from your mind and without delay come with my daughters-in-law to behold the sacrifice."

Pushyamitra died 149 B.C., having enjoyed an eventful reign of thirty-six years. A matter of interest in passing which proves the value of out-of-the-way events in piecing up the puzzle of Indian history is found even in the sacrifice of Pushyamitra's horse. There was a famous grammarian in these far-away days named Patanjali, about whose date there was much controversy. That he attended this famous horse sacrifice is evidenced by his own writings; therefore he was a contemporary of Pushyamitra, and, with other pieces inset, 150 B.C. is fixed as the probable date of his death. As well as a grammarian and a man of note, Patanjali was a clever Sanskrit writer, but of primary importance to us now is that by his allusion to Pushyamitra's horse sacrifice and his presence at it he supplies the probable date of his own death.

Pushyamitra was succeeded by his son, the Crown Prince Agnimitra, who reigned but a few years, and was succeeded by his brother, Vasujyushtha, or Sujujyushtha, whose reign also was brief, probably not exceeding seven years. Then followed Vasumitra, "the mighty bowman" and grandson. It was probably due to the confused state of the country that Vasumitra's reign also was so short, while his four successors only compiled seventeen years between them.

Might seemed to pass for right these turbulent days. Sumitra, the son of Agnimitra, was surprised while enjoying the society of his actor friends, whose art he so specially favoured, when his head was removed; a scimitar was the weapon so dexterously applied that one stroke frustrated all earthly hopes of succession for him.

The ninth Sunga King, Bhagavata, probably reigned thirty-two years, but so far there is no record of his deeds or misdeeds; and of the tenth King Devabhuti we only know that he was not famous for his goodness, and that with him the Sunga dynasty of one hundred and twelve years came to an end. The conspiracy which cost Devabhuti his life was contrived by his Brahman minister, Vasudeva, who, perhaps owing to the King's weakness and his own ambition, assumed undue authority in his life-time, and was not content to end there.

Mitrudeva — the assassinator who slew Prince Sumitra, the friend of the stage—was probably an accomplice, if not a member of the family of Devabhuti, the last of the Sungas.

It was in 63 B.C. that Vasudeva usurped the throne, and with him arose the dynasty known as the Kanva. He was succeeded by three relatives in rotation, covering a period of forty-five years only. These we must leave in the murky mists. Nothing is, so far, known of them, and that their years were of a peaceful nature is discredited. The last of them, it is asserted, was put to death 28 or 27 B.C. by a king of the Andra dynasty, upon which and its country, stretching from sea to sea across the Deccan, we must now concentrate. If we probe a little deeper and learn the meaning of Deccan we will the better know the position of the Andra country. Its very simple derivation is from a Sanskrit word meaning south; so, we look upon our Indian map and verify this fact to find that we are in the country of the Nizam of Haiderabad.

We are now verily in the mists of cloudland, groping and trying to grasp the tendrils, or seemingly on ice so thin that total immersion seems imminent. The sensation reminds one of sailing the Manasabal Lake, gazing into its wondrous depths, its interest, its living contents, and just wanting to know everything. Beautiful vegetation stretching out its fairy-like fronds,

inviting attention and leading us onwards, upwards with life-like earnestness and energy, speaking even of Heaven itself and its beauty. Surely we must follow their lead! What they can do we can do, follow on, shedding what brilliancy we can; that even, which with years and opportunities we have acquired, even with the addition of suffering, and which for its fruitfulness we have no regrets. Let it help us to make life more full and easier for others.

"Loveless natures, cold and hard,  
Live for self alone;  
Hearts where love abides regard  
Self as scarce their own.

"Where the body hath a soul  
Love hath gone before,  
Where no love infills the whole  
Dust it is—no more."

There is another hope—a very fond one. It is that others will fill the gaps—the omissions in our efforts—in which, however faulty, we may, like the tendrils, have given a lead. So reluctantly, yet hopefully, we turn to the Andra dynasty and its mistiness and again we say, "Take my hand: There is no royal road to anything; one thing at a time and all in succession. That which grows fast withers as rapidly, that which grows slowly endures."

We wish that those useful people, the Puranas, were quite correct in asserting that the Andra dynasty followed the Kanva. Modern authorities of note assert that the Andra dynasty must have been in power about 240 or 230 B.C., contemporaries of Chandra Gupta, Seleukos Nicator and his ambassador, Megasthenes. Because of their importance we can but give them place here and then return to the date we have reached in our story, so near the Christian era, the Baby Christ and Christmas, the *anno Domini*.

Without doubt they were a powerful people, but of their rulers, these earlier days we are ignorant. It is only about the time of Asoka's death that we can distinguish them as a dynasty, and probably his death gave them freedom to blossom forth and exercise authority as kings in the Deccan. They made war against the Grecian Satraps. They posed as defenders of the Hindus. The most powerful of these Andra kings, named Gantamiputra Yajna Sri, reigned for twenty-nine years, that is from about 172 A.D. until 202 A.D., and perhaps later. Of the rise and fall of the dynasty more can not with certainty be written, except that its finality in failure came about 225 A.D., having existed four-and-a-half centuries and comprised thirty kings.

After these dynasties, others rose and fell. Kings good and bad came and went. Conspicuous amongst these was Menander, King of Kabul, and the dramatist repelled by Pushyamitra ~~of~~ horse-sacrifice fame, Demetrius of Bactria, and his rival Eukratidus, King Harsha of military fame and an A.D. King of whom much might be said. He was fond of state and regality, and while he had many deputy rulers, yet always liked being at the wheel himself, and in personal inspection from place to place he marched in state to the music of golden drums. For these inspection tours superior huts or by-the-way rest houses of bamboo and wood were erected for his Majesty, and these were always destroyed on his departure—a regret, no doubt, to travellers in the Eastern wilds, as I, having enjoyed the reverse side can testify. It was once my good fortune, although I always revelled in camp life and in roughing it smoothly, to follow in the wake of our deeply-mourned Lord Kitchener, to find the rest houses, all specially glorified for him, left so; I thought not quite undesignedly so, but of his own beautiful, chivalrous nature and his true respect for those of his own standards. These red-letter occasions came

when touring the Northern Himalayas at Vernag, Martand and Atchibal..

King Harsha was less considerate; none were to share his grandeur. All the same, we respect him. He was an accomplished scholar, and credited with writing plays and poems as well as grammatical works. King Harsha was a religious man and "assigned many hours daily to devotional exercises." Without doubt he was a follower of Buddha, and, like many of us, appreciated the sun if not an actual worshipper of it. He strictly ordered the preservation of life, and the sentence for breaking this law was death, without hope of pardon. King Harsha, while still under 50 years of age, died A.D. 644 or thereabouts, leaving no heir. General disorder followed, which was increased by the usurpation of the throne by his minister and by the ravages of severe famine in the land. There is still much more to say of the good King Harsha. I can but commend the interest. It is only a superficial story we profess to read or write that boys and girls and casual readers may not be wearied with deep details. The underlying desire is to increase or create the wish for Knowledge of India.

## CHAPTER XIV.

**Mahommedan Rulers.**

"I have come to regard a good book as curtailed of half its value if it has not a pretty full index."

So, in confirmation of my remarks in Chapter XIII, I ask my readers to take with me a flying leap over to the A.D. period and Mahommedan rule and thereafter to the beginning of the end, England's John Company and the great and good rulers who, when India was not the attractive place it is now, went out as governors and viceroys for our kings and queens and did splendid service for them. The Hindu period with its uncertainties may well be left for research later and so spare us a too ponderous volume now. "Ye have all heard tell of Mahom . . . et," and let us hope have not forgotten him and his fighting faith, invading conquering and ruling and intriguing as he gained ground.

Only one hundred years after the death of the Founder, his followers had invaded India as far as Bombay. The Arabians, though ambitious and determined to possess, yet had their endurance tried for three centuries. A sea expedition under Usman, ruler, brought more successful results for the invaders. In A.D. 712 Kasim, the successor of Usman, advanced into Scinde, conquered it and settled himself in the Scinde Valley. Two years later death intervened, and without its brave leader the Arabian power waned.

For eight centuries the Mussulmen fought to gain India; their rulers, of more or less importance, we must pass over briefly. The House of Ghanzi held sway from 1001 to 1186. Its monarch, Subuktigin, was succeeded

by his son, Mahmud, aged sixteen, who reigned thirty-six years, and increased his father's dominions from Persia on the west to the Punjab on the east and spent four years strengthening his power west of the Kyber Pass. His reign included seventeen invasions, one an unsuccessful raid into Kashmir; thirteen were expended on the subjugation of the Punjab, and three upon the cities of Gwalior, Somnath and Kanauj. Mahmud's bravery became proverbial. Each invasion strengthened the Mussulman's power and riches, for enormous was the booty they carried away, chiefly from the temples. Mahmud died at Ghazi, an outlying province of his dominions, in 1036. During a century and a half the Ghazi rule prevailed, but was conquered eventually by the House of Ghor (1152).

Khusru, 1187, the last of the Mahommedan rulers, fled to Lahore, and then Shab-ud-din, or Mohammed of Ghor, unopposed, began his conquest of India. His first efforts were directed against Delhi (1191), where he suffered defeat and was severely wounded. He was emphatically a fighting king; his object was to secure provinces not booty. Before his death (1206) he had placed Northern India under Mahommedan generals. These on his death took upon themselves to assume entire power, disregarding their deputed state only. The chief of these, Kutab-ud-din, of humble Turkish origin, proclaimed himself King of India at Delhi, and founded a line or dynasty known as the Slave Kings, who reigned until 1290. In those days Delhi was the capital of India. In our day it has been restored seemingly to its former dignity—whether that be for weal or woe remains yet to be seen. It will certainly not oust Calcutta from our affections as India's capital.

Kutab-ud-din claimed full supremacy, and had his claims allowed from Scinde to lower Bengal. His name has lived. The ruins of great monuments memorialize him. There are the Kutab Mosque and the Kutab Minar

at Delhi, and these even in ruins are magnificent specimens of ancient architecture. In a long inscription on the inner archway of the eastern entrance to the mosque is recorded the fact that its building was begun by Kutab-ud-din. It is described by a great authority as having no rival in beauty. Its magnificence was also extolled in poetry. Not so large as some other mosques, none surpass in effect its gigantic arches or the beautiful floral tracery which cover its walls. The Arabic inscription over the eastern entrance tells us that the valuable material for these buildings was obtained from the demolition of twenty-seven idolatrous temples. The Kutab Minar, called also the Tower of Victory, enclosed in the mosque, is a very beautiful monument. Whole chapters of the Koran are delicately engraved on its tapering shaft, which is two hundred and thirty-eight feet high. A splendid view is obtained from its balconies, which rise in a succession of five gradations, and these commemorate the names and memory of Kutab-ud-din, who died 1210—noteworthy as the first King of Delhi. His successor, Aram Shah, reigned one year only, and was succeeded by Sham-ud-din Altamish, the greatest of the Slave Kings.

These Mahommedan rulers had to contend with insubordination from their equals, who also wished to rule, as well as from the rulers and generals of other districts who disapproved of the Slave dynasty. Shams Altamish nearly suffered defeat and death in his invasion of Lower Bengal and Scinde, where other Mahommedan powers sought to rival his. He regained supremacy, however, before his death in 1236, and till then held undisputed possession of the throne of Delhi. His daughter, Raziza, was the only woman who sat on the throne of Delhi. Well educated for her time, capable in every crisis, and industrious, she earned the title of Sultan, but spoilt her rule and lost the esteem she enjoyed by falling a victim to the fascinations of her Master of



Horse, for which lapse, however human, she was deposed after her brief reign of three years, and put to death. Balban, her successor, was the last of the Slave dynasty. He was noted for his excessive cruelty; in his endeavours to subdue Moguls, Hindoos, Gurkhas and other wild tribes, his measures were of the most drastic description. Instant death was preferable to his modes of torture. On one occasion ten thousand persons were mercilessly massacred, he having cut off all possibility of escape by previously firing the forests which might have served as places of refuge. He died in 1267. His natural successor was poisoned, and thus was terminated the Slave dynasty.

The Pathan dynasty succeeded, its first ruler being Jelal-ud-din, a ruler of Khiji; the line only lasted thirty years. This dynasty was responsible for extending the Mohammedan power into Southern India. The first inroads were made by Ala-ud-din, nephew and successor of Jelal-ud-din, who, while he was still ruler of Karra (near Allahabad), forced his way with his cavalry through the Vindhya ranges, plundered the Buddhist City of Bhilsa and then commenced a raid into the Deccan. With an army said to be eight thousand strong he rode into Southern India, inventing as a means of obtaining protection the tale that he was fleeing, a refuge, from his uncle's court. The Rajput, therefore, abstained from attacking him. The ruse succeeded. Having proclaimed himself as only the advance guard of the whole Imperial army he levied an immense tax, the fruits of which he carried back to Karra. He then invited his uncle (Jelal-ud-din) to come and share the spoil, and, in the act of greeting the old man as if in friendship, cruelly murdered him.

This wickedness did not preclude him from the throne. He propitiated the people by distributing the spoil amongst them, and might being right in those days, proclaimed himself King (1295). He ruled twenty years.

His reign was noteworthy for its many successful invasions and for its exceeding cruelty. Even his own family did not escape, for in quelling rebellion therein he destroyed the sight of his insurgent nephews and thereafter beheaded them.

Amongst the successful conquests of this cruel monarch was the recovery of Gujarat, once the capital of Mewar, from the Hindus (1297) and Rintimbur from the Jaipur Rajputs. He annexed Chitor, resisted several Mogul inroads, and encountered four others from Delhi; in one of these, in his excess of cruelty, he caused the Chiefs to be trampled to death by elephants, while he ordered the soldiers to be slaughtered in cold blood. Having settled local and Northern affairs with a despotic hand, he next turned his attention southwards and again success attended his efforts and exceeding cruelty his methods. One of his last atrocities was to slaughter fifteen thousand settlers in his dominion, thereafter selling their families as slaves. The peasantry still chant an early Hindu ballad describing how a queen and thirteen thousand women threw themselves on a funeral pile in preference to meeting torture at his hands, while their men rushed upon the swords of their enemies and thus courted and met death. Ala-ud-din died in 1315, intemperance and bad temper hastening, it is said, the much desired event.

A low caste Hindu, named Khursu Khan, usurped authority during the remaining four years of the Khiji dynasty. He imitated the military tactics and vices of his patron, Malik Kafur, and after educating himself thus for his position, murdered his prototype. While outwardly professing Mahommedanism, Khusru Khan enraged the people by desecrating the Koran and using the pulpit in the mosque as a pedestal for his idols. He was slain by his enemies in 1320, and thus was ended the House of Khiji.

## CHAPTER XV.

**The Delhi Kings.**

"No book that will not improve by repeated reading deserves to be read at all."

AT the risk of being uninteresting in dealing with the long list of Delhi Kings, a superficial acquaintance with them will be found useful, and, therefore, is worthy of continuation.

The House of Khiji, in the unworthy person of Khurza Khan, was succeeded by a third Pathan dynasty, with one, Ghias-ud-din Tughlak as its ruler. That he possessed ambition and tenacity of purpose is obvious, for he began life as a slave and ended it as Governor of the Punjab, founding a dynasty which lasted ninety-four years. He was responsible for moving the capital from Delhi to a place four miles eastward, and this he named Tughlakabad, a place which still exists; and as one travels southwards from it one sees many ruined remains of these old world times. While the Fort of Tughlakabad is now impressively desolate, some colonies of the Gujars still inhabit it. Inside the mausoleum are three cenotaphs (empty tombs) which are said to have been those of its founder, his Queen and their son, Juna Khan, who assumed the name of Muhammed when he ascended the throne (1325). He was surnamed the bloody King. Accomplished for his time, he was a clever soldier and possessed the virtue of exceeding temperance, but was fierce of temper, ill-balanced and impetuous.

Muhammed impoverished the treasury to such an extent that he tried to force a copper currency on his people in place of silver: general dissatisfaction prevailed in consequence, and the provinces began to throw off the Delhi yoke. This monarch's bigotry prevented him trusting any but those of his own creed: Hindoo officers and princes were, therefore, all deposed and their places filled by Mussulmen of an unworthy character. Insubordination followed, with increased acts of cruelty in the attempt to subdue it. Like a predecessor he did not even spare his own rank or family. His nephew, Malway, one of the rebels, was flayed alive, and the Governor of the Punjab, who revolted, was crushed to death.

The land tax was first established in Muhammed's reign, and was so exorbitant that the husbandmen fled before the tax-gatherers, and, leaving their land to lapse into jungle, they formed themselves into lawless bandits. Game laws were another feature of this reign, and very severe were the punishments for all offenders. Nor did Muhammed confine his severities to the guilty only; the innocent were also mercilessly branded in his insatiable love of cruelty. He invented for his amusement a man-hunt. His army was flanked round a circular tract of land, with orders to close in and slaughter the defenceless and offenceless peasantry enclosed. Famine and intense misery followed for the country. While revolts in Lower Bengal and the Coromandel Coast detained Muhammed there, rebellion broke out in Gujarat and the Deccan, which he was unable in consequence to combat. His reign was one long series of rebellions. He died fighting (1351).

Muhammed was succeeded by a merciful ruler, Firuz Tughlak (1351-1388). His short reign was regretted, yet not wholly appreciated. Court intrigues harassed him, bodily infirmities handicapped him. He attempted

many good works, the Jumna Canal being one of his greatest; and irrigation tanks, mosques, colleges, hospitals and bridges were his lesser achievements. The Jumna Canal, reconstructed by the British Government, is an important feature in the Punjab. I have seen its symmetrical neatness and beauty, and know too the boon and blessing it is, and how it spreads fertility on either side, which otherwise would be sterile, parched and thirsty land. The rules regarding it are necessarily stringent. As a visitor at the Resident's bungalow I recall the line of applicants who called daily for additional water supplies, and contrast with their lack our abundance, the blessing of which we scarcely realise.

In 1398 the Tughlak dynasty, which had suffered so many defeats and revolts, altogether succumbed to the Moguls. Its last King (Mahmud) suffered severe defeat under the walls of Delhi at the hands of Timur the Tartar. Timur, on entering the city, perpetrated the vilest cruelties, looking on calmly, and holding a feast in honour of his victory, while the dead, lying in heaps on the streets, rendered them impassable. He next crossed the Ganges and repeated his atrocities with great slaughter at Meerut. Then, evidently satiated, he retired in 1399 to Central Asia. King Mahmud again took up the reins of Government and nominally ruled until 1412. The Tughlak dynasty quite ceased two years later. The Saiyid dynasty succeeded, but held sway for thirty-eight years only. Its kings were Khizir Khan Saiyed, from whom the line was named (1414), Mubarak Shah II (1421), Muhammed Shah (1434), Alam Shah (1445). Bahol Lodi (1457) was first king of the fifth Pathan dynasty, and was succeeded by Sikandar Lodi (1489) and Ibrahim Lodi (1517). Some of these ruled over only a small part of the Empire—the Mahommedans were practically in power. The Lodi rule was entirely subdued by the Mogul invasion under Babar (1526). The

line of great Emperors who succeeded him extended to the year 1707, and it was in 1862 that the last representative of the house of Babar died a State prisoner at Rangoon.

In 1340 Bengal threw off the authority of Delhi and established its own power with a succession of twenty independent kings. Humayon annexed it for a time. In 1576 it was permanently incorporated by Akbar. Gujarat, in Western India, had in the same manner established its independence, which lasted two centuries, and it was then conquered by the indomitable Akbar (1573). Malwa, which also had revolted, was annexed by the King of Gujarat (1531). Jaunpur, including Benares, followed in order of revolt and existed as a separate state for nearly a century (1394-1478), preferring its independence to the fitful changes and disturbed rule of the Saiyids and Lodi at Delhi.

The City of Jaunpur still exists with a population of thirty thousand. It was named after Juna Khan (Muhammed Tughlak), and was founded by Firoz Shah Tughlak in 1360. It is a place of considerable interest, with a mosque which exceeds in extensiveness the Kutub Minar. The stone bridge over the river Gundi, 714 feet long, designed by a Kabuli named Afzal Ali, a marvel of ancient architecture, was erected in the reign of Akbar. Worthy of description in passing, it consists of ten spans, besides those built on either side on the land, decreasing in size from the central arches. It was four years in course of erection, and £300,000 is said to have been its cost. A stone lion, life size, ornaments one entrance; a small elephant, supposed in life to have been the victim of the lion, lies alongside. Shops originally existed on either side, but these, a native told me, had been swept away in the great flood of 1774, and were never rebuilt. While anyone looking for architectural beauty and talent will find it at the Afzal Ali bridge, he must admit with

sadness its uncared-for appearance now. Our good Lord Curzon did much to restore ancient landmarks.

The Fort of Jaunpore is almost entirely constructed from the debris of ruined temples. Its entrance gate, 47 feet high, was built of blue and yellow bricks, of which good specimens remain. The why and wherefore of bells carved on many stones excited a curiosity which was not satisfied. "Qui Jani" (who knows), a shrug of his shoulders and palms outstretched, was all the reply I could elicit from my native friend. In a round tower, called the Magazine, a stone bath is enclosed, and a verse from the Koran is engraved on the walls above. In the praying section a special place is screened off for the women.

In the desire to excite interest other than historical in the country I love so well, I have diverged from historical details to which I must return. Without doubt the early Delhi rulers were weak, otherwise all these revolts I have briefly enumerated would not have been tolerated. Their position was surrounded with difficulties caused both by Hindoos and Mussulmen. It remained for the great Akbar to remedy defects, for with his strength was incorporated much diplomacy, but upon the life and character of this remarkable monarch I shall dilate in succeeding chapters.

"I vowed whate'er my dreams,  
I still would do the right  
Thro' all the vast dominions which a sword,  
That only conquers men to conquer peace  
Has won me. Allah be my guide."

## CHAPTER XVI.

**The Mogul Dynasty.**

“There is no royal road to anything, one thing at a time and all things in succession. That which grows fast, withers as rapidly, that which grows slowly endures.”

It was a difficult task that Babar, the first King of the Mogul dynasty, set himself when he invaded India in 1526. As we have seen, a number of petty rulers—Mohammedans, Hindu and the Afghan Lodi—were all striving for supremacy. Babar, surnamed the Lion, founded his right on his descent from Timur the Tartar, who defeated Mahmud the Tughlak King at Delhi in 1398. Babar, when only 12 years of age, succeeded his father in a small state called Ferghana. After repeated attempts he reconquered Samarkand, the capital of his ancestors' kingdom. Frustrated by rebellion he recompensed himself by seizing Kabul (1504), and thus strengthened on the Afghan side of the Indian passes, he made his way twenty-two years later to Delhi, defeated King Lodi and took possession.

Panipat is famous as the place where three decisive battles were fought. The first of these took place on 21st April, 1526. The modern town stands near the old bank of the Jumna, and was founded on the debris of the ancient city. No ruins remain to tell the tale, only the traditions of the famous and most decisive battles ever fought in India. Babar had contemplated a night attack with five thousand men, but his advance, under cover of darkness, for some unaccountable reason was delayed,



the force not coming in contact with Lodi's outposts until daybreak. Babar at once assumed battle formation, placing on his flanks strong detached flanking parties with the intention, if possible, of deterring the enemy. The advance commenced, but during a temporary halt Babar seized his opportunity, and by detaching troops from his centre out-flanked the enemy, who were forced to retire at midday with heavy losses. The pursuit was taken up, and the retreat soon degenerated into an utter rout. Ibrahim Lodi was left dead on the field, surrounded by from five to six thousand slain. His body, to the conqueror's credit, was honoured and given burial on the north-west side of the city. Babar entered Delhi three days after the battle, was recognised as King, and as such was specially prayed for.

In 1527 Babar fought another great battle. In spite of many disasters he was victorious, and, recognising his good fortune on this occasion, pledged himself to "total abstinence" from wine for the rest of his life. He died at Agra in 1530, leaving an Empire which stretched from the river Amu in Central Asia to the confines of the Gangetic delta in Lower Bengal, the entrance to the Sunderbunds.

The second great decisive battle was fought (1556) when Akbar, the son of Humayon, defeated Himus, the nephew of Sher Shah, the Afghan Emperor of Delhi (1540). Himus had an immense army of 50,000 cavalry and 500 elephants, but after a well-contested battle he suffered defeat, was wounded, taken prisoner and put to death. This battle decided the fate of the Pathan dynasty founded by Sher Shah, 1540-45, and finally established the fortunes of the House of Timus.

The third great battle took place on 7th January, 1761, when the Mahrattas suffered complete defeat at the hands of the Afghan king. Their forces numbered 15,000 infantry, 55,000 cavalry and 200 guns, the Afghans

numbered 38,000 infantry, 42,000 cavalry and 170 guns. The struggle was close and protracted. The Mahrattas fought despairingly; they recognised the superior physical force of their enemies. Very serious was the effect of all this warfare on the village of Panipat: the women and children were treated most cruelly, and eventually were subjected to life-long slavery, while their men were mutilated and put to death in the manner which best amused their savage conquerors.

Fatehpur Sikri holds far too pleasant memories to be passed lightly by. It is twenty-nine miles from Agra—and with a change of horses midway is a very pleasant drive; but beware of the Salt Springs, and the temptation, if allured by their beautiful charms, to halt by them for afternoon tea. The results will be direfully disappointing. Fatehpur Sikri was built by Akbar (1662) and remains to this day in a state of such perfect preservation that one can well imagine the great Mogul and his Court in residence there. It was abandoned by Akbar while some of its buildings were yet incomplete, because its water supply was found to be insufficient. Nevertheless, there is a vast native town lying beneath the Royal city, which, in spite of the scarcity of water and the unhealthiness of the surroundings, is yet not deterred from expanding. Fatehpur Sikri was most carefully laid out by Akbar. His special suite in the palace was so well planned that he could view the Government Offices and all the principal buildings from it, and by a covered way could reach, quite unobserved, the places which interested and pleased him best.

The architecture of the various buildings is exceedingly beautiful. There is the Palace of Jodh Bai, so called, but more probably it is the Palace of Rakizah, Akbar's cousin and chief wife. Exquisitely carved and ornamented, there are object lessons everywhere for the student of architecture. The projecting open-air chamber

overlooking Miriam's Gardens, the walls of which are of stone lattice work beautifully carved, excited keen admiration. Miriam's house adjoins. She was a Jaipur Princess, the mother of Salim, the Emperor Jehangir, the fourth Mogul Emperor of India. The beautiful gilding in her house is perhaps its chief attraction, but the lady's bath, with its great column in the centre, was especially fascinating. These ancient ladies combined very much beauty and pleasure with their toilet arrangements: they had not the disturbing elements of State, or domestic functions, to hurry their completion or mar their enjoyment. The Naubat Palace is another fine building, from the upper rooms of which musicians played when Akbar journeyed hither and thither. The "Turkish" Queen's house is marvellously carved. A dado round the chief chamber represents forest and animal life, and a screen-like effect for its upper walls is exquisitely produced in carved stone. In unique beauty the Birbal Palace perhaps stands first of all. It is supposed to have been built by Raja Birbal for his daughter, and differs from the rest in that it is built of red sandstone and is devoid of wood in its structure, being wholly of stone, magnificently carved. The Hathi Pol (Elephant's Gate) on the north side of the city has two life-size elephants on either side, carved in stone, unfortunately mutilated in warfare.

Many pages could, with pleasure, be written about Fatehpur Sikri, but perhaps enough has been said to induce all visitors to Agra to desire to carry out these explorations. Let them not forget to visit the Dāk Bungalow and have luncheon there, with curry for its central dish, a delicious concoction made from a special recipe.

Bayane, once a famous city south-west of Fatehpur Sikri, was the scene of one of Babar's famous victories (1527), and from this victory Fatehpur Sikri took its

name. Babar had the misfortune when he first ascended the throne of being obliged to hand over Kabul to his brother, Kamran. A second misfortune was in being obliged to conduct the affairs of State with a greatly reduced exchequer. After ten years of fighting he fled to Persia, and Sher Shah, the Afghan Emperor of Delhi, took advantage of his departure to usurp the throne. His reign, however, was brief. He was killed (1545) while storming the rock fortress of Kalinjar. His son succeeded him, and in due course came his grandson, the third of the Afghan house, but under him the provinces revolted. Humayon took advantage of the chaos to return to India, bringing with him a son born in exile, afterwards the great and famous Akbar.

Though only thirteen years of age, Akbar, supported by his able General, Bairam, invaded, fought and won a great victory at Panipat, the result of which was that India passed absolutely from the Afghans to the Moguls, and Sher Shah's dynasty entirely disappeared. Humayon, who had meanwhile recovered his possession in Kabul, reigned again at Delhi, but for a few months only. He died in 1556.

Now we come to the reign of Akbar, one of the most interesting and important in the annals of India, and one which brings us from "the back of beyond" in history to comparatively modern times, to the time when the good Queen Elizabeth was reigning in England (1558-1603) and when communication between the two Empires began.

Akbar was born at Umarkot, Scinde, 14th October, 1542, and was fourteen years of age when he succeeded his father. His first act was to conquer the Kingdom for his father. General Bairam, who was in command of the army, was appointed Regent during Akbar's minority. In 1560, weary of Bairam's harsh and overbearing control, Akbar rebelled and assumed independent rule, granting

the discharged Regent a liberal pension, which, however, he did not live to enjoy, for as he was starting to make the prescribed pilgrimage to Mecca he was assassinated by an Afghan, one whose father he had himself slain in battle. Abul Fazl, Akbar's finance minister and historian, was an important factor in this notable reign. He began life as a poet, then became a physician, and was greatly loved by the people for his honorary work amongst them. His fame reached Akbar, who sent for him, and pleased with his culture and learning, appointed him tutor to his sons. Later he became what we now term Poet Laureate. At forty years of age, to Akbar's deep regret, he died, leaving a wonderful collection of manuscripts which the Emperor incorporated with his own rare collection of books in the Imperial Library. Fazl and his brother, Faizi, had so great an influence for good in every way on Akbar that they are worthy of notice, irrespective of their own merits. Their culture—isolated though it was—proves that learning was advancing and was honoured for its own sake. They were conspicuous as assistants or prime ministers to the Emperor, and their example and safe advice helped to reduce despotism and led up to better things. The prominence given to the Hindoos was the result of the tolerant counsel of these brothers, themselves Mohammedans. No doubt it was largely due to their influence as well as to his own wisdom and benign nature that to Akbar was assigned the title of "Mujahid, the Vice-Regent of the one true God."

## CHAPTER XVII.

**Akbar.**

"I hate the rancour of their Castes and Creeds,  
 I let them worship as they will; I reap  
 No revenue from the field of unbelief,  
 I cull from every faith and race the best and bravest soul."

WHEN Akbar ascended the throne the Indian Empire consisted only of the Punjab and the districts surrounding Delhi and Agra. At his death (1605) he had subdued, and was reigning over, fifteen provinces, including all India north of the Vindhya Mountains. He was less successful in his southern conquests. Having reduced Jaipur to a state of fealty, he strengthened the bond by marrying Miriam, the daughter of its Hindoo prince. Jodpur, he likewise subdued, and caused his son, Salim, afterwards the Emperor Jehangir, to marry the Raja's grand-daughter. The Rajputs of Chitor (now Udaipore, the capital of Mewar) were more difficult to deal with. They refused alliances, too proud of their high caste to allow their daughters in marriage. They suffered defeat and banishment rather than yield to Akbar's peaceful tactics. Eventually they emerged from their mountain haunts, and, recovering most of their possessions, founded their beautiful capital, Mewar, and the lake city of Udaipur.

Again one is tempted to diverge from strictly historical lines and review reminiscences of beautiful Udaipur, with its azure blue waters and picturesque palace situated on the Central Island. The Eklangi Lake and its temple of purest white marble vie with its beauty,

and there is also the Jaisamand Lake—made in the seventeenth century—situated in wildly romantic country, and one of India's grandest sights. A southern island, named Jogmandar, was the refuge chosen by Shah Jahan when revolting from his father the Emperor Jehangir, and again in 1857 it was the place of safety sought by the English ladies fleeing from Neemuch, a British cantonment, and the most southerly station devastated in the Mutiny. The foundation stone of the great Embankment at Udaipur was laid by our good Duke of Connaught. The whole district was included in the Indian tour of our King and Queen when Prince and Princess of Wales. A legend was told me at Udaipur of the reigning family being saved from extinction by the self-sacrificing diplomacy of a nurse, who, knowing the heir, then a child, was in imminent danger, fled with him and left her own child to perish in his stead as the supposed heir.

Akbar strove to place all his subjects on equal footing, and abolished an unjust tax on those who were not Mussulmen. His peaceful tactics also prompted him to place his Hindoo subjects in places of authority. He appointed his Hindoo brother-in-law Governor of the Punjab, while another Hindoo relative ruled as his deputy in Bengal. His finance counsellor, Raja Todar Mall, was also a Hindoo, famous for his clever land surveying. The system of land revenue practised in Akbar's reign remains the same in the present day, although the revenue is less. His total was the magnificent sum of forty-two millions.

Akbar encouraged learning and had many useful books translated from their original Sanskrit into Persian. He forbade child marriages, and tried to abolish suttee. He decreed that all widows who hesitated to face the funereal pyre should go free, unhurt bodily and socially. He sensibly discouraged long prayers, fasts and pilgrimages, and removed all taxes on the latter. It is

pleasing to note that Akbar was a clever musician. Abul Fazl in his annals says, "About a watch before daybreak the Musicians played to him in his palace," and that his Majesty "had such a knowledge of the science of music as trained Musicians do not possess."

We read of no excessive or barbaric cruelty in Akbar's warfare, nor in his tactics in the subjugation of the country. Gujerat he reconquered—Kashmir was also conquered, Scinde annexed, and by his recovery of Kandahar, he extended the Empire from Afghanistan across India to Orissa and Scinde. Why he removed the Government from Delhi to Agra history does not tell—it repeats itself to-day with equal and needless mystery—unless its needlessness requires to be shrouded in mystery. It was to meet the removal of the seat of Government that Akbar built Fatehpur Sikri, yet abandoned it before completion, because of the scarcity of water. The Grand Fort at Agra, a magnificent structure of red sandstone, which was also built in Akbar's reign, remains intact to this day. The part of it apportioned off for prisoners was, to my thinking, a discordant note.

A strong power against the Emperor in Southern India was a woman, the Queen Regent of Ahmadnager. He led his army in person against her, and, although she was assassinated by her own mutinous troops, victory did not result for Akbar, nor success for his Empire, until 1637 under Shah Jehan, his grandson.

Akbar's last years were marred generally by family dissensions, and saddened in particular by the rebellious conduct of his favourite son, Salim. He died 1605, and was buried at Sikandra, about six miles from Agra. His fine mausoleum is enclosed in a garden, and its mixed architecture is expressive of Akbar's broad-minded faith. The red sandstone is inlaid with white marble in various polygonal designs, through which the breeze designedly



makes lovely music, maintaining a perpetual and solemn requiem over the great Emperor. All thoughts of cruel death are banished, and the visitor quietly resting dreams only of the angel band and its attendant glories, and peace, perfect peace.

The mausoleum is seventy-four feet high, and, with its base measuring 320 feet, it admits of four breaks in the spiral steps to the top, a little alcove and window at each and a lovely view of well wooded and beautiful country below. The erection cost fifteen lakhs of rupees. The Koh-i-nor was originally in a setting of gold on the chief marble pillar: with its jewels and mosaics the tomb is very beautiful, yet, in effect, is insignificant when compared with the splendour and magnificence of the Taj Mahal at Agra, designed by Titans, and built by the Emperor Shah Jehan in memory of his favourite wife.

Akbar was succeeded (1605) by his much-loved son, Salim, who assumed the name of Jehangir, with its ostentatious meaning, "Conqueror of the World." Long wars in the Deccan, and the continuous rebellion of his sons—history repeating itself—were a hindrance to much general progress in the Empire. Nor by these wars did Jehangir extend his power or increase it; indeed, it suffered reduction, for the northern province of Kandahar was taken from him.

His dissolute habits were a serious blot on his reign, whilst its romance was perhaps the most pleasing feature. It was in Akbar's reign that Jehangir became attached to a Persian woman of great beauty—of noble family—but reared in poverty. Akbar thwarted his son's desires by marrying this Persian lady to an officer in Bengal, but when Jehangir came to the throne he ordered her divorce, in defiance of her husband's intreaties. He was summarily executed, and the widow, taken to Jehangir's palace, was allowed to live in seclusion for some time; then she emerged as Jehangir's wife and Empress.

She was named Nur Jehan, "the light of the world"; also Nur Mahal, "the light of the Palace."

The place of prominence Jehangir accorded her, and her remarkable influence over him, were not always for good. It led to jealousy and much discord. Her own people, with whom she had surrounded herself, even rebelled against her. Eventually they overpowered her and the Emperor, and for a time kept them in captivity. After a reign of twenty-two years Jehangir died (1627). His faith was similar to that of his father, Akbar, with a tendency to Christianity. His two nephews were, with his consent, converted to Christianity.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

**Shah Jehan's Reign.**

"Love which is the essence of God is not for levity, but for the total worth of man."

"What is it that love does for a woman Without it she only sleeps. With it alone, she lives."

SHAH JEHAN succeeded his father, Jehangir, proclaiming himself at Agra in January, 1628. He adopted drastic measures to ensure undisputed authority and the security of the throne. He compelled the ex-Empress Nur Jehan to retire into private life and desist from all interference. Next he murdered his elder brother and others of the house of Akbar, lest they proved rivals to the throne. In other respects he was just and of good repute, and while he kept a magnificent Court, enforced economy in its management. In his reign of thirty years the much-coveted territory of Ahmandnagor was annexed, and the countries of Golconda and Bijapur were so far subdued as to own fealty to him. The province of Kandahar was finally lost to India in Shah Jehan's reign, and was acquired by the Persians.

Apart from warfare and the rebellion of his sons—history repeating itself as in the preceding reigns—the great feature of interest in Shah Jehan's reign was the building of the Taj Mahal, and that cannot possibly be passed over in a line. Its native name is Taj-bi-ka-Roza, or the Crown Lady's tomb. As already stated, it was built in memory of his favourite and much-loved wife, Queen Arjmand Banu, also called Mumtaz-i-Mahal the Chosen, or Bride of the Palace, a beautiful woman of

Persian origin, who became the Emperor's wife in 1615. They had seven children. The Queen died at Berhampore in the Deccan at the birth of the eighth child. Her body was brought to Agra and lay entombed in the garden until the monument was built. Shah Jehan's love for this wife was the redeeming feature of his character; guilty of much evil, all was pure and good where the beautiful Queen was concerned. The building of this fair shrine occupied twenty-two years; forced labour was employed, always poorly paid, and often not at all. Its cost exceeded thirty thousand rupees. A beautiful garden, beautifully kept, encloses and surrounds the Taj. Trim lawns are ornamented with trim flower beds. The pathways are all as neat and immaculate as skilled hands can make them, and a rivulet gleams in the sunshine like a jewelled insertion throughout the length of the garden. A background of cypresses shows up the exceeding whiteness of the marble edifice, and adds a beautiful effect of light and shade to its reflection in the clear waters beyond. View it by daylight, sunlight, moonlight or at dawn, fresh beauties are revealed and it is equally entrancing under each condition. A month spent in its vicinity did not exhaust its interest nor lessen its charms, but rather increased them.

The entrance to the garden, a magnificent structure of white marble supports a beautiful gilt garnished gate, and, while yet viewing its grandeur, the exterior view of the Taj and its pretty garden surroundings presents itself. An idea of its extent may be gathered from these figures. The central marble platform on which the tomb stands is 22 feet high and measures 313 square feet at base. An octagonal chamber in the interior is surrounded by many other chambers, each containing some special interest. Under the central dome, with lovely fretwork screen in marble surrounding them, are the tombs of Mumtaz-i-Mahal and Shah Jehan. These are ever

illuminated by a handsome Cairene lamp, the gracious gift of Lord Curzon. The inscription on the tombs is long. The ninety-nine names of Jehovah are inscribed on the Empress's, while eulogistic words are lavishly inscribed on both.

Words are powerless to describe the effect of the magnificence of the Taj Mahal. Its fair purity, unsullied by smoke or grime, emphasises its every beauty in detail. The inlay of precious stones creates wonderment. I was horrified to hear from my guide that foreign visitors—I blush to name their country—were known to desecrate the edifice by picking them out, and it is true many empty settings were to be seen. Let us hope the offence is rare. Those who know best have detected flaws in the Taj, but—

“If to her share some female error fall,  
Look to her face and you'll forget them all.”

To my thinking it was perfect, perfect and flawless, as every woman ought to be. One found sermons in these beautiful stones; elevating thoughts, too, that sent one pensively away. If one woman prompted love so great that only such a memorial was good enough for her—oh, why cannot love rule the universe, permeating and illuminating every nook and corner, humble or great; averting crime, prompting every good, and in its power and reflection develop every virtue and talent, as only love can develop—develop and illuminate for time and eternity.

The Taj was so placed that Shah Jehan could view it from his special rooms in the palace, a privilege the writer has enjoyed. It was his desire to erect a silver bridge over the intervening space, but in this extravagant folly he was wisely frustrated. It was sad, indeed, that his last days were spent a prisoner in the Fort of Agra, built by his grandfather, Akbar. Nevertheless, Shah Jehan was deposed by his son, Aurangzeb, and the

remaining seven years of his life were spent in confinement, his worn-out and sick condition arousing neither sympathy nor consideration from his unnatural son. It is difficult for us to understand how sons could deal so mercilessly, and as difficult to understand their power to do so, yet Aurangzeb, usurping his father's rights, proclaimed himself Emperor in 1658, under the title of Alangir (Conqueror of the World), and reigned until 1707—forty-nine years.

With so much bloodshed and cruelty at the start, it is with mingled feelings that we accord merit for any good that happened in Alangir's reign. His two brothers were cruelly murdered by his orders, his third son was driven out of the kingdom to meet a shocking death in Arrakan, and added to this was the merciless treatment of his old father—but a just retribution awaited him—much suffering and warfare, fear of his sons, and an ignominious death. His Court was maintained in extravagant splendour at immense cost, and, as a seeming panacea for his guilty conscience, he assumed an appearance of devout religion, adopting the strictest tenets of the Society of Islam. The Mogul Empire reached its height in Alangir's reign. The three most important kingdoms of the Deccan belonged to the Empire before his usurpation. The other two kingdoms of Bijapur and Golconda were all but annexed before his death. The power which gave him most trouble, a fresh and unexpected one, was a Hindoo sect, the Mahrattas. It arose in 1624, and originated with a Rajput soldier named Shahji Bhonsla. He fought against the Mogul Empire and on the side of the independent Mohammedan powers of Ahmednagar and Bijapur, and left a son, Sivaji, to continue his warfare. So it was a dual warfare that disturbed Alangir's reign, viz., against the Mahrattas and against the two southern Mohammedan powers. There were thus in the seventeenth century (1650) three

powers fighting against each other for supremacy. It was from the Mahrattas and the Sikhs that England won India, the Mogul Empire having commenced its downfall before England appeared on the scene as the conquering nation.

The Sikhs were originally a religious sect, tracing its origin to one, Nanak Shah, a pious Hindoo reformer born 1469. He taught the unity of the Godhead, the abolition of caste and the principle of leading a pure life. The name Sikh simply means a disciple. The sect was bound together by military discipline, and was a powerful faction for England in the mutiny (1857). Their hatred of the Mohammedans, at whose hands they had suffered cruelty of the most atrocious and revolting description, and their revengeful desires towards their own countrymen, fired them with zeal for the foreigners. Ten Gurus or apostles were descended from Nanak Shah. The succession ceased with Govind Singh in 1708. On the downfall of the Mogul Empire, the Sikh sect became a distinct territorial power. Born in 1469 Nanak Shah died at the age of 71, bequeathing to his followers the Adi Granth, their Bible or sacred book, which is preserved and worshipped in the beautiful golden temple at Amritsur. The daily ceremony of removing it to and from the temple is an occasion of great solemnity, which visitors to Amritsur should not fail to see. The Sikhs teach the doctrine of transmigration—that the soul of man reaches perfection by repeated births in bodily form until its good deeds gain preponderance and its evil ones are blotted out, atoned for and forgiven. Thus the soul is perfected and its transmigration ceases.

Rangit Singh, called the Lion of Lahore, born in 1780, founded the Sikh kingdom. In his twentieth year he was appointed Governor of Lahore by the Afghan Amir. He appointed English officers to command his army, needless to say with splendid and exemplary

results. He surrounded himself with capable men from many lands to assist him in his government. With Lahore as his capital he extended his influence to Kashmir on the north, Peshawar on the west and Moultan on the south. On the east was the river Sutlej, which, in 1804, was approached by the English, with whom he had the good sense always to keep on peaceful terms.

The name of Rangit Singh excites so much interest, even among cricketing boys, that a few details of the founder of the Sikh kingdom may not be out of place. He is described in ancient records as "the most forbidding human being ever seen." Smallpox had deprived him of one eye and disfigured his face. Short of stature, he was broad-shouldered, with hands and arms shrunken. His speech was so affected by paralysis that it was no easy matter to understand him. In spite of outward appearance, of a most repulsive description, he yet possessed the qualities which win success and exact obedience. He was uneducated, even to being unable to sign his own name, but had marvellous powers of divination. He died in 1830, aged 71, very deeply regretted. He had many wives, four of these clad in white silk, holding his hands, suffered suttee, while seven beautiful maidens, selected from among his slave girls, sat quietly at his feet with the wives, and suffered, unmoved, the torture of the flames, which were set alight by Rangit Singh the second.

A good Rangit Singh has now arisen to rule his territories under British Government, but the first Rangit Singh left no son capable of following in his footsteps. Rivalry resulted between officers, deputies and Queens. Fierce was the struggle for supremacy at Lahore, legitimate heirs were assassinated or murdered, and impostors fought for themselves and assumed positions of authority. Matters had reached a crisis



when Judin, the favourite wife of Rangit, proclaimed her little son of five years Maharajah, whose name (Dhulip Singh) is well known in modern history. A letter lies before me now from Princess Sophie Dhulip Singh which I am proud to possess. Also fresh is the honour and memory of meeting Her Highness and her sister in India. Now for a time we leave this brief outline of the Sikhs and turn to England's glorious victories.

## CHAPTER XIX.

**Western Enterprise.**

“Learning needs rest, sovereignty gives it.  
Sovereignty needs council, learning affords it.”

“In this country of India they are much addicted to soothsayers and diviners”; so wrote Gaspar of Corea in his narrative of the Portuguese explorer, Vasco de Gama, and his voyages to India: the first of which set sail from the Tagus, 8th July, 1499. One of the legends therein recorded was about to be realized. It was quaintly expressed that “the whole of India would be taken and ruled over by a very distant King, who had white people, who would do great harm to those who were their enemies.” The Indian rulers, much frightened by the incursion of Gama and his ships, called their soothsayers together and enquired of them what was about to happen. The soothsayers replied “that the time so long ago predicted was about to be fulfilled.” The Indian King was diplomatic. He received the Portuguese with every demonstration of respect and consideration, pressing upon them valuable gifts and stores of spice, pepper, mace and cinnamon. The ruse seemed to succeed. The Portuguese, with their well-laden boats, soon set sail for home again. Their success so greatly pleased King Emmanuel that he resolved to send a second expedition with “a larger fleet of great and strong ships” to gain him still more riches.

Such, told in a word, was the beginning of our great commerce and connection with India. Many pages are wanted, even for condensed details. We think much, and justly so, of our brave aviators and explorers to-day, but when we think of the perils of a trackless sea, of frail craft and, absolute ignorance of the back of beyond, we see that in those days there were spirits as adventurous, as enduring, self-sacrificing and brave.

It was no "painted ship upon a painted ocean" that Vasco de Gama commanded, and he was no navy-trained sailor, but a gentleman of King Emmanuel's household; his ships of 1 to 128 tons only, and his crew all told about 170 souls. By the time they had doubled the Cape of Good Hope, these, weary of their efforts in heavy seas to keep the ship free from water and afloat, mutinied. Vasco adopted strong measures. He defied his crew, placed his pilots in irons, threw their charts and instruments overboard, and, commending himself "to God's care," told them he "desired no other guidance." The plan succeeded. After eleven months of weary tossing, uncertainty, sickness, and every hardship, they sighted India's west coast and anchored at Zamorin. It was no friendly reception that the Arabian mariners accorded Vasco. It was, however, with great patience and tact that he endured the insults and cruelty he received. These he never forgave, and his revenge, when his hour of power came, was full, complete and barbarously cruel. This he effected on his second visit to India. So our country was not the first from Europe to visit India. We give the laurels to Portugal, but England was not far behind, and her efforts were all powerful and lasting.

It was a Portuguese Viceroy, Dom Lorenzo di Almeida, who first held sway from Europe in India, and whose son met his death in conflict with the Egyptians, who, fearing to lose their trade with the East, met and opposed the Portuguese with a large and powerful army.

Dom Francisco de Almeida, only 18 years of age, fought bravely and died fighting.

“Bound to the mast the God-like hero stands,  
Waves his proud sword and cheers his woeful bands,  
Though winds and seas their wonted aid deny,  
To Yield he knows not—but he knows to die.”

Dom Almeida avenged his son's death, and in manner so severe that he fell under the displeasure of the Home Government. We must remember him as the first Viceroy, but by no means the last, to suffer the ignominy of injustice, its shame, its pain and the regrets for work unfinished which he was unable to accomplish. He was one of the few who looked ahead and knew instinctively, as if by divine inspiration, what was best for India, and, knowing, was keen to accomplish that best. His ardour did not meet with the reward of merit. He was recalled by the Portuguese Government. Unpossessed of that culture which enables one to suffer unjust defeat bravely, he preferred Africa to home, and there suffered death in savage warfare.

Dom Almeida had foretold that Portugal would not always hold dominion in India. His perspicacity made clear to him that such power could only be held by the nation which could rule the sea. Still for nearly a century Portugal sent Viceroys to India, so powerful had been its subjugation by its martyr Viceroy. He was succeeded by Alphonso d'Albuquerque, who, in 1510, captured Goa; their settlement in India to this day. His policy was to conciliate the native and to rule impartially all castes and creeds. The Indians learnt to prefer his rule to that of their own country, because of its justice and magnanimity. He built a strong fortress at Socotra, and left all taut and trim for his successor, and a good reputation for himself.

European interest was now concentrated on the East. Spain and Holland also were desiring a look in from a

commercial point. The publication of a book by the travelling companion of the Archbishop of Goa, and resident there for many years, awoke interest and gave reliable and much needed information as to wages and means, the route to, and life in India. The news of the great enterprise lastly reached the British Isles, so securely cut off, and so safely bulwarked. But her day had come, and the thin end of the wedge once incised steadily progressed for the mutual advantage and gain of both countries.

To Thomas Stephens is due the honour and glory of being the first Englishman to visit India. He sailed from Lisbon under the auspices of the Jesuit Church, and became head of the College at Salsette. His letters home were widely read, and described a beautiful country, rich and fertile and already trading largely with the West. It is interesting to note that English enterprise came at the start from the people, not the Crown. It was in 1583 that three private individuals started on their own for India: Ralph Fitch, James Newberry and William Leedes. After many perils and vicissitudes by the way, including that of imprisonment at Portugal, they reached Goa, and we can well imagine their delight at meeting Thomas Stephens, the English pioneer. Anxious to throw off the Portuguese unkindly yoke, the trio left Goa, and travelled in India. Their letters home, conveyed by chance boats and vessels, were eagerly anticipated. They told, not so much of their adventures as of the wonderful country they were seeing, of its rich merchandise, its wonderful buildings and palaces, its carving, its precious stones, and its strange dusky people, with their "brave" show of "Pagodas" and idolatrous religion. James Newberry was the first of these three friends to return home. Leedes settled at Agra as jeweller to the Emperor Akbar, and, to Ralph Fitch, who continued his travels for eight years, England

was indebted for a continuation of much useful information.

Other explorers came to the front. England was on the alert to frustrate their efforts. A great Portuguese ship, the "San Filippo," was captured by Sir Francis Drake, and with treasure of great value was towed into Plymouth Harbour. Another, the "Madre di Dio," with still more valuable cargo and charts, was also secured by England. It seems to us very like wholesale robbery on England's part, but might spelt right, and was considered fair in the race for supremacy. Fairly aroused to the importance of the position, it was in 1591 that England sent her three best ships to India, "The Merchant Royal," "The Penelope" and the "Edward Bonadventure," fully manned and under the command of James Lancaster and George Raymond. Great disasters overtook them—illness, storms and wreckage, and the loss of many lives; eventually the "Merchant Royal," too battered to proceed, was sent home, carrying the sick and disabled crew. Lancaster, with the remaining ships and strength, ultimately reached India, cruised the Eastern seas, capturing and pillaging them; and then, nothing loath, decided to return home. Fresh disaster overtook them owing to the treachery of the crew, who, sundering the anchor chain, drifted off, leaving Lancaster and the minority of his company stranded. Eventually rescued by a French ship they returned to England in 1594, having been over three years absent. A second attempt to reach India was made by Captain Benjamin Wood in 1596 with three ships, the "Bear," the "Bear's Whelp" and the "Benjamin"; but disaster of the worst resulted. From the date of leaving England's shores they were never seen or heard of more.

And now we come to one of the most interesting developments of England's power in India, the rise of the Honourable East India Company; the beginning of

England's conquest, the rise of the Vice-regal Government, and all the good that followed for India and for England too. The tradesmen of London, then a small town (where a snapshot could be had at wild birds in what is now Regent Street and a game of quoits played in Pall Mall or Piccadilly), convened a meeting under the Presidency of the Lord Mayor, Sir Stephen Soam, and agreed upon a course of their own. They had become aggrieved at the rise in market prices, aggrieved, too, that other countries were perseveringly forcing their way in the East, and argued why should not they also do so? The spirit of emulation fired them, and the cry, "Wake up, England!" had gone forth, so these little merchantmen, retail grocers, drapers, tanners, spice and wine sellers, resolved to form a company, voyage to India, see for themselves, and buying, bartering or selling, make and establish trade with the great East, of which they were now hearing so much.

They set to work in the right way. They had convened under Government auspices. They must now apply to the Crown for permission and authority. Queen Elizabeth, with all her faults and failings, yet had England's weal at heart, but the cry, "Wake up, England!" was wanted again, for a whole year passed before the Royal approval was granted; but once given, it admitted of no delay on the part of the miniature merchants. The Queen enjoined them to use all expedition and speed, fearful lest they prejudiced their undertaking by their "*staggeringe delaisies*." She made no apologies for her "*staggeringe delaisies*"! Some statesmen were anxious to place a nobleman in charge of the expedition, but the merchants steadily refused such aid. Four ships were purchased:—"The Scourge," "The Hector," "The Ascension" and "The Susan." The tonnage of these varied from 240 to 600. James Lancaster, with a crew of 200, was chosen to command

the "Scourge" (rechristened "Red Dragon"), with John Davies, who had distinguished himself in the Northern sea as a pilot. John Middleton was elected captain of the "Hector," with a crew all told of 108; William Brand, of the "Ascension," with 88 men only; while John Heywood commanded the "Susan." The "Guest" was the suitable name of the kitchen boat.

The conditions attached to the privileges given were liberal but exacting. There was to be no loss for England. £30,000 value was permitted to be exported, but the same amount, it was stipulated, must be reimbursed at the end of the return voyage; a term of fifteen years being granted for its fulfilment.

It was a great day for England, the 2nd of April, 1601, when the four ships, well stored with England's best merchandise, set sail.

Their first act was one of pillage on the high seas, when they captured a Portuguese ship bound for India, and secured for themselves a handy supply of wine, oil and other useful commodities.

In spite of the precaution, even then known and adopted, of the free use of lemon juice, sickness attacked the sailors and over 100 died. The remainder, with their ships and captains, bravely struggled on, and on June the fifth sighted land, and anchored at a place then called Achim. There they presented the Queen's letter to "her great and mighty brother the King of Achim." Her tactful and affectionate greeting did not bring forth the full return expected, so they set sail for the Straits of Malacca, meeting a great Portuguese ship by the way, which they pillaged with great gain to themselves.

Exhilarated by their successful but ill-gotten gains, they next sailed to Java, doing profitable trading there, yet describing the inhabitants "as the greatest thieves in the world." It would appear that they had not fallen far short, if at all, themselves.



About midsummer day, 1603, the expedition returned to England with a cargo of spice, pepper, cloves, cinnamon and other useful merchandise so large that the customs duty amounted to nearly one thousand pounds.

Satisfied with their successes, a sum of £70,000 was subscribed by the Honourable East India Company, and a second expedition arranged under the command of Henry Middleton, who, in his work, considerably extended England's connections and increased her trade. He also stimulated other countries to greater enterprise on the part of each.

Twelve in number, these voyages, with varied successes and with more or less repute, established the Merchant Company's service in India.

In 1608, command of the expedition was taken by David Middleton, who, with a letter from King James the First, presented himself at Jehangir's Court, and was so well received and treated by the Emperor that he remained there three years.

Captain Sharpay commanded the 4th expedition in 1609. Henry Middleton, knighted for his good service, took command again in 1611. In 1612, with Captain Heppon in command, agencies were established at various posts, and leave to trade at Surat was granted. Thus England slowly but surely gained power for our enlightenment, benefit and happiness to-day.

## CHAPTER XX.

**British Pioneers.**

"It is not only by steel or fire, but through contempt and blame, that the martyr fulfils the calling of his dear soul."

BEFORE returning to matters more purely Indian again, it is well still to follow the course of the Merchant Company until our interests with India are more surely united.

If only it be remembered what these early pioneers suffered for us, surely we will honour their memories by learning of their work, their suffering and so often their martyrdom, and again, when one meets the descendants of these heroes as one often does, it is at once a bond of interest with them. I recently met some descendants of Job Charnock, the founder of Calcutta, and was able to tell them much of his life and doings, of which they were in ignorance. I had visited his tomb as well. He was not a very nice old gentleman, but we are personally grateful to him for Calcutta, its interests and pleasures. Then again and again one meets descendants of the brave soldiers who fought for us, and one is proud to be connected with them.

The fate of Captain Henry Middleton was a sad one. While in command of the "Trades Increase," the largest boat England had yet sent to India, he captured a Portuguese ship heavily laden with valuable Indian

produce, and, triumphantly sailing away, stuck on a rock, and, capsizing, lost everything and also some of his crew. He survived, but only to die of grief for his misadventure. One of Calcutta's best residential streets is named after him, but I know not of other memorial save history's record. From 1580 England's power in India was clearly in the ascendant. The Portuguese power had already waned. Spain had weakened, only the Dutch continued to make bold efforts for supremacy. Their acts of extreme cruelty to their English prisoners, Captain Towerson and his contingent, aroused England's fierce wrath and righteous indignation. But her hour of vengeance had not yet come, and for a time trade depression delayed it, and added to her difficulties was the extravagances of the King, and, in consequence, his claims on the exchequer.

That a rival company had been given permission to trade in India was another source of frustration: nevertheless, for the original company an underlying power was stretching its branches in many directions, the sure and foreordained power which, in due course, in spite of suffering loss, bloodshed and warfare, was to culminate in victory. Britain's indomitable perseverance, courage and endurance could not fail. She was destined to rule the waves, all glory and honour be to her soldiers and sailors.

Viewing the discords in the past, it is a grand thought to-day that England is at peace with all the world, not so much by might as by the justice and chivalry which is her backbone, and rules and prompts every action. She did not fight only to win, she fought for the country's weal, and, as is proved beyond dispute, as in the case of India, her weal as well. The establishment of trade at Fort St. George, near Madras, was a strong factor towards success. Another, arising from an unexpected source, was even greater. The Emperor

Shah Jehan's daughter lay seriously ill. Gabriel Boughton, the surgeon of the "Hopewell," was summoned to attend her. His efforts met with such rapid success that, in gratitude for his attentions, the Emperor granted Dr. Boughton's request to establish a factory at Bengal (1645) and a settlement at Balasoar.

A few miles distant is the Sunderbunds, and these in due course became the company's strongest fort and most useful possessions. For a trifling rental of £10 a year a trading lease at Bombay was granted to the East India Merchant Company by Charles II of Spain, 1668, and this grew to be as now the chief trading port on the West Coast of India.

England's possessions in the East in the 16th to 17th century may thus be enumerated:—In Java, Bantam Jambi and Macassar, Fort St. George and its dependencies on the East Coast, Surat and minor branch factories at Ahmadabad, Broach and other smaller stations.

In 1664 the Mahratta Sivaj, to whom we have already alluded, pillaged Surat. The factory was bravely defended by Sir G. Oxenden, and, in recognition of his conduct, Shah Jehan granted the Company exemption from customs duty for a year.

With increased possessions and distributed positions it became necessary for the Company (1681) to send out deputy governors from England.

Sir William Hedges was appointed agent and governor at Bengal and in charge of its subordinate factories at Kasimbar (Castlebar), Dacca and Patna, Belasor and Naldah, with a bodyguard of seventy soldiers under command of non-commissioned officers. He held office for five years. In 1684 Sir John Child was elected Captain-General and Admiral of India, while Sir John Wyborn held office at Bombay. The next step in

advance was the appointment of Sir John Child as Governor-General, with a free hand in its government, even to the power of declaring war or making peace.

Same year, 1686, Calcutta was founded. Forced to retire from Hugli by Mohammedan rulers the Company took up position at Sutani (now Calcutta). Further oppression obliged them to move again down the river Hugli, beyond Calcutta, to Balasor, in the district now called the Sunderbunds, a magnificent stretch of wood, water and marshy land. They were, however, invited to return, and, in proof of his peaceable intentions, the Emperor granted them a site for a factory at Calcutta (1689). The day had now come for the Company to consolidate its powers and possessions on the foundation of territorial sovereignty. The increase of their revenue and trade increased their responsibilities as well as the need to extend resources. England's hour had come. The thin end of the wedge first incised now cut deeply, and surely widened. Without a fixed sovereignty, which was now their right, they were as but traders and interlopers, although united by the King's Charter. The time had now come for definite action and measures. We date British supremacy and history to the 18th century. We recall the fact recorded in an early chapter that Fort St. George, near Madras, was our earliest possession. Adjoining it is the little French settlement of Pondicherry, which, with British possessions on either side, remains to this day in peace and security. After leaving Madras by sea, some sailor man will surely point it out in proof of the friendly relations between the two countries, and will tell you that a good man named Joseph Dupleix, who succeeded Benoit Dumas as Governor at Pondicherry, 1741, found Chandanagore in ruins, but speedily rebuilding it made of it a prosperous port. It is 29 miles from Calcutta, a pleasant sail, where the mixed talk, more French than Hindustani amused the

visitor, who was glad her Hindustani passes muster, for, alas! she had forgotten her best French.

Dupleix was one of the many brave Europeans who, while he had fought so well for his country's interests, yet only suffered ignominy at her hands. He was recalled. His tactfulness, his diplomacy, his skill all forgotten, while the vast sums he had spent in his effort to guard and increase French powers, were neither repaid nor acknowledged. He died in misery and poverty—forced, brave man though he was, in his dire despair, to speech. "My services are treated as fables. My demands are denounced as ridiculous. I am treated as the vilest of mankind, I am in deplorable indigence." Meanwhile, his countrymen in power at home, in ignorance and arrogance, enjoyed their positions as statesmen of France, while poor Dupleix, who had worked so splendidly for them in India bravely suffering all its hardships and defects, was unrewarded and disgraced. His name may be coupled with that of the Portuguese Viceroy, Dom Francesco d'Almeida, the first martyr Governor, and there were more to follow—La Bourdonnais, a contemporary, suffered similar disgrace. That his crowning misfortune in India was due to no fault of his own was not considered. He, too, was recalled, imprisoned, and, after three years' captivity, died of a broken heart.

The French quarrels, disasters and disloyalty to their governors were England's gains. It was a time of great unrest in Eastern India between the French and English and native governors. These last, gradually recognising England's power, favoured them and were at times allied with them. The name of an English soldier became a terror throughout the land. The weakness of native troops when not under European officers was recognised. Great was the bloodshed and loss of life amongst both the French and the English as they strove again and

again for supremacy. Fresh troops from England, under Admiral Boscawen, 1747, augmented Admiral Griffen's forces, and raised hopes of victory of a decisive nature, but alas! the monsoon broke and frustrated, as in the case of La Bourdonnais, every effort of the troops already weakened by their many losses. England's position seemed hopeless. Dupleix's diplomatic measures, in spite of his country's weakness, continued their frustrating power, their underlying effects, but help was at hand. English supremacy was about to be established. A new chapter must tell the tale of the countryman of whom we are all so justly proud—Robert Clive—who surely gained for England her sure and lasting possession of India.

## CHAPTER XXI.

**Lord Clive.**

"A brave man inspires others to heroism, but his own courage is not diminished when it enters into others' souls. It is stimulated and invigorated."

It is with feelings of intense pride that we claim Robert Clive as a countryman. It is with feelings of intense gratitude that we recall all he did for England, but it is with feelings of shame that we remember the great injustice he suffered at the hands of the English— injustice which, brave man though he was where others and his duty and his country's weal were concerned, eventually prompted self-destruction. Clive was not the first, as we have seen, to suffer from the narrow-minded prejudice and ignorance of those in authority,\* who, while securely enjoying the comforts and advantages of the homeland, failed to appreciate the self-sacrifice of those who, amid danger and hardships and incomprehensible difficulties, fought their battles abroad, nor yet, unfortunately, was he the last. The stain has been as effectually removed as able hands can do it. We are deeply indebted to Lord Curzon for clearing Clive's memory. By his efforts a fitting memorial to Lord Clive's goodness and greatness now ornaments Calcutta's Maidan, and takes its place amongst the statues of the Governors of India. So munificent was the response to Lord Curzon's appeal, made in 1907, that in addition to the fine marble monument erected in Calcutta, a replica in bronze (by John Tweed) was placed, after being



exhibited at the Royal Academy of London in 1912, in King Charles Street, near the India Office—a fitting position since but for Lord Clive it is doubtful whether the India Office would ever have existed. A memorial tablet was also placed in the Church House at Moreton-say, near Market Drayton, Clive's birth and burial place. It bears these words:—"For the glory of God and in memory of Robert Clive, founder of the British Empire in India." The Empire is thus reminded to revere the martyred soldier-governor who served his country so splendidly. Clive was a born soldier; there was no Sandhurst or military training for him; there was in his heart only the longing desire to serve his country, and the conviction that he could do so. The son of a country clergyman, he was not held in high esteem by his own family. He was deemed a difficulty; his bravery was called "recklessness"; his aspirations "waywardness." It was at Market Drayton, when a small boy, that Clive climbed the high steeple there, and seating himself on a projecting stone, terrified the expectant onlookers. Again, with the school-boys' usual love of the "tuck shop," he effectually alarmed the keepers thereof if they failed to supply the requirements of his school-fellows. We shall see how these characteristics developed in later life. Only one of his several schoolmasters detected the underlying capacity for great achievements in the impulsive, daring boy.

The problem of starting him in life was solved by the East India Company offering him a position in their Indian Office. This was no great honour in those days. The Company then held no territorial rights, but paid rent to the native rulers for the land they occupied. From it, however, in due course, sprang the Indian Civil Service of to-day; a service held in high esteem, socially as well as financially. Then it was mere desk work, and very uncongenial to young Clive. He arrived in India

in 1744, having spent some months in Brazil on the way. He was then 18 years of age. He was at once posted to Madras, the scene later of his great achievements. The duties were unpleasant, and his unhappiness found vent in a letter to his father: "I long for home. I have not enjoyed one happy day since I left my native land." Overwhelmed with his morbid thoughts and becoming desperate, he seized a pistol and pointed it at his head. It missed fire. A second attempt was, fortunately, also futile. A friend opportunely entered the room, and, grasping the situation, took the weapon from Clive's hand, and at the first touch of the trigger discharged it into vacancy. This unusual occurrence convinced Clive that his life was preserved for some purpose. He, therefore, at once laid aside all morbid thought, and prepared to answer the call. He had not long to wait.

A little incident in the life of Clive, related by Malcolm, illustrates his character as well as words can. He accused an officer, with whom he was playing cards, of cheating. A duel resulted; Clive missed his antagonist, who thereupon prepared to take advantage of the situation. Holding the pistol at Clive's head, he threatened to fire unless an apology was at once tendered. "Fire, and be d—d"; said Clive. "I said you cheated, and I say so still. Cheat you did! You know you cheated. As for me, my homely breeding bids you fire and go to hell"!

The officer, shamed by Clive's bold and fearless bearing, eventually admitted the charge. The tables were turned, and his brother officers demanded redress for Clive. In his grand reply, we have an instance of the rare magnanimity of Clive's character. To quote Browning again:—

"Gentlemen, attention pray. First one word—  
Whosoever, all or each, to the disadvantage of the man  
Who spared me, utters speech, to his face,  
Behind his back, that speaker has to do with me."

We have seen in the previous chapter the unsettled state in which India was when Clive arrived. Briefly to recapitulate:—the Mogul's power had declined; Rajputan was lost to them. There was the persecution and defeat of the Sikhs, and the murder of their leader. The independent States of Oudh and Haiderabad were, with rival powers, usurping authority. The Mahrattas, with a measure of success, were obtaining power, until 1761, when defeat overtook them at Panipat. There was the sacking of Delhi by the Persian King, and later, the capture of that capital by the Mahrattas; and lastly, and chiefly of all at this stage, there was the French struggle for supremacy, and unrest for India.

Clive, having obtained a commission as Ensign, first distinguished himself at Pondicherry. When peace was restored, it was the more uncongenial to him to return to office work. Relief, however, came, and with it proof of India's increasing belief and trust in the power of England. The native chief of Tangore, Rajah Shuji, had been deposed. He appealed to England to reinstate him, offering to pay all expenses, and also to surrender to the East India Company the fort and lands round Devikota. Although the English failed in their endeavours, they determined to have their reward for their attempts to do so. The Fort of Devikota, and the land surrounding it, were eventually taken and surrendered to the company. For the fray Clive obtained a commission as Lieutenant, under Major Lawrence, and his services on that occasion won him a much prized eulogy from his Commander. "He behaved," wrote Major Lawrence, "with a cool courage and a presence of mind which never left him in the greatest danger. Born a soldier, he led an army like an experienced officer and a brave soldier."

Clive's next military service was for the relief of Trichinopoli, where Mohammed Ali, England's candi-

date for the throne of Arcot, was suffering at the hands of the French, as well as by the invasion of Chanda Sahib, Dupleix's candidate for the Arcot throne. Clive's services on this occasion were rewarded with the brevet rank of Captain, while his past services were again highly commended.

The tact and talent of Clive ever shone brightest in times of extreme danger and difficulty. This was specially instanced at Trichinopoli. Seeing the hopelessness of victory there, he turned attention to Arcot, 29 miles distant from Madras, whence forces had been withdrawn by the enemy for service at Trichinopoli, leaving Arcot and its weak fortifications defended only by a small contingent of sepoy. Clive seized this opportunity with successful results, which spread his fame all over India, and undoubtedly saved the British interests in that country. With forces augmented from Madras by 200 English soldiers, 300 sepoy, and three small guns, he marched to Arcot, determined to capture and to hold it, and by so doing, compel Chanda Sahib and the French to abandon Trichinopoli, and thus raise its siege. He marched through a terrific storm, with thunder and lightning, and as soon as news of Clive's approach reached Arcot, the garrison fled, leaving the Fort to Clive and his small band of followers. For fifty days Clive held out against the repeated assaults of the forces allied against him. The faithful few, English and sepoy side by side, endured much suffering. A noticeable feature was their good comradeship—the natives giving their scanty rice supply to the English, saying they could subsist on the water in which it was cooked!

There are two sides of warfare—and while one tries to describe its glories and victories in acceptable language, we know the other side is inexpressibly sad. Is it right? Is it good? Is it necessary? Let us earnestly hope that the day is not far distant, if not

already with us, when arbitration, not carnage, will settle the differences between nations. Let our soldiers be a defence for us only. Saddest of all it is to see white man fighting against white man, and to realise that these ofttimes know not what they are fighting for! Thus our country is bereft of its best—who had better far live for their country than die for it. 'Tis nobler far, for death ends the struggle, while in life it is continued.

It was shortly after his victorious capture of Arcot that Clive, worn out and in ill-health, returned to England. He was welcomed with every demonstration of honour and respect. He was feasted, he was courted on all sides, and a diamond-hilted sword was presented to him. It was characteristic of him to refuse acceptance of it until a similar one was presented to his friend and former commandant, Major Lawrence. But life in India had not yet ended for Clive. Soon weary of inactivity in England, he volunteered for service in India, which resulted in victories and disasters of even greater magnitude than those of former years.

## CHAPTER XXII.

**Lord Clive.**

"No man has come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him He gives for mankind."

"It is not by his faults but by his excellences that we must measure a great man."

CLIVE'S second arrival in India at St. David's Fort, Madras, was on the 20th July 1765—a memorable date—that of the awful tragedy of the "Black Hole of Calcutta." His second landing was in all respects a contrast to that of his first arrival in the country. Then a homesick boy, unknown to fame and arriving to uncongenial work—now a true and tried soldier, bearing a commission as Lieutenant-Colonel in the British Army and appointed Governor of Fort St. David with succession to the Governorship of Madras. He returned to find his nominee, Mohammed Ali, secure in his position as ruler at Arcot, but the French were supreme in the Deccan, with their chosen ruler secure at Haiderabad. Much fighting, with varied results, had taken place in Clive's absence. The native Governor of Bengal at that time was the notorious Siraj-ud-Daulah, grandson of the usurper Ali Vardi Khan. He had succeeded his father when only 18 years of age.

We will now return to the events and places which afforded Clive further opportunity of distinguishing

himself—Calcutta, eighty miles from the sea, Chandernagore, held by the French, twenty-four miles from Calcutta, and Chinsurah, held by the Dutch, two miles from Chandernagore. These three towns are situated on the Hugli, but while the town of Hugli now borders Chinsurah it was then one mile above it.

As already stated Clive arrived at Madras when Siraj-ud-Daulah was greatly perturbed at the fast growing powers of the English and French, and was enraged at the protection they had given many of his subjects who had fled from his avarice and cruelty. Still further incensed by the escape from vengeance of one of his own family, he marched upon Calcutta at the head of his large army, taking Kasimbar en route, and followed by some forty thousand bandits all eager to assist in plundering the rich foreign traders.

The native deputy ruler of Bengal preceding Siraj-ud-Daulah from 1707 was Murshid Kuli Khan, also known as Jagar Khan, who transferred his capital from Dacca to Murshedabad. By birth a Brahman, by upbringing a slave, he was a clever but unscrupulous man who ruled prosperously for twenty-one years, leaving a son and a grandson to succeed him. The succession was broken in 1740 by Ali Vardi Khan. It was in his reign that the famous Mahratta ditch was planned and dug round Calcutta to guard against the Mahratta cohorts, who were an all-round terror for their self-made act of levying Chanth (quarterly land revenue), payment of which they enforced at the point of the bayonet.

Calcutta was quite unprepared and unfit for such an attack. One hundred and eighty men all told was the limit of her garrison, and of those only a third were Europeans, and so short was their ammunition that they were obliged to attempt borrowing it from the Dutch and French. The women and children found shelter in the ships lying in the river, and it is with shame we yet must

tell the tale truly, that four English officials made their escape with them. One of these four, in command of his ship, refused even to wait near or send help for his countrymen in distress. It is pain to write these words; yet, with pride, one can tell how, in spite of its weakness in numbers, in weapons and in supplies, the brave little garrison held out for five days. Mr. Holwell, the civilian whose name will ever be revered, took the command, and only when 170 of his company were wounded and twenty-five killed, which included civilians who had volunteered, did he surrender his sword to the hateful Siraj-ud-Daulah, and this he did only after receiving a promise that no harm would ensue to his companions. One would fain veil the horrible details to follow. The intense heat of June's mid-day sun had passed. The stifling night remained with its insect-laden atmosphere—an atmosphere which needs to be known to be realized, when even in our luxurious days the cessation of the fans for one minute causes suffering and irritation unutterable.

On such a night, these one hundred and forty-six remaining brave souls, wounded and weary after days of fighting, who had escaped one death only to meet another more ghastly, were incarcerated in the guard-room—a space of barely eighteen square feet and having only two small iron-barred windows opening into space as airless and putrid as the interior—a guard-room which even in these days of severe military discipline was only deemed sufficient for two or three prisoners. Into this at the point of the sword they were driven. The hideous story needs condensation. Holwell's tale ends at daybreak, when, exhausted, he laid himself down to die beside a missionary named Bellamy, and his soldier son, already dead. . . .

In spite of the horrors of that night, the dead and the living, side by side, twenty-three survived, one of these a woman, Mrs. Carey. Such is the tale so briefly



told of the tragedy of the "Black Hole of Calcutta." A handsome obelisk, bearing the names of the victims, marks the spot. It was placed there by the goodness and generosity of Lord Curzon, who studiously ascertained its exact position, which is close to and behind the General Post Office. Impressed with the idea that this death trap was entirely underground, one viewed it in silence and sorrow as a sacred spot hallowed by suffering and death.

It was with utter unconcern that Siraj-ud-Daulah listened to the details taken to him on the morning of the 22nd. He only showed intense chagrin that only some £5,000 was found in the Treasury. But vengeance was near—the man and the hour had come, as already stated. Clive had arrived at Madras on the 20th of June, the day of the tragedy. On the news of it reaching him, he at once hastened with all available troops to Bengal, accompanied by Admiral Watson, in command of the English fleet. It was late in the year when they arrived at the landing-stage, named Maiapur, and thence there was a tedious march over marshy land to the district then called Baz Baz, about twelve miles from Calcutta. Weary and tired they lay down to rest in the basin of a dried-up lake, intending to make an attack on the following morning, but Clive, with his wonderful confidence and indifference to danger, had marched straight into the encampment of the enemy. It was in keeping with the barbarous and ill-regulated conduct of Siraj-ud-Daulah to attack them while they slept.

An hour and a half of fighting followed, resulting in victory for Clive, with the loss only of nine men and eight wounded; for the enemy there was heavy loss. Calcutta was thus easily recaptured. Siraj-ud-Daulah sued for peace, and Clive, nothing loath, entered into a truce and desired aid against the French at Chandernagore—Siraj-ud-Daulah signed the treaty, yet wavered

in the keeping of his promise. His attention was, instead, directed to the north, whence he heard a great French army was advancing. So hostilities did not cease. Thus does one event lead to another, and thus does destiny work out her ends. War had just been proclaimed between England and France, and, but for this, the battle of Plassey, the greatest of Clive's victories, might never have been fought. The fort at Hugli had, meanwhile, been captured by Sir Eyre Coote, and Siraj-ud-Daulah, regardless of his treaty, continued to fire and raid the country and possess himself of immense booty. These were sad times for India. Not satisfied with the havoc he had wrought and the plunder acquired, Siraj-ud-Daulah again marched to Calcutta. The skirmishing to frustrate his renewed attempts was severe, the loss to the English amounting to twenty Europeans, one hundred sepoy and two field pieces; nevertheless, their bold fearlessness cowed the enemy, who eventually realized the policy of again entering into a truce. They restored to the English their privileges, made compensation for their losses, and granted them leave to trade in native territory without being taxed for so doing. Leave to fortify Calcutta and to coin money was also granted. These concessions, we rest assured, were not the result of any goodness on Siraj-ud-Daulah's part, but were owing to the pressure that Clive brought to bear and to the fear he implanted.

In spite, however, of signing a treaty of peace, the untrustworthy Siraj-ud-Daulah still hesitated to ally himself with the English against the French. There were rumours that the French were en route to drive the English out of India, and he wished to "wait and see" with which party it were best to side. Admiral Watson decided the point. He imperiously ordered that the Nawab should "keep his sword" or threatened that he "would kindle such a flame in the country that all the

waters of the Ganges would not be able to extinguish." "Farewell," he added, "and remember that he who promised you this—never yet broke his word with you or any other man whatsoever."

The attack on Chandernagore was decided upon. Its defence and garrison were far too weak to resist the English fleet, which consisted of three ships, the "Kent," the "Tiger" and the "Salisbury," with sixty-four, sixty and fifty guns respectively, while Clive, advancing by land, had seven hundred Europeans and one thousand five hundred sepoy and artillery. Victory was sharp, short and decisive, aided by the treachery of the enemy, whose losses amounted to one hundred slain. So, from 23rd March, 1757, Chandernagore passed for a time under English rule.

One has no hesitation in showing up the uncertainty of the native. Roused indeed to fiercest wrath at the successes of the English, Siraj-ud-Daulah sent letters to General Bussy, commanding the French army, imploring him to come to his aid. The letters fell into Clive's hands. "The Nawab is a villain," said Clive, "and must be overset or we must fail." With England's glory and power at stake, he set himself to "out-Herod Herod," a task which to a man of Clive's honourable nature must have been hateful and discordant. I would have my readers recall the card episode and the tragedy of the Black Hole of Calcutta. Clive justified the end to the means. There was no gain for him. Things had reached a crisis—it was do or die.

Here we would emphasize the need for understanding something of the Indian character in those days, in order that when we come to read of the unjust treatment meted out to Clive and others, we may the better understand why good Englishmen descend to the artifice of dealing with the native of India on their own lines.

Only residence in India gives one an insight into their wiles, their deceits and their untrustworthiness. True, there are plenty of good Indians, but the time has not yet come for the majority to take their place in a position of equality. That this fact is recognised by the best educated and trained Indians gives weight to the assertion. It is with this certain knowledge that one has no fear of lowering Clive's prestige in recording the act which led to his arraignment later in the House of Commons. The Commandant of Siraj-ud-Daulah's army, Mir Jaffir, was bribed with the promise of being made Viceroys if he would join his forces with the English and aid in opposing Siraj-ud-Daulah. The negotiations were carried out by a wealthy banker named Aminchand. The secret was well kept—but, as matters proceeded, Clive learnt to distrust the banker, who threatened to divulge the plot to Siraj-ud-Daulah unless Clive agreed to pay him the exorbitant sum of £300,000. Fully aware of Aminchand's villainy, Clive determined to "out-Herod" him as well. He agreed to the demand, but, at the same time, described him as "the greatest villain on earth."

Clive's plan of action was to draw up two agreements—one written on white paper, signed by the allies, which contained no promise to Aminchand—the other on red paper agreed to his unjust demands. After the battle the trick was revealed, and Aminchand learned that the white paper only would hold good and that no reward would be given him. It is well to write this episode as on sea-washed sand.

That Clive had no regrets was evidenced in the House of Commons years after, when he was charged with the offence. "Yes—quite warrantable," he replied to the charge, "I would do it again one hundred times over." The end and circumstances justified the means. He was the chief sufferer in the transaction—a brave,

honest gentleman who could not allow considerations of self to tilt the scale to the hindrance of England's good and gain.

Admiral Watson, the officer in charge of the naval contingent, it is said, refused to sign the red paper. His name, however, was attached by his secretary, possibly with the Admiral's knowledge.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## Lord Clive.

“The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct and the hand to execute.”

THESE qualities were all found in Robert Clive, and we must judge a man by his greatness and not by his faults. Before the battle of Plassey, however, for the first time during his campaigns and work in India, Clive doubted his own mental powers. He therefore convened a Council to decide on the best course of action. War or no war was the keynote of the debate—“To be or not to be, that was the question.” Clive realized their need for assistance from outside forces: was it better to wait for such or proceed! Contrary to his usual methods, he, in the first instance, decided on delay. Not so Eyre Coote—his name headed the list of voters for an immediate attack. Opinions were divided. The Council did not assist Clive to a decision. He wandered apart to a shady mango grove by the river side, where he spent hours in quiet meditation. At length decision came to him, and with him decision meant action. The order was speedily given to his officers to prepare for an immediate attack.

The memorable battle of Plassey, which won India for England, was fought on the morning of the 23rd June, 1757. At break of day Clive viewed the situation of the troops from the roof of the hut in which he had spent a sleepless night. To the right lay the troops of Siraj-ud-Daulah, 38,000 strong; under the command of the treacherous Mir Jaffir, holding back, but ready to cast in his lot with the side likely to win. Should Clive fail,

Mir Jaffir would swoop down upon the English and plunder their baggage. Should Siraj-ud-Daulah fail or falter, then Mir Jaffir's infidelity would be evidenced by his joining forces with the English. The French and their guns occupied a central position. Clive's soldiers were quietly sleeping in the mango grove, guarded by a deep ditch and strong mud walls.

The first shot came from the French guns, waking the English and laying low two of their number. Soon the heavy artillery was in full play, Clive's light guns answering volley for volley. Siraj-ud-Daulah eagerly pressed forward with his serried force, thinking to drive the English into the river Bhagirathi beyond, instead of which their shot and shell passed harmlessly overhead among the mango trees. Rain fell in torrents, soaking the enemy's ammunition and rendering it useless. Clive had anticipated such a contingency; his shot and shell had been carefully guarded.

Mir Madan, the trusted and trustworthy chief of Siraj-ud-Daulah's cavalry, fell in his brave effort to silence the English guns; a catastrophe indeed for Siraj-ud-Daulah, who at once gave orders for a retreat. He hastily summoned Mir Jaffir, and, telling him of his loss, implored him, enforcing his earnestness by casting his turban at his feet, to fight against the common foe. Mir Jaffir pledged himself to do so, but, instead, he sent word to Clive to advance and win the day. The English, from their safe entrenchments charged freely, taking care now and again to send a volley on the treacherous Mir Jaffir and the troops under his command. By evening the entire remaining army of Siraj-ud-Daulah had fled, leaving 500 dead on the field, together with their cattle, elephants and artillery.

Casualties for the English were comparatively trifling, amounting in all only to seven Europeans and sixteen sepoys,

Such, so briefly told, was the glorious victory, if warfare can be so described, of Plassey, which won India for England and leaves us for ever indebted to Lord Clive.

Is it matter for wonderment that justice, ever so tardy, was at last given to his glorious memory and services? Thanks be to Lord Curzon for "wiping the something off the slate," the "something" which would never have been recorded had England judged aright the grandeur and magnanimity of Clive's character, and understood the people and country with which he had to deal.

After the battle, Mir Jaffir came, with some hesitation to his credit be it said, for his promised reward. The massed soldiers presented arms. The rattle of their musketry alarmed his coward heart, until Clive advanced and saluted him as Governor of Bengal, Orrissa and Behar. The merchants and bankers of Murshedabad, the capital, also came forward to bow low before their conquerors, and begged that their city might be spared further devastation and suffering. The wealth of the nations surrounded Clive. Siraj-ud-Daulah's accumulations were no longer his, the treasure house was replete with gold and silver, but he was not spared to want them. He, the leader and Governor, was cruelly put to death by Mir Jaffir, but we have only to remember his atrocious cruelty to his countrymen to admit that he merited the retribution he received.

While Clive now sighed afresh for the homeland and for rest, there was still some skirmishing to do, some settlements to accomplish. The Dutch were the first power to claim rights which were exclusively English. "Fight them at once," wrote Clive, when apprised of the fact while engaged in a game of cards, "Fight them at once and I will send you the order in council *to-morrow*"! And Colonel Forde, his wisely chosen officer, did fight, with result so sure that the Dutch struggle for supremacy



in India was ended. There now only remained the French to contend with. The indiscreet conduct of their Commandant, Count Lally, excited a just indignation which caused even his own men to rebel and join the English, then under command of Admiral Pocock. Success was easily attained—Lally retreated, leaving his sick and wounded, as well as his artillery and ammunition, behind.

Admiral D'Ache made a bold but futile attempt to retrieve fortune for France. Even with eleven ships against nine the English nonplussed him, and, sailing away, left Lally to his fate.

Thus the French downfall began. Count Lally's last attempt, in January, 1760, met with severe defeat at the battle of Wandewash, when De Bussy was taken prisoner. The French retreated to Pondicherry, which a year later capitulated. As in England, so in France, those who strove for their country suffered cruel injustice and despicable treatment—Dupleix and La Bourdonnais, wise and good in their efforts, met with the reverse of reward for their merits. Lally was the last victim. Glorified in his triumphs by those who surrounded him, yet after thirty-five years of service he was cruelly gagged and bound and driven to the place of execution on a refuse cart.

Such conduct passes our understanding; we leave it so. We may take courage, however, when our own little best deeds are misunderstood and misjudged, that we are not the only victims of an injustice which we can neither stay nor stem.

Clive finished his good work in India with unerring insight and foresight so easy to write about, so difficult to accomplish. He left all taut and trim for his successors. There was peace for the advance and growth of all good, a fertile land answering richly to every demand on its resources, a great and beautiful country

with a peaceful and law-abiding people, owning allegiance to England, while they honoured her standard planted in their midst, and there was a wise and good administration left to continue his good work. Clive then returned home to seek much-needed rest and the enjoyment of his justly-earned laurels; and, above all, to hand over to king and country the result of his victorious campaign—his glorious gain for them. After seventeen years' service he set sail for England, the 25th day of February, 1760. He was received by King George III with every mark of honour, and was rewarded with an Irish peerage, taking as his title Lord Clive, Baron of Plassey.

The Government of Bengal passed into the care of a Mr. Vansittart. A low exchequer harrassed him. Mir Jaffir had not wholly paid up the sum agreed upon after the battle of Plassey, and, in addition, was leading a lazy and indulgent life, which did not increase the Company's hopes of him or their trust in him.

The very low salaries paid to the Company's officers obliged them to enrich their coffers by private trading and enterprise, which was a hindrance to the general weal of the Company not to be encouraged. There was need for amendment. English writers were paid the modest sum of £5 a year, factors £15, merchants £30 and £40, and a President £300—sums which even in those days were only starvation rates. There were many who failed in their private trading attempts and were reduced to severe hardships, such as going to bed at dusk to save candles and dinner. Mr. Vansittart's ingenuity was severely taxed. The riddance of Mir Jaffir was first accomplished, his son-in-law and successor, Mir Kasim, promising to pay up the debt, but the trade monopoly in the hands of the Company alarmed him and decreased his own power and prestige. Trouble again darkened the horizon. Warfare loomed in the near distance. Mir

Kasim hastened disaster by seizing at Mungir two ships from Calcutta carrying supplies for the English at Patna. The English Governor there, Mr. Ellis, retaliated by seizing the city. Mir Kasim's troops, under two foreign commandants, overwhelmed Ellis and imprisoned him. They in turn were defeated by the English with immense loss and carnage. Mir Kasim, be it remembered, was placed in authority by the English, and his treachery was evidenced when the first opportunity came. He at once ordered the execution of Mr. Ellis and the other prisoners, an order which was carried out by his foreign commander, Reinhardt—who forced the sepoys to obedience—which further resulted in the cruel massacre of 200 unarmed men, women and children.

Complications followed. Patna was captured by the English, under command of Major Adams. Mir Kasim escaped, seeking refuge at Allahabad, where also Alam Shah was a refugee from Delhi, driven therefrom by the Afghans. Once more the native forces allied themselves against the English, with futile results. Mir Kasim, now broken and baffled, disappeared to die in utter poverty.

A fresh disaster arose—mutiny among the sepoys—the first that had occurred. It was quelled by Major Hector Munro with merciless severity. He adopted—with shame be it told — an old Mogul punishment too terrible for narration. He ordered the twenty-four ring-leaders to be blown from guns. Having thus ignominiously attained order, Major, afterwards Sir, Hector Munro once more marched against the allied forces, and, with terrible slaughter, won the decisive battle of Baksar, 23rd October, 1764, which annexed Oude and brought the Mogul Emperor, Alam Shah, a suppliant to English authority.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

**Clive's Return.**

"He that well and rightly considereth his own works will find little cause to judge hardly of another."

IN spite of the good order in which Clive left affairs in India on his return to England, it was soon apparent to the authorities at home that matters were not prospering, that complications were arising, and that the master hand was wanted, so after five years' absence Clive was petitioned to return to India. The highest position that could be given was offered to him, and it was as President and Commander of the Fort that he landed in Calcutta, 3rd of May, 1765, and took up the management of affairs with a Committee of four members. Clive found much to censure and little to laud. "Alas! how is the English name fallen," he exclaimed. "I cannot avoid paying a tribute of tears to the departed and lost fame of the British nation." His ardour, however, returned with his indomitable power to overcome. It was in widely different terms that he reported matters shortly to the Company at home—"I am persuaded that nothing can prove fatal, but a renewal of licentiousness among your servants here or intestinal divisions among yourselves at home." Clive found that, seeming secure in their conquest, and forgetful that example was better than precept, the English were leading lives not likely to impress or gain ground in native estimation. It is of all things most necessary to walk circumspectly in the eyes of the native and to lead unrelaxed, just and upright lives. Clive

investigated defects and removed causes and temptations. He noted also that the natural indolence of the Indians created a security for peace, and that if this were "thrown off" they might at any time become formidable rivals.

Attention to details, which go to make the perfect whole, all summarily disposed of, Clive next turned attention to Oudh, the territory lying beyond and west of Behar and Bengal, which was ruled by one Siraj-ud-Daulah, the Nawab Wazir or Prime Minister. Clive's design was "to conciliate the affection of the country powers, to remove any jealousy they may entertain of our unbounded ambition, and to convince them that we aim, not at conquest and dominions, but security in carrying on a free trade." The territories formerly wrested from the Nawab Wazir were restored to him on the payment by him of the expenses of the war relating to the province, which were calculated at half a million sterling. The provinces of Allahabad and Kora, formerly called Corea by the Company, a town in the Fatehpur or Agra district, were handed over to the Emperor of Delhi, Shah Alam, who in return for these, granted to the Company the Diwani or financial administration of Bengal, Behar and Orrissa, which, therefore, became practically the property of the Company. The Government was thus somewhat dual in character. The English received the revenue of Bengal and maintained the army, while the criminal jurisdiction was vested in the Nawab. As matters advanced and matured under Warren Hastings, this dual government was dissolved. Indian officials were still in charge of the collection of the revenues. This in due course was also transferred to English officials, who were and are still termed collectors.

To reorganize, purge and elevate the Company was Clive's next task. Private trading and the reception of gifts were strictly forbidden; salaries in lieu were raised to living rates. A number of officials rebelled; neverthe-

less, with the sure knowledge that his decision was right and good, Clive carried his reforms with high-minded and high-handed courage. These good principles remain firm to this day, and officials would scorn with indignation the smallest offering made, which in those early days was called *Khatpat*—literally bribery and corruption—as stated in an early chapter of this work. The story is told of a case in court between two Indian merchants. The defendant told his pleader that he would send a case of wine to the judge. “Oh, do not so,” said his adviser. “You will then surely lose your case.” The defendant remained silent. A few days later the case was decided in his favour. “I told you so,” he said, “my case of wine has turned the scales.” “I told you not to do this thing,” exclaimed his pleader. “And I obliged you,” replied the man—“but I did send the wine—only I sent it in the name and as from the plaintiff.”

Clive viewed the social state of matters with forebodings; both the civil and military factions had become lax and debauched—“requiring,” he wrote, “the utmost exertion of the Committee to save the Company from destruction.” Several minor but equally important details of Clive’s reorganization require and deserve more extensive attention than my “bird’s-eye view” will permit, but I am content to stimulate interest in this great subject. Many works have been devoted to the history and administration of India, but only in form too extensive for schools or the general reader. It is more than time that a knowledge of our Indian Empire should be a necessary and essential part of the most elementary education.

That Clive’s work and example merit highest eulogy may be judged from these words addressed to him when, fearing a breakdown in health, he again applied for leave home. “The general voice of the Company, indeed, we may say of every man, will be to join in our request that

you, Clive, should continue another year," and was added, "your own example has been the principal means of restraining the general rapaciousness and corruption which had brought our affairs so near the brink of ruin."

Clive, however, could not be induced to remain—he felt he had done his work and had earned much-needed rest. Macaulay sums it up concisely—"Clive has effected the most difficult and salutary reforms that were ever accomplished by any statesman." He finally left India 29th January, 1767.

The end had best be briefly told. In spite of all laudations given; in spite of splendid work, self-sacrifice and suffering, in winning India for England: Clive came to be arraigned before the House of Commons for self-seeking desires and acts of which he was wholly innocent and quite incapable. "Mr. Chairman," he said, "I stand surprised at my own moderation," and when charged with misleading Mir Jaffir and Aminchand, he said, "I would do the same again and ten hundred times the same."

Mentally worn and weary, suffering yet ever so bravely the injustice he was subjected to, but unable physically to contend with it, by his own hand he inflicted the fatal wound which, at the early age of forty-nine, terminated his useful life, his glorious career.

"Let us then be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate—  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labour and to wait "

## CHAPTER XXV.

**Warren Hastings.**

"The world never puts a charitable construction on that of which it has only a partial knowledge."

WARREN HASTINGS was the first Governor-General of India. He was well suited for the position by birth and by education, and, most important of all, he had had seventeen years' experience in India as an employee of the Company and as a member of Council.

He was a son of the Church of England, and was of distinguished ancestry in the County of Worcester. His early years were spent at the family home, The Manor House, Daylesford. He was educated at Westminster, and, from a scholastic point, so distinguished himself that the headmaster expostulated at his removal for service at the age of eighteen years, instead of his being entered for a continuation of study at College. In spite of the headmaster's entreaties, however, it was arranged that he should accept an appointment from the East India Company.

After a voyage of ten months he arrived at Calcutta in October, 1750, and there he spent the first three years of his service. Calcutta in those days was far from being a desirable place of residence: it was surrounded with swamps and jungle; drainage was unknown, and the only scavengers were the adjutant birds, the jackals, kites, vultures and crows. Fever and dysentery in consequence abounded, and it was justly named "the white man's grave."



Hastings, however, was no pessimist, nor did he console himself for the evils by self-indulgence of any kind. His spare time was spent in learning the languages of the country. Bargaining with silk merchants for supplies for the London market was the uncongenial work which fell to his lot at the beginning of his career in India. The gain was wholly for the merchants; for Hastings there was only the small salary of five pounds a year, with commissariat supplies.

After three years passed in Calcutta, Hastings was transferred to Kasimbazar, to the house of business there, then called the factory. Kasimbazar was a Gangetic settlement, and the river that flowed beneath the factory walls, with the peculiarity of Indian rivers, has long since silted up, and the station is now far inland. From an historical point we are at present retrogressing and are dealing with the years during which Clive was in power in India—the time of the death of Ali Verdi Khan, the Nawab of Bengal, and the accession of Siraj-ud-Daulah (1750) of the “Black Hole of Calcutta” ill-fame. These disastrous times aided the advancement of Hastings. When news of the tragedy reached him, without considering results for himself, he left Kasimbazar, and, sailing down the Ganges, joined Clive at Calcutta. His knowledge of the vernacular soon brought him to the front. He was engaged as an intermediary between the English and the Nawab’s councillors for the purpose of obtaining supplies. Later, when serving as a volunteer, his knowledge of the language again was useful; he was employed as interpreter to negotiate peace between the forces. After the battle of Plassey further promotion awaited Hastings. He was appointed Resident at the Court of Mir Jaffir, who, it will be remembered, was successor to Siraj-ud-Daulah. Hastings’ reputation for ability as well as for upright, honourable conduct, next won for him, in his twenty-ninth year, a seat in the

Calcutta Council, of which at that time Mr. Vansittart was President. After fourteen years' service in Bengal, Hastings applied for and obtained leave to return home.

In 1769 financial difficulties obliged him to apply to the Court of Directors for service in the East, an application which was at once granted, "because," wrote the Directors, "you have served us many years upon the Bengal establishment with great ability and unblemished character." In later years, when persecution was meted out to him, even the most malicious of his enemies could not charge him with share or part in the malpractices which had surrounded him in Calcutta; his good services had not brought him riches or even a sufficiency. On his return to India he was obliged to borrow money to meet the necessary expenses of outfit and passage. He sailed from Dover in 1769. He was appointed Governor of Bengal in 1772, and, in 1773, became Governor-General of India.

It was on Hastings' return voyage out that the romance of his life occurred. On board ship he met a Baroness Imhoff, the wife of a German baron, and an attachment sprang up between them. In 1777, a divorce from her husband was obtained, and Hastings married her in the Cathedral Church of St. John's, Calcutta, under the names of Anna Maria Appolonia Chapuselia. From their letters we learn they were a very happy couple. Government House, Calcutta, was then in Hastings Street. The quaint old house, modernized, still exists. It was interesting to attend a wedding from it a few years ago, one which also wended its way to St. John's Church. In the Register there the writer saw the entry of Warren Hastings' marriage to the lady of the many names. Hastings' first wife was the widow of a Major Campbell, who is said to have perished in the "Black Hole" tragedy. She and her two children were buried at Kasimbazar.

The dual Government arranged by Clive in 1765, in the early days of England's power in India, was reorganized by Hastings. The former methods no longer proved satisfactory. Thirteen years were spent in organizing a new scheme of government. Hastings began by removing the exchequer from Murshedabad to Calcutta, and placing Englishmen in authority in place of the natives originally employed. The severe famine of 1770, which is said to have swept off one-third of the population, entailed work which hindered the Governor-General in the execution of his plans. He was also hindered by war forced upon him by native powers. He was hindered by the malignity of his Council.

The war troubles came from the North. Several Mohammedan rulers of the old Mogul Empire had established themselves in independent states. Beyond these were the Mahrattas, with whom were allied the Rohillas, Afghan and Mohammedan people who had seriously oppressed the Hindoo peasantry, and had possessed themselves of land on the North-West frontier of Oudh. Assisted by the British troops the Wazir (Prime Minister) of Oudh, the Nawab being a child, and his mother, the Begum, acting as Regent, defeated the Rohillas and compelled them to seek new homes on the far side of the Ganges. Thus they were successfully prevented from having further intrigues with the Mahrattas, and thus was closed at same time the Bengal frontier from further incursions by them.

A greater difficulty even than these next arose to embarrass Hastings. The two strongest Mussulman powers in India, Haidar Ali of Mysore and the Nizam of the Deccan, were allying themselves with the Mahrattas against the English, the reckless conduct of the Madras Government having aroused their hostility. Hastings tactfully won over the Nizam of the Deccan and his ally, the Raja of Nagpore, but the English suffered severely at

the hands of Haidar Ali. Sir Eyre Coote, in command of the English troops (1782), was aged and unequal for the strain of war; the enemy was strong and well equipped. Haidar Ali was supported by his son, Tipoo, with whom two years later, and after the death of Haidar Ali, peace was made.

The infidelity of his councillors was even a greater hindrance to Hastings. Sir Philip Francis, General Clavering and Colonel Monson, all equally and totally ignorant of India and what was best for her, had been sent out by the Directors as members of Council to assist Hastings in the management of affairs. Sir Philip Francis, the leader and most unworthy of the trio, is described by Macaulay as "arrogant and insolent and prone to malevolence." His insolence on one occasion at a meeting of Council found expression in striking Hastings on the face, an insult borne by the victim in silence. In later years, when matters had reached an impossible crisis, a duel was fought between them, which resulted in a bullet wound for Francis, and thereafter a discreet application for leave home, where he continued his rancorous opposition to the Governor-General. Hastings had also a formidable enemy in the person of Nanda Kumar, a Brahman of high caste and ancient lineage. The animosity dated from the time that Hastings was acting as resident at the court of Mir Jaffir, and was caused by Nanda Kumar's failure to prove guilty two good native officials, Mohammed Raza Khan and Shitab Rai, whom Hastings, knowing to be innocent, befriended. On Nanda Kumar's misrepresentations to the Court of Directors at home, and by their orders, these two men were re-tried, and happily were proved innocent. Nanda Kumar waited in silent rage his time of revenge. It came. Sir Philip Francis found him a willing tool in carrying out his personal malignity, the root of which was, in addition to his evil nature, his desire to unseat

Hastings and be placed in power himself. Nanda Kumar, acting under Francis's orders, forged a letter accusing Hastings of receiving bribes from Raza Khan and Shitab Rai as well as from himself.

While holding a council, Francis presented these letters to Hastings, supported in his action by Clavering and Monson. Hastings again received the insult in silence, and left the council chamber. A year later, when these false charges were proved and punished, Nanda Kumar was summarily dealt with, condemned, and hanged before his own people, all his entreaties to his employers and ally Francis being in vain.

One of the lesser annoyances for Hastings was the hostility of the Begum of Oudh, who, annoyed at a reduction made on the allowance granted the child Nawab, was inciting Chait Singh, the Rajah of Benares, to rebellion. He in turn was comfortably enjoying England's protection and was bound by law to aid rather than oppress the Government. It was by order of the Directors that the allowance made on behalf of the young Nawab had been reduced: but even then the sum granted, £350,000, was a goodly heritage. We lay stress on these facts, for upon them hinged great trouble for Hastings later. Necessarily all the warfare alluded to meant expenditure. The exchequer had to be replenished and there would be no concession from the Directors. They rather expected steadily increased returns. It was, therefore, fortunate that a fine was due from the Begum of Oudh for her hostility, and that a second one was due from Chait Singh of Benares of fifty lakhs — truly an exorbitant one, but, in addition to the punishment he deserved, it was his feudatory duty to contribute to the exchequer. Chait Singh refused to pay the entire sum imposed. He resisted and rebelled, was eventually conquered, and his estates forfeited. These, with a weakness of generosity peculiar to England, were transferred to his nephew.

Before we have finished our brief review of the succession of great men who gave the best of their lives to India, it should be quite clear to the most superficial reader that the post of Governor-General or Viceroy in India, in spite of its glare and glitter, is no sinecure, nor a position of ease and luxury. The deep regret one feels is that the home Government, who choose and send their best men to fill the position, show such a lack of trust and confidence in their choice. It would be a grand education and elucidation generally if one or two of our present Cabinet Ministers were sent out for a time—or it might be an eternity! A partial knowledge of life leads to many mistakes.

As we study the life, character and work of Hastings, the surprise is that the Government should have found it possible to find fault. In 1782 the Directors resolved to recall him, themselves ~~had~~ doing good work as surely as their deputies in council had done before. Hastings was spared this indignity. The proprietors of the Company objected to the resolution. He, however, had made his own decision. He waited but to complete work in hand, all anxiety to join the much loved wife at home. We will but briefly glance at the "work in hand." Work so multifarious, that his ability, foresight and insight for it, gives the fuller view of his wonderful capabilities.

There is but one other I can compare with him, one who loved India's weal as dearly as did Hastings, and who suffered almost as great a wrong for her, and as nobly; but there is compensation, for justice and righteousness have triumphed.\*

It was shortly before his return home that Hastings wrote, "My whole time and all my thoughts are wholly given up to the Company." His work was occasionally, however, of a personal nature. It was in the time of

\*Lord Curzon.

Hastings that we hear of Cooch Behar and its Rajah, and of help afforded to him while under oppression from the Rajah of Bhutan. In those days Bhutan, a strong territory on the North-Eastern frontier, owed allegiance to Tibet, now it is under British influence, with its own dual government. In Tibet a dual government already existed. Its two chiefs, called the Tashi Lama and the Dalai Lama, claimed almost equal power. It was the Tashi Lama who wrote to Hastings asking clemency for his "Bhutia Chief," an application which Hastings seized as an opportunity for opening up trade with Tibet. While some advance was made, the territory still remained practically closed.

When it was my good fortune to visit the North-Eastern frontier of Nepal and Tibet, the need for strong police protection was observed, but as I and my party were only imbued with the ambition to visit the country without evil intent, it was fearlessly we crossed the boundary line, which was marked by small white columns. The country from there presented a bleak and bare appearance, outlined, however, in the far distance by mountains of exceeding grandeur. It was a great interest later in 1905-06, if I may be permitted the divergence, to see the Tashi Lama of that date in Calcutta as the guest of the Government. His visit, by Lord Curzon's arrangement, was one of political import. Twenty-three years of age only, he yet looked a Methuselah, borne in a gorgeously lacquered sedan chair, his retinue following mounted on shaggy ponies. The monks were conspicuous in the procession by their remarkable headgear, some like Roman helmets, some like church steeples, and some like cart wheels with silken tassels attached. Following the Lama's sedan chair was his unkempt and long-haired pony, its progress greatly impeded by the Buddhist followers, whose devotion found vent in the osculation of its tail!

Hastings' reorganization of Bengal, the work of three years, was among his many completed undertakings, completed under difficulties almost insurmountable, with opposition and conflicting orders from home, and inexperienced men only to assist him. Nevertheless, he succeeded in establishing civilized rule in the province won by the sword and diplomacy of Lord Clive.

One of the Governor-General's last works, one that will appeal to our modern ideas, was a review of the Bengal army, the presentation of swords of honour to the officers and of money and medals to the men. His final act, a courteous one of farewell letters to all the Chiefs and Princes, was much appreciated. In return he received many farewell addresses, all couched in affectionate and regretful terms. Leaving much yet untold, the sequel remains to be recorded ere my short sketch is finished. In February, 1785, after thirty-five years' service, Hastings finally left India. Though accorded much honour on his return to England, his unerring instinct realized breakers ahead, breakers excited by the never failing animosity of his enemy Francis. These forebodings were speedily realized. In May, 1787, the House of Commons "declared for the impeachment of Warren Hastings for high crimes and misdemeanour" at the Bar of the House of Lords. The so-called exorbitant fine of Chait Singh was one of the impeachments, taking bribes another, the latter charge as false as the former. The trial lasted eight years. Hastings was cruelly oppressed—the first orators of their day, Pitt and Burke, took part against him. Nevertheless, right triumphed; Hastings was acquitted of every charge, and honours were heaped upon him—in addition to the title he had formerly persistently refused—as some recompense, however unavailing, for his suffering in the terrible crisis he had passed through. He lived to a glorious old age—eighty-six. The last honour paid to



his memory was the placing of his bust in Westminster Abbey.

In an isolated part of the country, on the borders of Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire, lies the little village of Church Hill. There Warren Hastings was born at the family home of Daylesford. The estate was held by the family of Hastings from the time of Henry II until 1715, when it passed into other hands. The recovery of it was the dream of his boyhood and the hope of his later life, an ambition he realized in 1788, some three years after his final return from India. The Manor House which he rebuilt became the shelter of his declining years and there in 1818 he died, his bright eyes undimmed, his great intellect unclouded to the last. In Daylesford Church a square stone pedestal supporting a red sandstone urn bears his name. It is near the east window. The Parish Church was extended to the east in order to enclose his grave in the church he loved so well, and there all that was mortal of the great statesman, Warren Hastings—with Clive, the founder of British India—remain.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

**Cornwallis, Malcolm and Munro.**

“The lives of great men . . .”

THE reason for dwelling at greater length on the lives and work of Clive and Hastings than can be devoted to those of all the other rulers of India is twofold and obvious. Firstly, they were the winners and makers of India, and, therefore, deserve special notice; secondly, to read their lives is the greatest and grandest stimulus possible to goodness and the development of every talent we possess. I would fain dwell on every item small or great concerning such men, but were I to do so my object might be defeated, a ponderous volume would be laid aside and the door of knowledge, so anxious to be set ajar, might remain closed. Ignorance of India is deplorable. Does one boy or girl in our Board Schools know the names of Clive or Hastings, or can one tell the name even of India's sacred river? And one might ask the question of a still higher grade and still fail to win reply. I dedicate my efforts to the boys and girls of Great Britain, and these will not be in vain if they can be tempted into the field of knowledge which lies ready to be explored. It would be such a grand thing in this busy age if, instead of the stories or fiction generally that now fill our book shelves, the lives of great men were there instead. “Truth is great and must prevail,” “truth will

stand when all else faileth," and how much better to stimulate the mind with reality than fiction, then would follow the desire to emulate, which must make our lives sublime.

We want a few more men like Clive and Hastings in our midst. The material is not lacking—the knowledge is—"Who dies if England lives." "What one man can do," said James Ramsay, "another can."

A name that stood out boldly in Indian history in the time of Hastings, one worthy of mention, is that of Sir Thomas Munro (1761-1827), of middle class origin, and destined by his merchant father to follow in his footsteps. His tastes were otherwise diverted by his early studies in political economy, history and travel. Filial duty prompted him at first to obey his father's wishes, but born a soldier, his natural ability and healthful training, his noble and well-balanced mind, his great power of endurance and self-control, all qualified him for the military cadetship offered him by the East India Company on the failure of his father's business. Unable to pay his passage to India, he worked his way out as an ordinary seaman, and in so doing proved his worth. From grade to grade he rose, loved by the native, respected by the nation, and when he had obtained the rank of Major-General in the army, he was offered and accepted the position of Governor of Madras, and the honour of Knight-Commander of the Bath. His service won him a high meed of praise—"Europe never produced a more accomplished statesman; or India, so fertile in heroes, a more skilful soldier. All the world unites in acknowledging the talents and merits of Sir Thomas Munro."

With his name as equally worthy of honourable mention may be coupled that of Sir John Malcolm, who was at one time Joint Secretary with Sir Thomas Munro in important work in the Mysore territories, of which

Tipoo Sultan, already referred to, was ruler. At twelve years of age, when the boys of the present day are engaged at cricket and football as their chief end in life, John Malcolm was summoned before the Board of Directors that they might judge if he were fitted for service in India. "What would you do," asked one of the company, "if you met Haidar Ali?" "Do," said the boy, showing some knowledge of the Chief, "Why, I would draw out my sword," suiting the action to the word, "and cut off his head." The Directors, much amused and gratified, at once pronounced him a fit subject for their service, and never in one detail did John Malcolm prove himself unworthy or defective. He was a Scotsman, and as a schoolboy his energies found full scope in every description of innocent fun and mischief. "Jock's at the bottom of this," his schoolmaster, knowing the boy's guilelessness, often affectionately exclaimed. In later years, when his "History of Persia" was written, Malcolm sent a copy of it to his old preceptor with the words inscribed on its front page, "Jock's at the bottom of this."

Many anecdotes are told of Malcolm. His youthful ardour won for him the title of "Boy Malcolm," and this he retained till late in life. At fifteen years of age, too young to be sent on active service, he was entrusted with a detachment to receive English prisoners from Tipoo of Mysore. The rosy-faced boy, astride a shaggy pony, was asked by the officer in charge of the prisoners for his superior officer. "I am the Commanding Officer," he proudly replied, drawing forth a salute from the other, and a life-long friendship. He was as keen a sportsman as he was a diplomatist, an administrator or a statesman. Poverty handicapped him as it had done many another. An old woman in the bazaar, whose affection he had won, begged him to take all the stores he required from her and pay for them when he could. He availed himself of

the kindly action, and rewarded her in later years with a pension for life.

His work in India was very varied—at once military and civil. His knowledge of Persian won him the position of Ambassador to Persia, with business requiring such tactful diplomacy that Lord Cornwallis fixed on him “as the Officer best qualified for the work.” Promotion came steadily, in spite of the inevitable ill-health which entailed more than one visit to inhale sea breezes at Bombay, or the more lengthy journey to England. In due course he was Town Major of Madras, Assistant to the Resident (formerly called the Collector at the Court of Seringapatam, Secretary to the Governor-General, General of the Forces, and, eventually, Governor of Bombay. He was offered later the newly formed Governorship of Agra. When in position of authority his door was ever open to hear the needs or grievances of the people. On one occasion he was sorely perplexed how to decide a matter honourably and yet to please his applicants, when two friends burst into his tent shouting “*bagh, bagh*” (tigers). Without ceremony, he seized his ever-ready gun, and, inviting his audience to follow, rushed off in pursuit of game and sport. He shot both tigers, and then, as though nothing had happened, returned to his tent with his breathless companions and continued his interview with them, having meanwhile gained time to arrive at a decision and divert the astonished Sikhs from the affair of the moment to that which engrossed and pleased them well.

John Malcolm served India for forty-seven years, i.e., from 1783 to 1830, and during that time was connected in his work with Lord Cornwallis, Lord Mornington, Lord Minto, the Marquis of Hastings, Lord Amhurst and Lord Bentinck, while the Duke of Wellington, the great Iron Duke, born the same year and month as himself, was for thirty years his friend. Sir John Malcolm died

three years after his return to England. His statue in Westminster Abbey repays a visit. The impression conveyed by the commanding appearance, the pleasant, withal humorous features, is one to impel love as well as respectful admiration.

The India Company had difficulty in finding a Governor to succeed Warren Hastings. Lord Cornwallis, the first man of rank to be offered the position, refused, saying, "he saw no reason why he should be disgraced to all eternity because he fought native princes, the Council and the Supreme Government, *what ever that might be.*" Good followed his praiseworthy candour. Important changes were effected, giving the Governor-General greater authority to act, and to do so even in opposition to his Council. When again urged to accept the position he agreed to do so, even in view of the limitations which guarded the liberties given, viz., "that British rule in India should not be extended further than over the territories acquired by Clive and consolidated by Hastings." In the two years (February, 1785, to September, 1786) intervening between the departure of Hastings and the agreement of Lord Cornwallis to succeed him, Sir John Macpherson, a servant of the Company, officiated as Governor-General.

In their selection of Lord Cornwallis as Governor-General, the East India Company made an excellent choice. The time had come for India to require such as he. A great Empire was forming, the influence and impress of the "hall mark" was wanted. The British officer had raised the whole tone of the sepoy army. A Governor was wanted, combining a similar unconscious influence with high intellectual and educational qualities. All these were found in Lord Cornwallis, and the rule once made of extending their choice of Governors beyond the direct employees of the Company was ever afterwards adhered to.

Lord Cornwallis was of Irish ancestry. His family held estates in Suffolk. He was born in London in 1738, and was educated at Eton. At eighteen years of age he held a commission in the Guards. A year or two was spent in travel—its advantages were fully realized. Lord Cornwallis developed rapidly all the good qualities and gifts which eventually won for him universal laudation. He is described as the "most blameless in the great muster roll of English heroes, of sterling integrity, and with an abiding sense of public duty, reliable and trusted for the safe performance of every duty he was called upon to fulfil," "and," his historian adds, "no man did more to purify the public service of India than he."

It was during the Seven Years' War on the continent, known as Pitt's War, that he first saw active service. He was present at the battle of Minden, having been promoted to a Captaincy in the newly formed 85th Regiment. Thereafter he returned to England, and, taking up politics, was returned Member for Eye. In 1761 his good military tactics won for him a Lieutenant-Colonelcy in the 12th Foot, then in Germany. His father's death brought him increased responsibility, and, as Earl Cornwallis, a seat in the House of Lords. Nevertheless, his regiment remained his first consideration and interest. He loved it. In 1765 he was promoted to the command of the 35th Regiment, and at the same time was made aide-de-camp to the King. Local honours of an honorary nature were heaped on him. In 1768 he married, winning with his wife intense happiness, but alas, only for a brief spell of ten years, when she died. During that time he had withdrawn from public life as much as possible, but, thereafter, he plunged into the vortex again in his effort to find consolation in work and usefulness. The Great War in America was then engrossing public feeling and attention. As a politician he had opposed the Government in its action. Never-

theless, when called upon to take up arms against America he felt it his duty, apart from private inclination, to do so. History has repeated itself to-day (1914), and, methinks, rightly or wrongly, that one honours the men who sacrifice their commissions for what they knew to be right. Lord Chatham (1776), amongst others, withdrew his son from the army rather than allow him to join in action against his own countrymen. Taken a prisoner during the American War, Lord Cornwallis was released on parole for three months, when he returned to England. Early in 1782 he was released again from parole, and then it was, his name and fame widely known, that the offer was made him to go to India as Governor-General. As already noted, he at first refused, but accepted later, somewhat reluctantly, when improved terms and conditions were arranged.

With a small staff he sailed for Calcutta in May, 1786. On board ship he met Sir John Shore, afterwards Lord Teignmouth, who became a useful friend owing to his vast knowledge of Indian affairs. It is interesting to note how gradually the sailing speed was increasing—five months only were now required for the voyage. It was in steamy, hot September, when none, for choice, will face or bear the plains, that Lord Cornwallis arrived in Calcutta. His letters home were not of a cheering description—his days, however, were busily and simply spent.

One of Lord Cornwallis's first but seemingly minor efforts was to raise the salaries of all officials. He met with opposition from the Directors, but over-ruled it. His desire was to put down and render unnecessary all private trading. This was best effected by giving a just return for services rendered, so that men holding appointments need not stoop to unworthy ways and means to make a living. Of important reforms effected by Cornwallis, one had reference to the land revenue



system. Introduced by Warren Hastings, it was perfected by his great successor. A second important reform was appointing four Courts of Circuit and Appeal respectively, at Calcutta, Dacca, Murshedabad and Patna; each judge sat twice a year in his respective district to hear appeals in civil cases, and each went twice a year on circuit to try the prisoners who had been committed by the district magistrates in their respective jurisdictions.

A campaign against Tipoo of Mysore was an important event. Lord Cornwallis led the British troops in person in splendid battle array. Tipoo was vanquished, and, while he "nursed his wrath and kept it warm," he yet paid three millions sterling towards the expenses of the war, and gave up one-half of his dominions to be divided between England and her Allies, the Nyzam of the Deccan and the Mahrattas. He delivered up all prisoners, and gave up, as required, his two sons as hostages for his good behaviour. Towards the end of 1793 Cornwallis returned to England. Rest from his labours did not await him. Government had need of service as good as he was capable of rendering. In 1795 he was appointed Master-General of Ordnance, which brought him in touch with the Cabinet again. In 1798 he was appointed Viceroy and Commander-in-Chief of Ireland. His acceptance of the office was well pleasing to Mr. Pitt, who considered that Lord Cornwallis "conferred the most essential obligation on the public which it could perhaps ever receive from any individual." The honour was not appreciated by the Viceroy himself, who described the life as "one of perfect misery," "but," he added, "if I can consolidate the British Empire I shall be sufficiently repaid." He succeeded. The political union of England and Ireland was the result of his administration. Let us hope his good work is too firmly grounded to be ruthlessly uprooted now!

On his return from Ireland, further important military commands awaited him, and then for a time, a very little time, he was allowed to enjoy a well-earned rest. Towards the end of 1804 his ceaseless interest in India, added to the need of his masterly hand, prompted the Directors to offer him again the Governor-Generalship of India, an honour only once repeated since then. That he accepted it was matter for regret. His age and the strenuous life he had led unfitted him for India, and again his health had failed. He arrived at Calcutta July, 1805. His term of office was short; in October of the same year he was laid to rest at Ghazipur, and thus passed away "one who lived and died for duty, the best and most blameless of men."

## CHAPTER XXVII.

**India's Viceroys.**

"Great souls are always loyally submissive, only small mean souls are otherwise."

SIR JOHN SHORE, afterwards Lord Teignmouth, succeeded Lord Cornwallis as Governor-General in 1793. The restful time of his rule was followed by one of many changes and of permanent progress. The Marquis of Wellesley succeeded as Governor-General in 1798, and ruled until 1805. It was his proud boast when he left England that he "intended to govern India from a throne, and not from behind a counter with the yard measure of a trader." It was as Lord Mornington that he assumed office. The Irish Marquisate conferred upon him later did not meet with his approval. "What am I to do with this gilded potato?" he said. "There has been nothing pinchbeck in my conduct; there should be nothing pinchbeck in my reward." He expected a Dukedom, and was entitled to it.

In Richard Colley Wellesley, the Directors elected a blue-blooded aristocrat—one of the four distinguished brothers, of whom Arthur, Duke of Wellington, was one. The family name had for some generations been contracted to Wesley only, and as such it was when John and Charles, members of the family, founded, and gave their name to the religious denomination termed Wesleyans. Engrossed with such matters, they declined the position and responsibility of inheritance, which by

birth they were entitled to. It passed, therefore, to Richard Colley of Castle Carberry, a kinsman who in due course succeeded, and to him was granted—though not for any special merit—a peerage in 1740, with the title of Baron Mornington. His son, Garnet Wesley, a musician of considerable merit, married in 1759 Anne, daughter of Arthur Hill Trevor. In the same year an earldom was bestowed upon him. These were the parents of Richard Colley Wellesley. He was born at Dangan Castle, County Meath, on 20th June, 1760. A rudimentary education was given him at Trim — from there he was sent to Harrow, but shortly afterwards was expelled for a boyish prank of “barring out” a tutor who was extremely unpopular with his class. He was then, aged 11 years, sent to Eton, a school which was thoroughly to his taste, and of which he ever afterwards retained fond memories. From Eton, in December, 1778, he was unanimously elected a student of Christ Church, Oxford.

Wellesley was a studious boy, and possessed of diverse talents, of which the art of poetry was certainly one. In 1780, his father died, and the responsibility of his younger brothers and sisters fell upon him, a duty he ably fulfilled. He soon took a prominent part as a Member of the Irish House of Peers, was the friend of William Pitt and William Grenville, and was associated with them in all Parliamentary matters. He studied India and her affairs, and found great gain in the friendship of Lord Cornwallis. His brother, Arthur, preceded him to India in 1790, but it was in the same year, owing to friction between Sir John Shore and Lord Hobart at Madras, that the home Government decided that a change was necessary. It was at this juncture that Lord Cornwallis was induced to return as Governor-General. Wellesley, who had assumed at Eton the old family name, was offered and accepted the Governorship of Madras,

with the promise of the Governor-Generalship of India in due course. The position soon fell vacant. As Lord Mornington, he sailed for India on 7th November, 1797. He was the first Governor to recognise the need for pomp and state in a position so important, and this he carefully observed in every detail. Carriages and horses, English stores and equipments, were to him a necessary part of his baggage. The homage due to him as India's Governor was exacted once and always. His youngest brother, Henry, accompanied him as political secretary. India had rather a misty idea at that time of what the home Government or the "Company" really was—was it an old woman or was it a myth? Shortly after Lord Mornington's arrival, his cousin, Lord Valencia, came from England to visit him. The servant introduced the visitor to the Governor-General's presence with these words, in the vernacular, "The Lord's sister's son and the grandson of Mrs. Company"! As Lord Mornington imparted the necessary dignity to the office of Governor-General, so did he also raise in public esteem in India respect for the Directors at home. He it was who defined to the authorities what the duties should be, and what the power. There is an interesting paper in the India Office which details all his ideas on the subject, and these are for the most part carried out in the government of India to-day. That the Governor-General should hold his commission direct from the Crown was of primary importance, and he must have full authority and power, and must control in detail the different presidencies and their resident ruler, and they in turn must apply to him for corroboration and validity of any arrangements and rules which they proposed to make. That the Governor-General should be a Peer of Great Britain, Wellesley considered was of utmost importance; that he should be conversant with Indian affairs and accustomed to public affairs were equally essential.

While his power as a statesman was fully recognised at headquarters, without doubt it was his conquest of Mysore and his military tactics that gained him name and fame in the public mind. He, a civilian, proved his capability to direct military matters, and his ability to do so was recognised and appreciated by military leaders.

On his arrival in Calcutta, 17th May, 1798, Wellesley found that trouble continued there; and he at once directed his attention to its suppression. Tipoo's erratic warfare seemed prompted by his love of cruelty. His fame for such was proverbial, and, even in England, children were terrified to submissive goodness by the threats of mothers and nurses as to Tipoo's power over refractory boys and girls. He poisoned and murdered prisoners as a pastime. Nineteen English youths were cruelly tortured to death, captives chained together and attached to the guns were dragged by them on the march. Among these was General Sir David Baird, who, with others, was kept for four years in chains and misery at Mysore. When the news of his captivity reached his old mother at home in Scotland, remembering his natural irritability, she exclaimed:—"Ma certie, but I pity the mon that is chained to oor Davie"! I am sure even now we grieve to think of all the suffering our countrymen endured to gain India.

When Lord Mornington arrived he had no fixed idea on the subject of Mysore, but to make a decided settlement somehow was his determination. England, as usual, showed ignorance—Madras weakness. Lord Mornington decided on peaceful measures, if possible, but success at all costs. At the Cape of Good Hope on his voyage to Calcutta, he had met the Governor, Lord Macartney, Lord Hobart and Sir David Baird, now released from his cruel captivity, from all of whom, especially Sir David, he obtained useful information to aid him in dealing with Mysore. News of Tipoo's

insincerity reached him in Calcutta. Tipoo had sent ambassadors to the French Governors of the Mauritius, asking for aid "to drive the English out of India." We will not blame Tipoo for wishing to rid his country of the white foreigners. Their presence, and the cold iron hand of England must have been hateful to him, just as we would have suffered had positions been reversed; but his deceit and cruelty alone proved that it was good to conquer him, else how could England proceed with her good work of civilization? Tipoo's deceit was abhorrent, and his cruelty was still more so. With serious matters in the balance he ignored the practical suggestions and arbitrary methods which the Governor-General suggested. His replies were insulting and aggravating. He concluded an evasive letter by saying, "Continue to allow me the pleasure of your correspondence, and make me happy by continuing to send me accounts of your health. What more can be written." This exasperating insolence was alone provocative of immediate warfare. In another appeal from the Governor-General for peaceful tactics, the vain and vaunting Tipoo replied, "I go a-hunting"!

Scarcely a month after his arrival, Lord Mornington's arrangements were completed for a march against Tipoo. He was assisted by his brother, Arthur, then Colonel Wellesley, General Harris and Lord Clive—the Governor of Madras, son of the first and great Lord Clive, the hero of Plassey. The Governor-General had had many difficulties to contend with. The Southern Allies not only refused aid, but opened up a treasonable correspondence with Tipoo, the "Tiger of Mysore." French officers commanded the troops of the Nizam of Haiderabad, and there was the fear that Buonaparte, wearied of the West, and emulating the example of Alexander the Great, would try to conquer India, and that he would have the advantage of the aid of his own soldiers, who were fairly

conversant with India and her affairs, to assist him. Then it was that Sir John Malcolm came in helpfully. He induced the Nizam to replace the French with English officers. This, at a great cost, was effected, and the French, nothing loath, were sent home, to France. The territory of Haiderabad has since then remained faithful to England, and under her protection. The next helpful development was the news from England of the defeat of the French Fleet at the mouth of the Nile by Nelson. This removed all fear of a French invasion, and early in 1799, fully prepared and strengthened, the Governor-General declared war against Mysore.



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

**Warfare.**

"The art of Nations is to be accumulative, just as Science and History are; the work of living men not superseding, but building itself upon the work of the past."

LORD MMORNINGTON'S careful preparations for his attack upon the Tiger of Mysore are suggestive of Lord Clive's tactics that led to the Battle of Plassey; but never before had troops so well disciplined taken the field in India. The bright uniforms delighted the natives and served to divert any existing timidity on the part of those called to face the din of war for the first time. Civilian though he was, none knew better than Lord Mornington how to sound the battle call.

General Stewart, with an army of 6,400 men, marched from Bombay, and General Harris met him with a contingent from Haiderabad. The forces united at Seringapatam, and there ensued an obstinate and fierce fight, which lasted six hours. Tipoo, with his army of 12,000, was driven back with heavy losses. The good news was taken to the Governor-General by a native ally, the Rajah of Coorg. "It was a severe action," he said, "in which the power, valour and magnanimity of the troops baffled his descriptive powers. None of their battles," he added, "howsoever well commanded, could compare with England's splendid action and discipline." We must commend Tipoo's bravery; though smarting

and suffering from his defeat, he yet hastened to oppose the main army which advanced on his capital. They encountered at Malvilli; a fierce fight followed; 1,000 natives were slain; retreat was imperative. Tipoo and his officers sought refuge at Seringapatam, which they agreed to defend or die for. Their first efforts effected a measure of success. In a grove they encountered Colonel Wellesley commanding his own regiment, the 33rd. The strategy of Tipoo, and the condition of the grove cut up into trenches and channels, baffled the English in the grey hours of the morning of the 5th April, at which time they had planned their attack. The troops were thrown into confusion—their losses were severe, Colonel Wellesley was wounded, and retreat was advisable. Nothing daunted, however, and in spite of the wound in his knee from a spent bullet, the attack was renewed in the morning, with reinforcements from the 94th Regiment, a battalion of sepoys and five guns. Tipoo and his army were driven from the grove.

While we do not like to dwell on this warfare which meant the carnage of our fellow creatures, it may, in its successful issue and splendid organization be again compared to Clive's at Plassey, and we do rejoice, moreover, that so complete an opportunity was given to "oor Davie" to pay off his old scores against Tipoo, the Tiger of Mysore. The command was in his hands, and his was the honour and glory of storming Seringapatam. Early on the 4th of May, 1799, the fort was breached. At mid-day an army of 2,494 Europeans and 1,882 sepoys waited in the trenches for the word of command. "Now, my brave fellows," shouted General Baird, waiving his sword, "follow me and prove yourselves worthy of the name of British soldiers." A shower of bullets greeted them while they courageously obeyed the call, and fearlessly forded the intervening river. Within seven minutes the British flag was planted on the summit

beyond. The fort was thronged with the Mysore army. Tipoo in their midst presented a grotesque appearance, clad in bright-coloured cotton clothing and a silk turban gleaming with jewels, while he fired shot after shot, soldiers on either side plying him with loaded revolvers. The end, however, had come for his vain boasting tyranny, and for his bravery too. A return shot wounded him, and, mounting his horse, he hastily galloped off. A second and third shot followed him. He fell, with his charger, fatally wounded. A passing soldier attempted to rob him of his jewelled turban. Raising himself in defence, a last shot in the temple ended his struggles, while the soldier thief ruthlessly continued his pillage, leaving the dead ruler of Mysore bereft of all his finery.

Borne by his personal attendants, an escort of English soldiers guarded the body of the dead monarch through the streets of the capital that had been his. There were many to mourn him, for, dreaded though he was, he had died to save his country. They buried him beside his father, Haidar Ali, in the mausoleum of the Lalbagh at Mysore. The proceedings were marred by a terrific thunderstorm, with heavy rain, an occurrence which always augured misfortune in the minds of the natives. And so Mysore passed into the hands of the English. Tipoo's sons, the princes of Mysore, stood apart, fearful and trembling, but England's never-failing magnanimity awaited them. General Baird (his sufferings avenged, or more probably forgotten) took them kindly in hand, and, promising that no harm or insult should befall them, put them into the care of English officers, and it was with every mark of regard and respect that they were conducted to the English headquarters, and were thereafter treated by Lord Mornington with paternal care. Munificent allowances were in due course given to them, with a semi-royal residence, first at Vellore and afterwards in Calcutta. The last of these princes, Ghulam

Mohammed, was well known and respected as a public-spirited citizen of Calcutta, and as a Justice of the Peace. He died at an advanced age in 1877.

An adventurer named Dundia Wagh made a bold effort to usurp authority in Mysore, but, after keeping up guerilla warfare for some time, he was defeated and slain.

Financial matters and indemnities next claimed the Governor-General's attention, and arrangements to guard Madras from encroachments in the future were also effected. The Nizam of Haiderabad was rewarded for his assistance in the war, and the Peshwa of Poona, the head of the Mahrattas, also came in for a share. They had not rendered any help in the warfare, but by remaining neutral had acted as allies.

The settlement of affairs in Mysore was left in the care of a Commission presided over by Arthur and Henry Wellesley. On the dissolution of the Commission after the settlement, Colonel ~~Wose~~ ~~Wose~~ was appointed Resident and Colonel Wellesley placed in command of the troops. A native Rajah, named Krishna, a child of five years, was nominally placed on the throne under the guidance of a Mahratta named Purnaiya. Krishna, on becoming independent, so misgoverned the State that he was deposed and British rule alone prevailed until 1881, when, anxious to be conciliatory and diplomatic, England again placed a native ruler in authority, in the person of Chama Rajendra Wodgar, an enlightened and trustworthy prince, who ruled until his death in 1894.

Very great was the rejoicing in England, as well as in the native States, over the Mysore victory. It was then that the Marquisate, which he termed "a gilded potato," was offered to Lord Mornington, a reward which he certainly did not appreciate. He expected and desired a Dukedom, and did not fail to show his bitterness. Nevertheless, he accepted the lesser honour, and as

Marquis of Wellesley we shall now know him. The Houses of Lords and Commons passed votes of thanks in eulogistic terms. The Directors of the Company were less profuse. There was a growing feeling amongst them akin to jealousy — a feeling that the Governor-General was their master and not their servant. The congratulations and adulations of the army were most of all prized by the great Pro-Consul, their civilian leader. A star and badge of St. Patrick, made from Tipoo's jewels, presented by them, was refused; the reception of gifts was precluded by law, but doubtless a higher feeling even than obedience to the law prompted Wellesley's refusal of Tipoo's jewels. The reward which pleased him most of all came from the Crown. By it he was elected (1801) Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief of all the forces in India; he, a civilian only, yet a soldier by instinct and a born leader of men, felt this indeed to be a reward and a just recognition of his services.

The Governor-General next turned attention to the Karnatic, i.e., the country north and south of Madras from the Kistna river to Cape Comorin, which, under Indian sway, was ruled by a Nawab, subject to the Nizam of Haiderabad, who in turn held his office from the Emperor of Delhi. Matters demanded high-handed measures. The Nawab's insincerity to England had been proved—his treasonable correspondence with Tipoo was in evidence; his unworthy conduct and unreliable government Wellesley decided must cease. This was speedily effected. The Nawab, Omdal by name, was removed, and the revenues placed under English control, a fifth being allotted for the Nawab's personal use, while the remainder was used to pay his debts, including those due to the Company at home. A proclamation of this settlement was made 31st July, 1801. As subordinates in office, the Nawabs of the Karnatic had exceeded their power on many occasions, and this had been overlooked

or condoned by their superiors; hence Wellesley's severe tactics, which England, in ignorance of the facts of his position and of the conduct of these Nawabs, impugned his right to exercise.

The supremacy of Tangore had also been attained, and, under English rule, Sarboj, the son of the late Rajah was installed as ruler in 1799.

The settlement of Oude was of a more arduous and complicated nature, and called forth unlimited patience and diplomacy on the part of the Governor-General. He deemed it necessary to place additional troops there, for the protection of its northern frontiers from Mahratta raids. The Nawab Wizar—or Prime Minister—by arrangement with Sir John Shore, had already paid £760,000 for three thousand British troops to be stationed in Oude. He objected to pay more, and questioned the need, yet desired that troops should be withdrawn from the north to guard his person against his own discontented and ill-conditioned army! Rather than yield to the Governor-General's proposition, the Nawab threatened to resign his position as ruler and leave the country. This was merely a ruse on his part to gain time, and as such was treated by Lord Wellesley. He firmly but courteously replied that, if the Nawab persisted in this course, then the Company would take possession of his territories and appoint their own ruler, as it was not probable that any of the Nawab's young sons would be able to remedy the existent evils which the Nawab himself had failed to effect.

Eventually the Nawab agreed to give up the districts of Rohilkund and Gorakpur in place of a subsidy, as well as the large portion of his dominions between the Ganges and the Jumna, called the Doab. Thus peacefully, by arbitration and not by carnage, England obtained possession of these fertile lands. A board of management was set up, with Henry Wellesley as

President, and thus order and tranquillity were established.

One would naturally expect that the diplomatic tactics of Lord Wellesley would win approbation from the Company of Directors whom he was serving so well. Not so, however. Their growing ill-feeling towards their imperial servant found vent in fault-finding. Though they did not wish to lose the patronage of the lucrative appointment given to Henry Wellesley, they grasped at any cause for offence they could, and at once ordered that "he, Mr. Wellesley, should be removed." Then they disapproved, or pretended to do so, of the acquisition of these lands from the Nawab, maintaining that "his consent had been extorted," and that the treaty was in direct violation of existing treaties. The Governor-General turned a deaf ear to these expostulations. He was busily engaged settling matters of greater importance, and wisely refrained from wasting his time and energies on petty and needless wrangling. There was work to be done, and that, to his great mind, was primary.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

**Turmoil Continued.**

"The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder, a wail, a nothing, a no-man. Have a purpose in life, if it is only to kill and divide and sell oxen, but have a purpose."

TURMOIL continued. The Mahratta powers, five in number, were again attempting to found sovereignties for themselves. The Gaekwar of Baroda was trying to grasp the fertile country of Gujarat in Western India, formerly an independent Mohammedan kingdom, which had been conquered by Akbar in 1573, and over which the Scindia of Gwalior, another of India's powerful rulers, and the Holkar of Indore, alternatively held supremacy. The Rajah of Nagpore, called the Bonsla, reigned from Berat to the coast of Orissa in Bengal, while the Peshwa of Poona was the recognised head of the confederacy. Wellesley's aim was to bring all these refractory powers under British rule. Their little victories over each other all aided his desire. The Peshwa, defeated by the Holkar and driven a fugitive into British territory, was induced to sign a treaty pledging himself to hold no communication with the other powers. He showed his sincerity by granting districts for the maintenance of a subsidiary force, and dismissed all his French officers. This, naturally, greatly increased England's influence in the Bombay Presidency, but led to a second Mahratta war, as neither Scindia nor Nagpore would tolerate or forgive the betrayal of the Mahratta independence by its chief. The campaign



which followed—the most glorious in the story of England's conquest of India—proved afresh the indomitable spirit of the Governor-General, which would not yield to defeat.

The troops were led by Arthur Wellesley and General Lake. Wellesley fought in the Deccan, the country south of the Vindhya as far as Cape Comorin, defeated the allies at Assaye Argaum and captured Ahmadnagar. Lake's campaigns were equally successful. He won four pitched battles at Aligarh, the last being the famous victory of Laswari, disbanded the French troops at Scindia, and, best of all, stood forward as the friend and champion of the poor blind Emperor, Alam Shah, who was kept in bondage by the Scindia of Gwalior. These campaigns began 1802 and ended 1803, when both Gwalior and Nagpore sued for peace.

Personal hospitality shown to the author at Gwalior prompts the expression of a word of admiration for the present ruler there, who, with England's conquest little more than a century old, had so forgotten the fact that he could bestow upon a solitary traveller, not only lavish hospitality, but every mark of respect and consideration. This admiration extends not only to Gwalior's chief but to those of every other province where hospitality was desired, and never desired in vain. It was always with a feeling of deferential diffidence that favours were asked and received, for while believing the conquest to have been good for India, it was a bitter potion that the rulers had been forced to swallow in the past.

Wellesley continued the campaigns, and further additions to British possessions followed in 1803. The ruler of Nagpore forfeited Orissa to England and Berar to Haiderabad—which was practically British. The Holkar of Indore alone remained obdurate, supporting his troops by raiding Malwa and Rajputan and driving Wellesley to almost every kind of device to attain con-

quest and peace. Disasters followed for England. The troops under Colonel Monson suffered severe defeat and loss, and though Wellesley generously took all responsibility, without doubt Monson had been indiscreet in marching against the Holkar of Indore with insufficient forces, supplies and preparations. The Rajah of Kotah supplied boats for the retreat of the troops—a proof of his friendliness—which saved England from greater and more complete disaster. Great trouble also attended General Lake's efforts. There was defeat at Bhurtpore and loss of life which he deeply deplored. "A finer detachment," he wrote, "never marched. I have lost five battalions and six companies—the flower of the Army, and how they are to be replaced, God only knows. I have to lament the loss of some of the finest and most promising young men in the Army." In spite of this he wrote courageously to the Governor-General, saying that "he must set to work to retrieve the misfortune as soon as possible."

These disasters were the final blow to Wellesley's position. The irritation of the Directors at home had steadily increased. They were only too eager to view events with disfavour, and it was only the enthusiasm of the public over Wellesley's grand achievements that had delayed the expression of their dissatisfaction. The defeats in India, however, afforded them their opportunity—Wellesley must be recalled, they said, and all his policies reversed. Oh! foolish Directors—short-sighted and ignorant and faithless. Was Rome built in a day? Was there ever a rose without a thorn? Is it not out of disaster that good so often comes? The good work of years was to be undone by foolish petulance, by petty feelings unworthy of those in control of great affairs. Even in India the blow was felt. The English were not invincible after all—so argued the people of India; perhaps the Holkar could still conquer them, perhaps the

Mahrattas would still throw off their bondage! Had the cause for defeat been attributed to its proper source—the miscalculations of Colonel Monson—Wellesley's generosity and greatness would then have commanded its due and full recognition. But this court of small-minded Directors had private grievances, which they had nursed and kept warm; there was the appointment of Henry Wellesley at Mysore, the founding of the College at Fort William without their consent, the Mahratta war and various other matters quite safe in the hands of the man at the wheel, who, by the irony of fate, while born to command, was yet hindered and handicapped by the ignorance of those in authority and supposed to know best. It was no easy task for such a man as Wellesley to keep within the law, and to be fettered hand and foot, while he felt himself capable to rule and to organize. Had a free hand been given him, the conquest of the Mahratta would not have been delayed until 1818. Has not history repeated itself in our own day—and the powers that be over-ruled for loss, the good: obvious even to the most insignificant of us.

So the great Governor was recalled; “the gilded potato” which he despised being for the time his sole reward; while to Lake was granted a peerage and to Arthur Wellesley the Order of the Bath. Nevertheless, Wellesley was satisfied with his work in India. He had carried out during his seven years' tenure of office almost every scheme and reform which he had intended, and so confident was he in the success of his rule and policy that he could bear adverse criticism fearlessly and undauntedly. His far-seeing eyes revealed to him that time would bring his vindication, and that his principles and mode of government would yet be permanently established.

The news of Lord Cornwallis's reappointment as Governor-General came to him 25th May, 1805—on 30th July his successor in office arrived. On 15th August

Lord Wellesley sailed for England. The address presented to him on his farewell appearance in Calcutta must have qualified the dissatisfaction of the Directors at home. In it his compatriots expressed their extreme appreciation of his work and rule in India. They lauded his perspicacity in discerning the needs of the country and of the power and position necessary for its ruler. They commended his war tactics and successes, and regretted his departure.

Thus encouraged, Wellesley expected an ovation on his arrival at home, but alas! he had to be reminded of the cold irresponsiveness of England, and of its indifference as a nation to all things Indian. His reception was coldly polite. A few officials (military and naval) and personal friends met him at Portsmouth; but what a change from the glare and glitter of the East—Ichabod! His glory had departed, and he had the pain of realizing, like many another, that he was but an atom in a mighty vortex, and that his achievements occupied only a fleeting place in the mind and memory of the country he had served so well.

There was not even for Wellesley a happy domestic compensation. True, he was married, and the father of sons and a daughter, but there were clouds on his matrimonial horizon, and a dissolution of his life partnership was imminent. The political sky was also gloomy. His old friend, Pitt, lay dying, and his death deprived the ex-Governor of a loyal friend and defender. Trouble commenced for Wellesley at once. Instead of the honours he expected and knew he deserved, he had to defend himself from the attacks of the House of Commons. He resolved, therefore, to stand aloof from all political affairs until his slanderers and accusers were silenced. He had not long to wait. His conscientious convictions, his indomitable character, won the day. But the question arises—what did the Directors want? Why

were they always carping and cavilling and seemingly best pleased with the men who did the least, fearful lest any power or praise was lost to themselves. A voyage to India, none too luxurious in the beginning of last century, and a hot season in the plains, with a little intercourse with the people of India, would have had an excellent effect upon them. As it was, Wellesley, having grasped the situation in India, could be no mere figure-head or puppet, or brook delay to await directions from home, when immediate action was necessary. He knew what was best, and did it. He saw India was waiting to be conquered, and he wanted a firm rule established. Perhaps England's right to conquer may be questioned, but the good result is obvious to-day.

We have to accord all praise to Wellesley, for it was he who won India and made an empire of her, though the way had been well paved for him by Clive and Hastings. In truth, the Directors had begun to feel themselves unequal for their task. They had been mastered, and from this issue eventually came the greater development: the surrender of their power to the throne. It is not necessary to vindicate Wellesley's rule and reign. We only give admiration for his work, and there is credit too for the Directors for choosing and sending such a man to govern for them. To their praise he it written that later they rose above petty personal feelings, and to Wellesley was given all the reward and honour that were justly his. Permission was granted for the publication of his Indian despatches, and, by order of the Directors, a number of copies were sent for circulation in India. Nor did they confine themselves to superficial redress only; a sum of £20,000 was placed at Wellesley's disposal, and a marble statue of him was placed in the India House as "a public, conspicuous, and permanent mark of the admiration and gratitude of the East India Company."

All trouble past, Wellesley took a prominent part in political matters at home and abroad. He was appointed in 1809 Ambassador Extraordinary in Spain. In 1821 he became Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and held office until 1828, when personal motives prompted his resignation. In later years he served with Lord Grey's administration as Lord Chamberlain. It was in 1828 that he married a beautiful American woman—Mrs. Paterson—the sister of the Duchess of Leeds, an altogether happy union, which brightened the seclusion of his latter days, spent chiefly at Kingston House, Brompton. At 75 years of age he withdrew from public life, contenting himself with occasional visits to the House of Lords.

In this superficial survey of Lord Wellesley's life and work, only two more facts remain to be noted. It was from his attempts to promote a Civilian College in Calcutta that the great East Indian College at Haileybury was founded, to provide efficient training for the Civil Service in India, an important profession for which special training is required. A great work—quite his own—was the building of Government House, Calcutta, a magnificent pile of building, a replica of Kedleston Hall, Derbyshire. If there be any unfavourable criticism to make regarding it, it lies in the insufficiency of the surrounding compound, otherwise, externally and internally, it is a residence all worthy of the representative of our King.

Wellesley died 26th September, 1842, aged 82. He was buried, by his own wish, at Eton, for which place from his school days he had ever entertained a warm affection.

## CHAPTER XXX.

**Cornwallis, Minto and Hastings.**

“To be or not to be!”

LORD CORNWALLIS obeyed his country's call to take up the reins of the government of India a second time in 1805, but advanced in years and broken down in health, the strain proved fatal. There came a higher call, ten weeks only after his arrival in India, one he was obliged to obey. Sir George Barlow was elected temporarily to fill the vacancy until Lord Minto, the new Governor-General, arrived (1807).

Lord Minto's rule extended over six years, and was comparatively uneventful. The Company placed restrictions upon him and enjoined a penny-wise retrenchment and a cessation of warfare, which he soon found was impolitic, for the time had not then come to sheath the sword in India. The consequence of this seeming neutrality and figurehead government encouraged unrest amongst native powers, but with tactful diplomacy Lord Minto succeeded in preventing violent outbreaks without warfare and without lowering the prestige of the British name. He especially pleased the Directors with his Scottish thrift and clever financial management, which were materially assisted by his comparatively peaceful rule. The large sum of £2,000,000 in bullion was sent home, and thus enabled the Directors to pay off debts and reduce loans. Lord Minto's military feats were his conquest of Java, when he led the troops in person. Also there was the acquisition of the Mauritius, in which he was ably assisted by Lord Abercromby. He

confirmed the *entent cordiale* between native powers and the Government, and extended England's influence politically by sending ambassadors to outlying and doubtful districts. These ambassadors, who had been trained by Wellesley, were well fitted for these missions. Lord Metcalf was sent to Rangit Singe at Lahore, Lord Elphinstone met the Shah of Afghanistan, and our old friend, now Sir John Malcolm, was sent to Persia.

The error of restraining the power of the new Governor-General was instanced in the romantic tragedy which took place during his time in India. From 1806 until 1810, the Rajahs of Jeypore and Jodpore were fighting for the hand of the daughter of the Rana of Udaipur. She was regarded as a very desirable wife, not because of her wealth, beauty or accomplishments, for she was still only a child, but because her high birth (the Udaipur family is of the highest caste) would ennoble her husband and children. The Rana was weak and the girl was left no choice, for the custom of allowing the daughters to choose their husbands had fallen into disuse. In former days a banquet was given and a number of desirable suitors were invited. The princess then showed her preference by throwing a garland round the neck of her choice. This custom was superseded by a less independent course. The Rana sent a gilded cocoanut to the Rajah he favoured as a proof that his "Barkis was willin'." On this occasion it was sent to the Rajah of Jodpore, who, unfortunately, died before the marriage was celebrated. Then followed quarrels. The new Rajah contended that the offer was no personal offer, but was made to the throne of Jodpore, and, as successor to the dead ruler, he claimed the Udaipur princess. Meanwhile, one choice being as pleasing as another to the weak Rana, he had sent another gilded cocoanut to the Rajah of Jaipur, and the latter insisted on his right to marry the princess. Eventually a com-



promise was effected. The matter was to be referred to the Governor-General, who they maintained had succeeded to the power of the great Mogul. The Governor-General was required to make the choice and settle the dispute, and his verdict they declared should be final. With hands tied by England's restrictions, Lord Minto feared to exercise the power which these native powers recognised as his. Cruel indeed was the means used to settle a dispute of which the countries themselves were weary. The girl was desired by her weak father to swallow a poisoned cup of wine. This she bravely and fearlessly did, even preferring death herself to the friction and warfare of which she was the innocent cause.

At the close of Lord Minto's term of office, war clouds gathered on the southern slopes of the Himalayas, known as Nepaul. This country had been peopled by a peaceful and industrious Buddhist race called Newars. In 1767, about the time that Britain had possessed herself of Bengal, these Newars were invaded and conquered by a Rajput tribe from northern India, called Gurkhas. They over-ran the valley of Katmandu, and gradually spread themselves over the whole of Nepaul, to Sikkim on the east, Kauman on the west, and the Gangetic plains on the south. Their conquest of the country was complete. When matters had thus developed, it was time for the Governor-General to interfere in spite of the Directors and their restrictions. The Gurkhas had possessed themselves of districts beyond the land of their conquest. Lord Minto, therefore, gave them the option of restoring these lands or of being compelled by the sword to do so. Before their reply came Lord Minto's term of office had expired. The conquest of the Gurkhas was, therefore, left to his successor, Lord Moira.

In 1814 the Earl of Moira, formerly Lord Rawdon, and afterwards the Marquis of Hastings, took up the reigns of government in India. He was born 1754, and

was educated at Harrow and Oxford. Before entering the military profession, which he instinctively chose, he spent some months in travelling, which in those days was considered an educational finish for all men who intended to occupy public positions. He obtained a commission as ensign at the age of 17. Two years later he was transferred to the 5th Foot and was sent to America, where he saw active service and distinguished himself in the War of Independence. His promotion was rapid. In 1775 he had gained a Lieutenant-Colonelcy, and, later in the same year, he was appointed Adjutant-General of the forces in America and again distinguished himself. In 1781 ill-health obliged him to leave America. On his return home he was captured by a French cruiser and detained at Brest. He was, however, soon exchanged for some French prisoners and sent to England. In 1782, though only 28 years of age, he was promoted to the rank of Colonel and appointed Aide-de-Camp to the King. In 1783 he was created a peer, with the title of Baron Rawdon in the County of York, and thus became entitled to a seat in the House of Parliament. On the death of his father (1793) he inherited his second title of Earl Moira in the Irish Peerage. In 1794, as Major-General, he was sent to Flanders on diplomatic affairs. Very successful in his mission he was complimented "on knowing how to do the impossible." His ruse was, however, a costly one. He had the command of 10,000 men only, but deceived the French by ordering provisions for 25,000. For this England, in spite of the success of the undertaking, refused to pay, as also did Earl Moira himself. The debt was eventually discharged by his wife after his death. He next held the important office of Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Scotland. His name and fame thoroughly established, it was no surprise that he was offered the Governor-Generalship of India on Lord Minto's resignation.

At the beginning of his rule, Lord Moira, hereafter Lord Hastings, saw the need to carry on and complete Lord Wellesley's conquests in Central India and Nepaul, a policy which, as a parliamentarian at home, he had strongly opposed in the great Pro-Consul. On his arrival at Calcutta (1814) his attention was at once given to the settlement of affairs with the Gurkhas. It is a pleasure to write of these brave people, still more to have seen them in their own country of Nepaul as well as in India's hill stations, where, accustomed to highlands and cold climate, they thrive best. Short of stature, seldom exceeding five feet and often less, they are sturdy of build. They are brave, resolute, impetuous and hardy, and make splendid soldiers and good fighting men. Their chief weapon of warfare, called a *kukri* and peculiar to their own race, is a short broad-bladed weapon, slightly curved, which can work terrible havoc. Expert with this *kukri* they also carry a rifle. They are also trained to play the Scotch bagpipes, and never is the weird music heard to greater effect than in their mountain homes. They are equally clever in the manipulation of brass instruments, and their regimental bands are only second to some of our best.

The country of Nepaul, stretching for about seven hundred miles at the base of the Himalayas north of Oudh and Rohilkund, with its great belt of forest land—known as the Terai—enclosing it from the lowlands, seemed to the Gurkhas to be impregnable. When threatened with warfare no fears assailed them. "How could the English storm their mountain barriers," they said, "constructed by the hand of the Omnipotent One"?

The Governor-General knew that the Gurkhas were foemen worthy of their steel, and that their intrepidity and their fearless bravery necessitated their forces being outnumbered. They had replied to the despatch sent by Lord Minto that as the disputed districts belonged to

Nepaul they would not be surrendered. The new Governor-General, ignoring their refusal, fixed a date on which the districts were to be returned, failing which his threat would be carried into execution. They in turn appeared to ignore his ultimatum, but summoned a council to discuss affairs, and decided on resistance and war, but without declaring it. They sent an army, commanded by Amar Singh, a brave and distinguished soldier, to the disputed districts in order to show their readiness and their power. There they committed many cruel murders and then returned to their capital to await the action of the English. They consoled themselves with the thought that as the English had failed to take the lowland fortress of Bhartpur, how could they scale their mountainous heights to invade Nepaul. Certainly it was no easy task. There were the natural difficulties of a hill country to contend with, and, at the outset of the attempt, there was marsh and jungle to cover before making the precipitous and at times perpendicular ascent. Some idea of these difficulties may be described by one who has made the ascent in comfort by railway. Having done the first part of the march on pony-back, howsoever beautiful the scenery, one does recall a sense of relief on sighting the railway station at Siliguri, and still later there was the enjoyment of the toy railway on its two-foot gauge, cleverly puffing its way upwards, looping the loop and zig-zagging its way to reduce effort on the more perpendicular ascents.

It was, however, no pleasure trip for our brave soldiers with their heavy guns, severe snowstorms blinding them as they dragged them up the rugged mountain side. No roads were there to reduce their toilsome march; instead of that rocks had to be blasted and obstructions to be battered down before they could proceed. It was small wonder that one General took fright and galloped back to the plains again, leaving his

division to take care of itself. Not to be repulsed, however, was General David Ochterlony, although his operations nearly resulted in failure. His troops advanced in four divisions by different routes. For five months they stormed the Nepaulese forts, taking fortress after fortress, until the Gurkhas, brave and determined though they were, sued for peace. Matters were eventually settled by arbitration. Nepal ceded Kumaon on the west and the forest land of the Terai, and agreed to having a British Resident at Khatmandu, the capital. Time had not, however, come for the General to withdraw his forces. The Gurkhas, regretting their bargain, attempted petty quibbling, whereupon the troops were again prepared to advance. This readiness was, however, sufficient for the Gurkhas, who outwardly agreed to peace, although the Terai remained for years afterwards a disputed territory.

A great gain for India, which resulted from the subjection of the Gurkhas and the treaty with them, was the acquisition of the delightful hill stations of Simla, Mussoorie and Nainital, and equally advantageous is the gain of having enlisted these brave little fighting men in some of our best Indian regiments.

The time had not come for Lord Hastings to sheath his sword. There was trouble and unrest in Central India. The Mahrattas and Pindharis, whose headquarters were in Malwa, were again showing signs of their fierce and ill-governed nature, but again the Governor-General was restricted in his desire to conquer them, and regretted his failure to make clear to the home powers "the brutal and atrocious qualities of these people," and the need to subdue and restrain them. In 1816, however, the much desired permission came to subdue them. The warfare was wild in its severity on both sides, but eventually the English triumphed, although in some of the conflicts against the Mahrattas

they suffered severely. In one engagement five out of eight officers were killed, with 270 men disabled or dead. Eventually the Peshwa sued for peace. Sir John Malcolm was the clever arbitrator. The defeated ruler of the Mahratta was deprived of his sovereignty, but granted a pension of £80,000 annually, with a residence near Cawnpore, and there his name disappears from history's pages. Of his adopted son, Nana Sahib, to whom he bequeathed his personal property, we shall hear again.

Lord Hastings' term of office of 9 years extended to 1823, when he resigned in consequence of some unjust aspersions of a private nature being cast upon him. That these were short-lived is proved by his accepting office a year after his return home as Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Malta. A more substantial reward was the grant from the Company of £60,000 for the purchase of an estate. Both Houses of Parliament voted their thanks, and by the King, the honour of Grand Commander of the Bath was conferred.

Lord Hastings only held office in Malta for two years. He died, aged 72 years, from injuries received by a fall from his horse. His last wish—an unusual one—was that his right hand should be amputated and preserved, and be buried eventually clasping his wife's hand. The wish was carried into effect on the death of the Marchioness, and the hand was buried with her in the family vault.

As a ruler of India, and as a man, we must ever remember Hastings as a clever administrator, a diplomatic ruler, a brave soldier and of a nature unselfish and generous to a fault.

It is interesting to associate with the term of office of such a man as Hastings the spread of Christianity in India, in the appointment of a Bishop of Calcutta and also three Archdeacons for the management and control

of the Company's Chaplains. The first Bishop of Calcutta was Doctor Middleton (1814), the second was the well-known Bishop Heber, 1823-26, whose beautiful monument is one of the finest in Calcutta's Cathedral. In due course, as the need was recognised, a separate see was appointed for Madras (1835), and in 1877 the dioceses of Lahore and Rangoon were separated from Calcutta. The Joint Bishopric of Travancore and Cochin was established in 1870, Chota Nagpore in 1890 and Lucknow in 1892. With these dignitaries we must associate the name of Dr. Alexander Duff, who was first missionary of the Church of Scotland (1830-1863). To his influence is largely due the use of the English language for the higher branches of education in India.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

**Lord Amherst of Arrakan.**

"When you meet your antagonist, do everything in a mild and agreeable manner. Let your courage be as keen, but at the same time as polished as your sword."

WILLIAM PITT, Lord Amherst, born 1773, and named after the great statesman, had proved himself a good diplomatist and soldier before he was offered the position of Governor-General of India. By descent as well as by personality he was well fitted for the high office. The son of a distinguished soldier, he inherited his title from his uncle, the first Lord Amherst, who was Governor-General of British America.

Lord Amherst the second was educated at Westminster, and, passing on to Oxford, took his M.A. degree there. After leaving the University some months were spent in travel, after which he entered the diplomatic service and was sent as Ambassador to Sicily. On his return to England (1815) he was elected a Privy Councillor. The first important service entrusted to him was the mission to China as Ambassador Extraordinary on behalf of the East India Company, his duty being to settle a dispute which had arisen between the English merchants and the Chinese magistrates at Canton.

The voyage to China in those days was slow and tedious; equally trying was the conduct of the procrastinating and exacting Chinese. They delayed, by every possible ruse, the fulfilment of the mission, and incensed the Ambassador by requiring of him homage of



a humiliating nature which he would not observe. His unalterable refusal called forth all the tactful resources of his well-disciplined nature: Equally disconcerting was his return voyage, with its painful excitement of shipwreck, and, as if that were not sufficient adventure, the ship he next embarked on caught fire. These perils past, however, he reached England in the autumn of 1817, in no way depressed by his misadventures. In 1823 the Indian appointment was offered to him and was at once accepted. He sailed for Calcutta the same year. The senior member of Council, according to custom, a Mr. John Adam, officiated as Governor-General in the interim between Lord Hastings' resignation and the arrival of his successor.

The five years of Lord Amherst's rule included the great Burmese War and the extension of the Company's possessions over Tennasserim, Arrakan and Assam, places eventually of great interest to England. The capture of the long-disputed Bhartpore was the third prominent event.

Burmah, with its upper and lower sections, the country which borders the western shore of the Bay of Bengal and is bounded by China on the east, has an area of 170,000 square miles and a population to-day of over seven millions. It is a fertile, productive and beautiful country. Arrakan and Pegu, the provinces on its western and southern coasts, are rich in mineral oil springs. Tennasserim, like a long narrow tail, stretches from Rangoon southward in the direction of Sumatra. Burmah is rich in forest land, yielding teak and other valuable trees. For its intrinsic value Burmah was well worth its conquest. Tennasserim has valuable tin mines; gold and copper are also to be found. Its people are of a Thibetan-Chinese origin and profess Buddhism. The country was founded in 1757 by a famous adventurer named Alompra the Hunter, who, after conquering

Pegu, founded the city of Rangoon near the mouth of the Irrawadi, at the Gulf of Martaban, making Ava his capital. His powerful successors continued the warfare, and, ravaging westward, invaded Assam, which was then (1800) an independent kingdom, with its southern district of Cachar and the petty states of Manipore, which jut into Burmese territory. Elated with this success, the invaders passed on to English territory.

Lord Amherst contented himself at the outset by remonstrating with the King of Ava; who, furious at any interference with what he believed to be his paramount and undisputed authority, ordered his Viceroy to proceed to Calcutta to arrest and bring the Governor-General in golden chains to Burmah for execution.

Lord Amherst proclaimed war on the 24th of February, 1824. He had great difficulties to contend with. Burmah was an unknown land, and nothing could be learnt of her powers. The Indian soldiers objected to travel by sea to the seat of war, asserting that it meant loss of caste for them. This difficulty was overcome by sending them overland to Arrakan, from our now important port of Chuttagong, which at the time belonged to Arrakan by conquest, and thence by the Bramaputra to Assam—a somewhat devious detour. The less scrupulous sepoys were sent by sea to Rangoon.

When our forces arrived they found that the Burmese bark was worse than its bite. The would-be defenders had fled into the jungle; they had left, however, at every vulnerable point, strong blockades twenty feet high to baulk the progress of the enemy, and against these our artillery was unserviceable. Another serious impediment was the dense malarious jungles. For two years a weary and demoralizing war was dragged on: it was not until 20,000 British soldiers had succumbed to disease or been slain on the field, and fourteen millions had been expended, that the King of Ava sued for peace (1826).

Lord Amherst agreed to a cessation of hostilities on condition that the King relinquished all claims to Assam, Arrakan and Tennasserim, paid an indemnity of one million pounds, and agreed to a British Resident at Burmah—a considerable concession, we must admit, in addition to being conquered. We cannot help feeling that England, as represented by Lord Amherst, was in no way modest in her exactions, but, without doubt, she had a heavy toll to pay for her efforts and gains.

The warfare in Burmah was not without disastrous effects in certain parts of India. Its contagion spread; the Mahrattas, Pindaris and Játs again showed signs of insubordination. The Chief at Bhartpur openly defied English authority, and deposed his infant cousin, whom the English had established as rightful heir under a Regent. Lord Amherst hesitated to take action—his laudable policy was for peace always, and arbitration if possible. Sympathy must even now be felt for the then aged Sir David Ochterlony, stationed and in command at Delhi, who had done such splendid service under the two previous Governor-Generals, but, hearing of this Ját trouble, he at once marched to subdue it. His ardour met with a repulse from Lord Amherst, who ordered him at once to desist, a rebuff which the old warrior felt so keenly after his fifty years' service that he resigned his appointment, and, never recovering from the vexation, died two months afterwards. The wisdom of the old warrior was nevertheless proved eventually, and to Lord Combermere, the Commander-in-Chief, the order was given to check the disturbance, which Sir David had desired to do, capture the fort, and reduce the Rajah to submission. The order was effectually obeyed. Unable with his 25,000 men and 130 navy guns to break the sixty-foot sun-baked walls, Lord Combermere adopted a decisive plan—so briefly told, so horrible in its effects. A trench was dug under the chief battery of the fortress:

into this ten thousand pounds of gunpowder was placed, and terrific was the explosion which followed. Slowly the seemingly impregnable fortress rose in the air, and with a mighty roar the flames burst forth, shattered it to atoms, dealing death to the besiegers as well as the besieged. A desperate fight followed, and Bhartpur, the strongest fortress in India, which had so long defied our forces, was captured. Its name is all but forgotten now, except by the Royal Munster Fusiliers, who carry it on their colours, and who had marched sixty miles in eighteen hours to be at the assault, the fifth victory in which they had taken part. Thus were wiped out previous failures to capture a fort, firmly believed by her possessors to be impregnable.

If any would question England's right to such wholesale plunder and conquest, the disputed succession there made interference necessary, and only drastic measures met the need. Lord Amherst's rule had the effect of making India more surely and purely English. Many were the reforms he anticipated, but left to his successor to carry into effect. His five years of eventful government ended March, 1828. Very popular in India amongst all classes, his departure was deeply regretted. On his return to England he was created Earl Amherst of Arrakan. He died 1857.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

**Lord William Cavendish Bentinck.**

"There are two powers that make for peace—  
What is right and what is fitting."

OPPOSITE the Town Hall, Calcutta, on the south side is a fine statue of Lord William Cavendish Bentinck, who succeeded Lord Amherst as Governor-General, and whose rule in Bengal extended from 1828 to 1835.

Peace was the prevailing characteristic of his reign, and from the inscription on the statue the reader may judge how greatly he was beloved by the people of India. Groups of natives are represented on the front of the lower pedestal, and the impression conveyed is that these are waiting in joyful expectation for a fulfilment of their petitions. The fine bronze figure above on a marble plinth and pedestal, standing erect and wearing the Court dress of the period, is of a commanding appearance. The beautiful inscription on the plinth, written by Lord Macaulay, Lord Bentinck's friend and legal member of his Council, describes the man better far than words of mine. "To William Cavendish Bentinck, who during seven years ruled India with eminent prudence, integrity and benevolence, who, placed at the head of a great Empire, never laid aside the simplicity and moderation of a private citizen; who infused into oriental despotism the spirit of British freedom, who never forgot that the end of government is the happiness of the governed; who abolished cruel rites; who effaced humiliating distinctions; who gave liberty to the expression of public

opinion—whose constant study it was to elevate the intellectual and moral character of the nation committed to his charge, this monument was erected by men who differing in races, in manners, in language and in religion, cherish with equal veneration and gratitude the memory of his wise, reforming and patient administration." These comprehensive words fitly describe Lord Bentinck, the second son of the third Duke of Portland, born 14th September, 1774, died 17th June, 1839. In 1791 he obtained a commission as ensign in the Coldstream Guards. Two years later he got his company in the 2nd Light Dragoon Guards, and again two years later he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the 24th Light Dragoons. In the Flemish campaign he served on the staff of the Duke of York. Mentioned in despatches, a brilliant career was predicted for the young soldier—a Colonel at twenty years of age. While only 24 the responsible position was entrusted to him of being England's representative in her campaign in Italy and Switzerland, and in 1811, he was appointed Commander of the troops in Sicily, where he did splendid work organizing a Sicilian army 10,000 strong, completing also while in residence there much useful work of a political nature. In April, 1803, Lord Bentinck was appointed Governor of Madras—the youngest Englishman ever appointed to so responsible a position. He held the appointment for years, when he was recalled, unjustly blamed for mutiny and insubordination. Serious annoyance had arisen amongst the Indian soldiers owing to the enforcement of certain changes in their headgear, which was very displeasing to them, and equally so was the order to abandon their caste mark and the wearing of earrings when in uniform. The sepoy of all castes were unanimous in their rebellion, and their insurrection was attended with fatal results. The Company was harsh in its treatment of Lord Bentinck—

it realized its injustice later. He suffered deeply under what he termed his "personal disgrace," and still more severely when his appeal was disregarded, which, in his own language, he "felt he only had to place before the Directors in order to obtain redress." That the Company, however, did not hold him entirely to blame is evidenced by his being employed in Portugal and Corunna, and as Commander-in-Chief in Sicily. He also served in Spain and led an expedition against Genoa in 1814.

Thirteen years passed without government employment; then his reward came when he was elected Governor of Bengal (1828) and Commander-in-Chief of the forces.

It devolved on Lord Bentinck to insist on economies, to restore financial equilibrium, and to reform the land revenue settlement in the north-western provinces, to establish a board of revenue there and reorganize the Judicial Courts. His rule was conspicuous for its good administrative reforms, while his benignant and gracious bearing was effective in winning subjection and regard from an alien and conquered people for their new rulers.

The allocation of funds for the education of the Indian people was preparatory to opening wide the gates for service in the Company. In this advance Lord Bentinck met with opposition from the covenanted service, but, fortunately, was supported by the Directors and the home Government, with the just results to-day that the people of the land are on an equal footing for all posts and positions with the English. Their men take their places as judges and advocates, and even as clergy and missionaries—a striking example is connected with the Church of Scotland. At the General Assembly of the Church at Allahabad in December, 1913, it was Rajah Sir Harnam Singh who presided as Moderator. History doth not relate if he was an

ordained minister of the Church or even if he was versed in the problems of the shorter or longer Catechisms. If he were we must credit him with a profound ecclesiastical knowledge and extraordinary talent.

The two reforms which met with universal approval in England were the abolition of sati and the suppression of thangi. Those who practised this barbarous occupation were called Thags. They were hereditary assassins, who, disguised as merchants or pilgrims, made death by strangling their profession and were bound together by oath to practise and inflict it. They attributed their rights and inspiration to the goddess Kali, the goddess of destruction, wife of their god, Siva. She was a black fury of hideous visage, dripping with blood, hung round with skulls and crowned with snakes. Very horrible are the human sacrifices which have been so cruelly perpetrated to propitiate her. In less than ten years, i.e., from 1826 to 1835, nearly two thousand Thags were captured, their companies broken up and their horrible brotherhood disbanded and entirely annihilated. 382 suffered death, while the rest were transported for life.

Agra and Delhi and their environments were the favourite resorts of the Thags. In the India Office, Whitehall, the manuscripts are kept, which detailed all their devices, their cruelties and the number of their victims. They chiefly used a rope with a slip-knot noose, which they so cleverly cast over the victim's head that escape was impossible; fortunately death was instantaneous. It was with similar speed that graves were made with their pickaxes, which they consecrated to Kali. One of their devices was as cunning as it was shocking. They employed women to ensnare men with their beauty, enlisting their pity for wrongs which they pretended had befallen them. These, as a rule, offered and promised protection, suggesting flight behind them



on horseback, but no sooner was the mount effected than the cruel deed was perpetrated. So depraved were these Thags that when brought to justice they showed no shame in their villainous acts, but rather proudly recounted what they termed their successes.

Equally horrible is sati—widow-burning—but yet it has love for its keynote. The attempt to suppress it by the great Akbar will be remembered, and also easily recalled will be the death of Rangit Singh, the Lion of Lahore in 1839 and the appalling sati ceremony which followed, when his four wives and seven slave girls suffered immolation unmoved on his funeral pyre. The word sati is of Sanskrit origin, and means pure and chaste. It was considered the crowning act of a virtuous woman's life, and proved her love, howsoever foolishly, for her husband. It was long maintained by Brahmins that sati was a religious injunction founded on a Vedic text; that such was an erroneous translation has been definitely proved. We do not like to associate with these peace-loving people and their salutary lives a rite so very dreadful—one, nevertheless, practised in India for nineteen hundred years. In the morals of Plutarch, A.D. 66, it is written "that among the Indians such chaste wives as are true lovers of their husbands strive and contend for the fire, and all the rest sing aloud for the happiness of her who having the victory is burnt with her deceased husband." From this it would seem that only one wife was allowed the privilege of sati, whereas we know from other sources that all the wives suffered—the concubines also — and maidservants or slave girls, and sometimes men, have shewn their devotion by flinging themselves on the flames. It is also in evidence that sati was chiefly practised by the higher castes or on the death of Rajput chiefs. At Jodpore, the capital of the Rajput state and the country known as Merwar, monuments of varied design mark the place where these

ceremonies took place. Sometimes the chief's figure is rudely cut in stone, sometimes as if on horseback, while receding on either side are small white composite blocks, which represent the number who suffered sati with him. One memorial commonly seen is of two or four footprints engraved on a slab of stone. One of these is in evidence at Alwar, enclosed in a marble pavilion beside the cenotaph of a Rajah. Over each impression, respectively, were engraved a sword, a gun, a dagger and a shield. The author was required to remove her shoes before entering the pavilion, an indication that it was held sacred and revered. A still more common form of memorial is a hand—always a little one—engraved on stone or embossed on metal. This is often on the gates and walls of palaces and temples.

There is a touching illustration of sati at Jodpore, where many rows of little hands are to be seen engraved on the walls of the palaces which lead to the Zenana quarter, and these the visitor is told represent the queens, concubines and slave girls who suffered sati for the Maharajahs of Jodpore.

The last sati suffered at Jodpore was in the year 1839, when Maharajah Man Singh died, and then one Rani and her attendant and four concubines immolated themselves.

During the 350 years which intervened between 1483 and 1839, seventeen chiefs of Jodpore, called the Rathor Clan, died, and for these seventy-three Ranis and one hundred and forty-eight concubines suffered the cruel rite. A complete list and description of these were kept by the Rathor historian. The first recorded was that of Rao (pronounced Rye) Jodhaji, who built the city of Jodpore, the seat of government. The state itself was founded after the defeat of the Rathors in 1211. Rao Jodhaji died at Gye on the Ganges. Eight Ranis suffered on his funeral pyre.

Varied are the tales and statements made concerning the rite which we so heartily rejoice is abolished, although it is only within the last year or so that two widows in Bengal effected the rite for themselves by saturating their clothes in oil and then setting them alight. It was with music and dancing at times that satis were accompanied to their self-imposed fate. Again one heard of the victims being drugged or stimulated with wine, and there were times again when reluctant victims were thrust into the flames, and others who attempted escape were seized and held in the flames by their friends and even by their own male relatives. The general belief prevailed that strong religious motives ever prompted sati. There was the firm belief in a future life, and, therefore, the desire of a speedy reunion; the end of sorrow and the renewal of joys; and again there was the glory of remembrance amongst her kith and kin and future generations; but while the love and devotion of wives to their husbands was very generous and sincere, it was withal too childish and subservient to be practically minded. Probably the tyranny of their husbands, the fear of perpetual widowhood and its humiliations, blended with prevalent ignorance, had much to do with the cruel practice and the willingness of the wives to endure it.

There is yet another practical and prosaic view, which, however, may be taken with the proverbial grain of salt. There are those who say that husbands encouraged sati as a protection for their own lives! There was small fear of jealous wives administering potions when death for her victim meant a similar fate for herself! But no, we could not credit these simple-minded folk with inspiration so base or courage so stupendous.

Very severe were the penalties imposed with Lord Bentinck's reform on all who defied the law and aided

and abetted sati. The offence was termed culpable homicide, and offenders were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment.

A policy of non-intervention with the native states had been impressed on Lord Bentinck by the Directors. The man at the wheel knew better. He knew there was still unrest, a smouldering discontent, waiting for cause and opportunity to break forth. Education was still in its infancy—its powers scarcely budding—and civilization was yet superficial. This tranquillity on England's part was likely to be taken advantage of. Only a little knowledge of the Indian's character would suggest precautionary measures and a tight rein. The Nizam of Haiderabad was not slow in perceiving England's relaxation and in trading upon it. He demanded the withdrawal of England's espionage and control, and the same audacity on his part was not lacking to ask the favour of an English bodyguard! In Mysore, 1831, trouble was more serious. There was open rebellion against the Hindu ruler of Coorg, the south-westerly province of Mysore. Lord Bentinck saw fit to disregard the restriction placed upon him, and personally conducted a campaign against the Rajah Lingaraj. The war was sharp and short—the Rajah surrendered—was deposed and allowed to retire to Velora, thereafter to Benares, eventually to England, where he died. The little territory of Coorg was the only annexation effected by Lord Bentinck. Its people willingly placed themselves under England's rule and protection.

Of importance also is allusion to the King of Delhi, as from the disturbance there—no bigger than a man's hand—culminated the Great Mutiny of 1857. The King, ignoring the Governor-General, had sent a special messenger to England, a Hindu reformer, named Nawab Ram Mohan Roy, to press some pretended claims. England wisely ignored this emissary and his business.

The Governor-General, although annoyed, evinced no outward signs. His duty, however, compelled him to interfere actively in revenging the cruel murders of Mr. Fraser, the Commissioner of Delhi, and Captain Douglas. Nor did the King's cruelty end there. Mr. Jennings, the Chaplain, and his daughter, were also murdered, and some fifty English ladies and children suffered a similar fate. The cruelty of their case was aggravated, because they had sought the King's protection and had imagined themselves safe within the shelter of the palace walls, which the King had granted them. Any sympathy we feel for this weak and wicked old man is dispelled as we pursue the story of the awful fate of these our own country folk. The mutinous sepoys, from whom they fled to the King's protection, pursued them and demanded the death of one and all. They did not demand in vain. The King, treating them as prisoners, instead of trusting guests, left them to their inhuman fate. They were imprisoned in a darkened room, supplied only with coarse and scanty food, and promised life only on condition they became Moham-medans and entered the King's service as slaves or menials. One and all refused—one and all were massacred. These were only some of the many victims of the Mutiny at Delhi.

These horrible details are proof of the unhappy state of matters in the capital at that time, and this must be remembered when dealing later with the most appalling disaster in Anglo-Indian history, the Mutiny of 1857.

Further reforms of Lord Bentinck's reign were all of a peaceful and diplomatic nature, which fully justified the regard in which he was held by the people of England. He resigned office in March, 1835, and returned to England for a short period of usefulness only. He died 1839, aged sixty-five.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

**Lord Bentinck and Useful Reforms.**

"Nothing makes the soul so pure as the endeavour to create something great."

A PRETTY little incident marks the rule of Sir Charles, afterwards Lord Metcalfe, who officiated as Governor-General during the interval of Lord Bentinck's departure and the arrival of his successor, Lord Auckland. It was the arbitration of a little child, an illustration of strength being perfected in weakness. A British officer had been murdered in Jaipur, the result of conspiracy and coalition between the widowed Rani and her Thakurs (courtiers). Lord Metcalfe had attempted to make peace; the murder that followed the futility of his efforts necessitated active interference and his presence in Jaipur, where a meeting of enquiry was held. While the Council were engrossed with its difficulties and perplexities, a little child—the Rajah of eight years old, suddenly threw the curtain open which partitioned the conference room from his own, and, rushing in, threw himself in Sir Charles Metcalfe's arms and begged mercy and respect for his mother and care and protection for himself. He did not plead in vain. Leniency was extended, peace and order restored, and the child Rajah was placed under the protection of a British Resident.

A reform attempted by Lord Amherst, and continued by Lord Bentinck, was completed by Sir Charles Metcalfe; that of giving freedom to the British Press. The English journalist who made himself formidable or

objectionable with his pen, was secured from deportation, a much valued and useful concession. Lord Macaulay, as member of Council, was a prominent leader in all legal reforms. He urged that English should be the official language spoken, and that it should be the language used in schools and colleges for the young people of India, a suggestion that was unanimously carried. One is, nevertheless, struck in India with the comparatively small amount of English spoken, whereas in the French settlement French, and French only, is spoken. It would now be found most useful if Hindustani were taught in our English schools for the benefit of those whose lives are likely to be cast in the East.

Lord Metcalfe's rule lasted one year only. The Court of Directors were inclined to continue his services as full Governor-General, but party exigencies required the appointment of Lord Auckland. The latter arrived in the spring-time of 1836, accompanied by his sister (he was unmarried), the Honourable Emily Eden, whose letters home afforded an interesting introduction to the social side of life in India in those early days. George Eden, Earl of Auckland, was the second son of the first Lord Auckland, and succeeded to the title because of the death by drowning of his elder brother. He succeeded him also as Member of Parliament for the same borough, and took an active part and interest in politics. He was rewarded by being elected (1834) first Lord of the Admiralty. His reign in India was of a peaceful nature, and appeals to us as the beginning of all things modern. He delighted in his work as an "opportunity for doing good to his fellow-creatures, by promoting an administration of justice in India, and of extending the blessings of good government and happiness to millions of her people." He is described as reticent and shy, dignified but good-natured, and disliked all pomp and

show. The Directors, pleased with their choice, "felt they had secured the services of a man well fitted by temperament and experience to discharge the exacting duties of quiet times." He is described by another biographer as having "excellent understanding, placid temper, taste and tact exquisite, and notwithstanding his apparent gravity he was cheerful and possessed a heart overflowing with affection, charity and benevolence." He lacked decision, a flaw, however, which his Council did not balance against him. Lord Auckland's first act was "to improve the administration of Justice by removing a legal anomaly." Calcutta had two Courts of Justice, the High Court of the East India Company and the Supreme Court of the Crown. The former had authority throughout the entire Presidency, the latter in Calcutta only. Europeans had the power of appeal to the Supreme Court, Indians could only appeal to the High Court. The anomaly is obvious — its injustice Lord Auckland could not permit to continue. While the European could appeal anywhere in the Presidency, the Indian could only do so in Calcutta, which necessitated the expense of trains and often the loss and inconvenience of leaving his employment for an indefinite period. One is sorry to add that the European community greatly objected to the reform, which they termed the "black act of Macaulay," the legal adviser being stigmatised as the scapegoat.

Education made vast strides in Lord Auckland's term of office—not the least prosperous was the study of medicine and surgery. Caste had been a great hindrance to the latter study. Progress was impossible without a knowledge of anatomy, and to touch a dead body meant the loss of caste. However, so great was the desire to succeed that the loss of caste became a secondary consideration, and in 1837 students in Calcutta were freely using their scalpels on dead bodies. Lord Auckland



personally encouraged every effort. His ruling desire was to benefit the people of the land; he wished to teach them the benefit of conquest and to recognise that the hand which had chastised them was also one to lift them up. His charitable and benevolent nature was successful in removing much of the resentment existing towards England. He established relief funds to assist the poor. He was effectual in starting irrigation measures where he noted that famine was caused by the lack of it. The removal of the "pilgrim tax" won for him widespread regard. The large sum of £30,000 swelled the treasury annually, the proceeds of the tax for the observance of their religious rites by the people of India—quite the last source from which Government had any right to profit. With its removal, agencies were established throughout the country to help the people in the performance of the rites which were considered by them a necessity. "Missie," said my old syce one day to me, "I want leave—go make my pilgrimage." "Oh! why," I replied, "what will the ponies and I do without you"? "Missie, I must go. I, old man, I die, I make pilgrimage, then I tell no more lies, I die safe"! He went, he returned, but I fear the promised reform was not accomplished!

The native states, under British rule and protection, came in for a large share of Lord Auckland's consideration. Oudh required his active assistance. The King, Nasir-ud-din, had died suddenly, the result, it was thought, of a poisoned draught administered by the Begum, which proves that even "sati" was not always a deterrent! Nasir-ud-din had incurred her displeasure by disowning her natural son and appointing his uncle as his heir. Colonel John Low, the Resident, hastened to install him as King. He was forestalled by this strong-minded woman, who had imprisoned the heir and placed her son on the throne. The Resident thereupon summoned troops, attacked and forced the palace gates,

took possession and sent the Begum and her son prisoners to British territory. Lord Auckland made a treaty with the rightful King, but his action was not supported by the Directors, whose interference and disapproval were ill-timed.

Another "protected" state which required attention was Satara in the Bombay Presidency, south of Poona and Mahabaleshwar. Three thousand feet above sea level, it is one of the most salubrious stations in the Deccan, with 26,000 inhabitants. The fort rising picturesquely on the south side of the town is now nearly desolate, but was a fine stronghold in ancient times when there was a considerable amount of petty warfare and intrigue. It was possessed of a good prison, chiefly used for state prisoners. In 1698 Satara was chosen as the seat of the Mahratta Government. With it, too, we associate the well-known name of Pratap Singh. The first scion of that name was installed as Rajah 1818. That English tourists as a rule overlook these small places is a personal loss. There is interesting history everywhere, and to my thinking it gains in value when acquired on the spot. Such was one of the pleasant advantages of touring India slowly and roughing it smoothly. There was time for the great interest of taking notes, and these not only prove useful now but served to impress indelibly places perhaps of minor note. In connection also with Satara, we would honour the name of Mount Stuart Elphinstone, who did so much good service in Western India, and whose influence was so great because of the nobility of his character. His "History of India" is a record of his ability as a writer. He had started life in India in 1796 in the Company's service at the early age of 15, and at 39 he was Governor of Bombay. On his retirement from that office he refused the Governor-Generalship of India! In the interval in India he had filled many posts of a diplomatic and official

nature, and also while untrained as a soldier yet took his share in the field of battle so well that the Duke of Wellington said of him, "That man has mistaken his vocation—he ought to be a soldier."

The new Rajah, Mahmud Shah, installed by Elphinstone, promised well at the beginning of his rule, but deteriorated as so many do under the influence of their courtiers, whose motives and aims were self-aggrandisement only. These always had the wariness to touch the vulnerable spot, one on which Indian rulers at that time were particularly sensitive—their fear of being mere puppets in the hands and estimation of the English nation. Fire quickly spreads, and other evils follow in its course. The Rajah next attempted conspiracies, even with the servants of the Company. Sir James Carnac, the Governor of Bombay, personally visited Mahmud Shah, hoping with tact to influence him aright. His efforts, however, were futile, and serious measures were necessary—the Rajah was deposed and sent a state prisoner to Benares (1839).

Of Gwalior, near Agra, a popular state for visitors to-day and possessed of a good Rajah, one is glad in the days of Lord Auckland to record good things. The Maharajah Jankoji's loyalty to England was rewarded by the restoration of his dominion of Kandesh, which had been lost to the state in a previous reign.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

**Lord Auckland and Tragedies.**

"I quote others only in order the better to express myself."

LORD AUCKLAND'S term of office, which began so peacefully, was closed with disaster, warfare and tragedies of the most appalling nature. The expediency of this warfare has been gravely questioned, and indeed is condemned. As there was small cause for interference, and loopholes of escape with honour occurred when the mistake had been made, the regret is that the Governor-General did not avail himself of those when disaster was imminent. He was strengthened in his original policy by his advisers and deputies, Sir William Macnaughten and Sir Alexander Burnes, who were in Afghanistan. There was, without doubt, a vein of aggression in England's attitude and a desire to make use of a small cloud for her aggrandisement, that of possessing Afghanistan as an outpost for the British Empire of India. The story, a long and complicated one, is easy to criticise now. Lord Auckland was required to act without the knowledge we now possess, so we may credit him with all prudence, and we know he was devoid of animosity.

In the early days of his rule, the Amir, Dost Mohammed of Afghanistan, had made friendly overtures to the Governor-General, and asked for his advice and approval in the government of his kingdom. Lord Auckland made use of these in a manner somewhat unwarrantable. The Amir's pleasantries were merely a

matter of form, because he wished to conciliate the English in order to have their help in recovering his lost territory of Peshawar.

Now that the French war with Russia was ended, Russia felt free and desired to extend her power across Asia towards Persia—Persia in turn was besieging Hirat in Afghanistan. England, in the person of Lord Auckland, was determined that neither power should take Hirat from the Afghans, to whom it lawfully belonged. The Governor-General was also anxious—in spite of his friendly overtures—to depose Dost Mohammed, because he had been in intrigue with Russia, and more especially because he was not the rightful ruler. Lord Auckland desired to enthrone Shah Shuja, whom Dost Mohammed had deposed some years previously. Even with justice for the fundamental reason, it seemed best that England should leave sleeping dogs to their repose. The Amir Dost was a capable ruler, and was approved by the Afghans, while Shah Shuja was weak and worthless. With regard to Peshawar, Lord Auckland unhesitatingly resolved that such a concession would not be considered, but he diplomatically waived the matter as belonging entirely to our trusted ally, Rangit Singh of Lahore, and emphasised his desire that the Amir should rather make peace with the ruler of Peshawar. Lord Auckland's attempted diplomacy was ignored. War was therefore declared in 1838. Meanwhile, the Persians had already commenced their attack on Hirat. The ruler of Hirat owed the success of his defence to an able young English officer, Captain Eldred Pottinger, styled the Hero of Hirat, who was travelling the country at the time of the attack and who volunteered his service. With the Persians successfully driven back, the Government had the opportunity of avoiding warfare, but, notwithstanding this, decided to proceed against Afghanistan to depose Dost Mohammed and substitute the ruler of their

choice. An army of 14,000 strong had little cause to fear defeat. They carried all before them. Their loss, so far as Kabul was concerned, was trifling, Kandahar surrendered, and Ghazi was taken. The Amir fled, and Shah Shuja was enthroned. Having gained their point so easily, it were well had the English forces been withdrawn, but, knowing the weakness of the new ruler, Lord Auckland determined that the greater part of the troops should remain in the country until Shah Shuja was firmly established. This policy, which extended over two years, greatly aggravated the Afghans, who feared a permanent hold being established, and as they had not then shown any friendliness towards the English or appreciation of the change of ruler which they had effected, there was cause to question England's attitude in the matter. The false and treacherous character of the Afghan was ignored, and a very terrible price was paid for this trustfulness and erroneous judgment.

Shah Shuja, although entirely indebted to the English for his position, showed signs of discontent that the English persistently remained, and inferred that there doing so was a slur on his dignity. At this juncture Dost Mohammed was encouraged to return, and required little persuasion to do so. He, however, was easily baulked, and, surrendering himself, gave up his sword to Sir William Macnaughten, who returned it to its owner with kindly words of encouragement. He was escorted to Calcutta by Sir John Malcolm, granted a pension of £20,000 a year, and evidently felt too well contented to give further trouble.

The quiescence that followed increased the general confidence that prevailed, a confidence so serene that when Sir Willoughby Cotton handed over charge of the forces to General Elphinstone he remarked, "You will have nothing to do here; your age and infirmities need not cause you any reluctance to accept the position."

The Directors at home had, however, begun to feel uneasy; still, their envoy, Sir William Macnaughten, remained firm, asserting that "to leave Afghanistan would be an unparalleled political atrocity, and a cheat of the first magnitude." But more "atrocious" was the fate that awaited him and also Sir Alexander Burnes, who, in utter disregard of danger, had taken up residence in the city, refusing to listen to the wise warning of John Nicholson or of his faithful Munshi (Hindustani teacher). The Afghans had only been waiting their opportunity; their plans complete, their action was severe and sudden and inhumanly cruel. Burnes was their first victim. Within a few hours of the execution of their scheme a friendly Afghan had warned him of his danger; still he bravely refused to leave his post, and in this he was encouraged by his friend, Macnaughten, who also disregarded all warnings of the dangers that surrounded him. The fateful hour, nevertheless, had come. The precautionary measure of asking for armed assistance had been adopted too late.

Burnes, with his brother, were at rest in their bungalow when they were suddenly surprised to find it surrounded by a cruel and relentless mob. They tried to conciliate them by talk from the verandah. The result was futile. The brothers then disguised themselves as natives, and, trusting to the promise of a Kashmiri to conduct them to a place of safety, left the house. In so doing they went straight to their doom. "This is Sikander Sahib," said their treacherous guide, and, simultaneously with the words, the brothers were barbarously murdered.

Sir William Macnaughten's fate was even more cruel in its cold bloodedness. He had finally consented to remove the British troops, yielding to the appeal of Mohammed Akbar Khan, the son of the deposed and exiled ruler, who had practically assumed control of

affairs, that they would do so in three days. Macnaughten had agreed on condition that they were assisted with supplies. This the enemy failed to perform, and so rendered evacuation impossible.

The details that follow are not to England's credit. Macnaughten regretted his promise, regretted the failure of his anticipated triumph, and sank to intrigue with the Afghans, promising vast sums if their chiefs would assist him. He also desired and hoped for a conciliatory interview with Akbar Khan, who consented to meet him, and appointed a sequestered spot for the purpose. In spite of every warning Macnaughten rode forth for the interview, accompanied only by three of his officers, George Lawrence, Captain Colin Mackenzie and Captain Trevor. Akbar Khan, awaiting his arrival, was surrounded by his guards and chiefs. The horrible tale must be briefly told. The Afghans at once closed round the envoy—escape was impossible. Akbar Khan did not leave revenge to his guard, but, drawing his pistol from his belt, and heedless of his victim's pitiful cry for mercy, shot him. In an instant Macnaughten was seized and mutilated by the guard. Lawrence and Mackenzie were carried away. Trevor, who offered resistance, was cut down. The English garrison, who were watching the fray from their mud cantonments, waited not for orders to retreat. They hoped to find safety at Jellalabad, where General Sir Robert Sale—entrenched—was gallantly holding out. Hostages were given. Spare arms and ammunition were handed over, also the contents of the treasury, which amounted to six and a-half lakhs of rupees. In return for these the Afghans promised to leave them unmolested while they evacuated and sought safety.

On the morning of the 6th of June, 1842, the garrison, numbering 4,000 soldiers and 12,000 camp followers—men, women and children—started through



deep snow and ice-bound rivers on their weary march—a march they were doomed never to complete. Looking back they saw their vacated cantonments ablaze—looting had begun as they started. Worn and weary, their clothes frozen on their bodies, many sank to rest that night never to rise again. Many were wounded to death by the marauding Afghans with their long-ranged Jazails, while many mercifully were killed outright. There was not any hardship or atrocity which these poor people were not called upon to bear. Their ranks were broken and straggling in their efforts to avoid the Afghans' missiles. Their fallen comrades obstructed their path. Weary and worn, they reached Kabul, five miles distant, to find neither food nor tents. Lady Sale, with a bullet in her arm, remained by the way to comfort her daughter, whose husband, Captain Sturt, had received his death wounds on the first day of the march. On the third day of the march the surviving women and children, with Lawrence, Pottinger and Mackenzie, were demanded by the insatiable Akbar Khan as hostages. By the fifth day's march only 250 white men remained. The Afghans, false and treacherous as they were, surely kept their promise that not one of their foes should escape. With unwearied patience and villainy unchecked, they followed them on their march, which needed no such additional cruelty. With desperation born of despair, the weary band fought their assailants as they went, tearing down the barricades of stone and trees interlaced, which blocked their way—the devilment of their relentless foes. Only six officers of the great company reached Fathábád, and there they stayed to beg for food. Only three of these escaped to continue the march to Jellalabad. Within two miles of safety two more were cut down. By the side of the last, Dr. Brydon, rode a bloodthirsty Afghan, waiting his opportunity and prolonging the agony for his expectant

victim. A seeming mishap saved him. His wearied pony stumbled and fell, breaking at the hilt the rider's sword and forcing its point deeply into his leg. The Afghan, mistaking the action for preparation to seize and fire his pistol, rode off in haste, and thus the pony's false step saved his rider and left one survivor to carry the tragic tale to the garrison at Jellalabad.

To have heard this awful tragedy almost first hand increases interest in its narration. Major Brydon, a son of the hero of Afghanistan, was a friend of the author's family, and the thrilling tale never lost interest. Dr. Brydon survived his terrible experience for thirty years. Of the women and children and officers given up as hostages to Akbar Khan, the majority were released. Not so, however, Captain Eldred Pottinger, who had rendered service too valuable to England to win his escape; but he left sons to bear his name, and grandsons, too, whom it has been my privilege to meet in India. Lord Auckland, crushed under the deplorable disaster, yet rose bravely to the occasion. Shielding his officers and officials from blame, he issued the best orders he could, chiefly of a precautionary nature, calculated to gain tranquillity and the confidence of his troops and the country at large.

Lord Auckland was the first Governor-General to make the beautiful hill station of Simla his headquarters in the hot weather. The first bungalow was built there by Lieutenant Ross; others quickly followed, and in 1826 Simla became a settlement. Lord Amherst increased its popularity by residing there during the hot weather of 1829, and from that day the station grew rapidly, and, like all other hill stations, is a delightful and very necessary dispensation of Providence for English residents of the plains. Since the Government of Lord Lawrence it has been the recognised summer capital of India. Lord Auckland's residence was on the north

side of the district known as Elysium Hill, named out of compliment to his sisters, the Misses Eden, Auckland's Elysium. It was not, however, always quite true to its name, for its roof of battered earth was far from being weatherproof, and it was a common occurrence for its inmates to supplement its shelter with umbrellas and waterproof coats! The Misses Eden were delightful hostesses, and their entertainments, though numerically small in contrast to the present-day functions, were much appreciated.

Lord Auckland's closing years were spent in London, at Beckenham, Kent. He died 1st January, 1849, of apoplexy while on a visit to his friend, Lord Ashburton, in Hampshire. He was buried in the family's vault at Beckenham, leaving "a memory universally honoured and regretted, and cherished by the tender affection and inconsolable grief of his family and friends." His Earldom died with him. He was unmarried. His brother, Robert, Bishop of Bath and Wells, succeeded to the barony.

India honoured its Governor-General the year before his death by placing a handsome statue of him in the maidan, Calcutta, near the Eden Garden, "in their affectionate desire to perpetuate the memory of the six years during which he ruled the destinies of British India, for this just reason that through the whole course of these years he laboured earnestly and unremittingly to make security from oppression, freedom for internal trade, the medical sciences of Europe, Justice which is blind to distinction of race—the English language and the moral and intellectual influence which it opens of common and perpetual inheritance to all the nations who inhabit this Empire."

## CHAPTER XXXV.

**Lord Ellenborough and Lord Hardinge.**

“Next to the assumption of power is the responsibility of relinquishing it.”

EDWARD LAW, Earl of Ellenborough, was the Company's choice of a successor to Lord Auckland. Within a month of the terrible Afghan disaster he was appointed, and arrived in Calcutta 28th February, 1842. His rule was a short one—two years only. He was recalled, and as this act of the Company's was opposed and condemned by Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington, it is not to Lord Ellenborough that we need attach the stigma of failure. He had proved his efficiency in public matters at home, and, having made foreign affairs his special study, he was qualified for the position of Governor-General. His policy differed from that of the Directors, but we have already seen that they were not infallible. Lord Ellenborough was a soldier, and he deemed war necessary. If he were incapable of judging, then the Directors had erred in their choice. His determination before leaving England was to maintain peace in India at all costs, but the irony of events is in evidence. His pruning hooks became swords, and no alternative with honour remained. His short term of office was practically one of warfare. In his military tactics he was supported by Generals Pollock and Nott, and certain indecisions which followed his original schemes were probably due to the restraining hands at home, a power which his generals were slow to acknowledge. The first pressing need which appealed to the new Governor-General was

the relief of Sir Robert Sale and his troops at Jellalabad, but before the arrival of General Pollock and his relieving force, Akbar Khan had been compelled to raise the siege, so Jellalabad had achieved its own relief! The orders thereupon sent by the Governor-General to General Pollock were not in accordance with what the latter considered best. He was in the position of the man at the wheel, and, doubtless, there was difficulty in making clear that position in despatches to the Governor-General; and thus is illustrated the complications which so often happened in the governing of India, the errors which arose in consequence, and the need for a firmly established discretionary power. The order sent was to "withdraw and take up position at the Kyber Pass." General Pollock's policy was to remain and guard the prisoners, "whom his conscience forbade him to leave behind." General Nott, too, had received conflicting orders to "fall back upon Quetta after relieving Khelat-i-Ghilzai," and, while he had no intention of disobeying orders, he was yet tardy in obeying them and awaited developments. These were not long in coming. Lord Ellenborough discreetly availed himself of the advice of his generals and left the responsibility to those who were so willing to take it. The result was the annexation of Scinde, due to the brilliant efforts of Sir Charles Napier and Generals Nott and Pollock.

The united troops of the two Generals met at Kabul. The results are briefly told. All the British hostages at Jellalabad were restored and conveyed in safety to Kabul. Shah Shuja, the ruler whose power had cost England so much to establish, had been murdered, so the opportunity was taken to reverse Lord Auckland's act. Dost Mohammed, imprisoned in Calcutta, was liberated, and allowed to return to his country and recover his throne; so we see that a "much ado about nothing" only caused suffering and misery. In Dost Mohammed's own words

we can best sum up the situation. "I have been struck," he said, "with the magnitude of your power, your resources, your ships, your arsenals and your armies, but I cannot understand why the rulers of so great an Empire as England should have gone across India to deprive me of my poor little country." In a word, a mistaken policy—not the first, and not the last is obvious, and we are glad that Afghanistan was eventually left in the undisturbed possession and management of her own country.

In 1843 affairs in Gwalior drew forth again Lord Ellenborough's military tactics, in contradiction to his verbal declaration. The ruling Prince had died without an heir, leaving a girl widow of twelve years only in authority. A weak and incapable ruler, he had allowed the army to get into disrepute and to overrule the throne, and there was fear of an alliance with the Punjab, whose army, well-trained and disciplined under French officers, was dangerous. The girl widow was allowed to choose an heir, while a Regent, approved by Lord Ellenborough, was appointed. The girl, however, defied authority, appointed her own choice of minister, and dismissed the one appointed by the Governor. She attempted also to conciliate the army by granting it large sums of money. Lord Ellenborough declared war, and ordered the troops to advance under Sir Hugh Gough. Two successful battles were fought on the same day, 29th December, 1843, at which the Governor-General was present in person. Affairs were then summarily dealt with. The Gwalior army was reduced from 40,000 to 9,000 men, and a force of sepoys, afterwards known as the Gwalior Contingents, were trained and disciplined as a subsidiary force. The bold and precocious girl ruler was deposed, and a council of six nobles of Gwalior was appointed to rule under a British Resident until the majority of the adopted Prince.

In 1844, Lord Ellenborough was recalled, and while we see no cause to condemn his rule, the arbitrary Directors were dissatisfied. We attribute to his brief rule the non-erection of any memorial monument in Calcutta; only a little strip of the maidan, used as a ladies' nine-hole golf course, bears his name, and, doubtless, the name of the *ci-devant* Governor-General is matter of small interest in comparison with the game and the ubiquitous ball. Of one thing we are quite sure—he was a brilliant statesman, and a splendid military organizer, and, while peace at all costs was his motto, he could not sacrifice justice and honour.

While Lord Ellenborough's claims to recognition were overlooked, great was the appreciation shown to his successor, Lord Hardinge. On a little patch of land called the "Cocked Hat," enclosed in Calcutta's beautiful maidan, and facing the Red Roads, stands the very fine equestrian statue which the people of India placed to commemorate the greatness and goodness of the wise administrator, and the many benefits of his rule.

The commanding figure of Lord Hardinge is represented mounted on an Arab charger, the reins in the right hand, to emphasise the pitiful loss of the left hand. The features, the index of his noble nature and his noble mind, betray no signs of suffering or exhaustion, but only speak of his benevolence and gentleness. To know his life is to appreciate its valour and its heroism, its bravery and unselfishness, and then it is with boundless admiration that we gaze upon the beauty of the statue. A very genuine compliment is paid to the Arab, or more correctly to the sculptor (R. J. Foley, R.A.), by Esau Ben Curtas, a humble horse dealer in Dhurramtollah, the native quarter in Calcutta. Daily he spent half-an-hour gazing at the animal's beautiful proportions, and daily as he left he gave utterance to his admiration in these words:—"When I can get a horse in my stables as

perfect as this I shall die happy." These exquisite monuments in Calcutta, numbering over three hundred, were ever a source of great interest to the author. They seemed to bring the originals so near. Their educational interest is great, and the study they prompt is a still greater enthralment, and yet they are overlooked for matters of ephemeral note both at home and in India.

Henry, first Viscount Hardinge of Lahore and King's Newton, was the third son of the Rev. Henry Hardinge, a Rector of Stanhope in Derbyshire. He was a son of the church who could trace back his ancestry to the reign of Henry the Sixth. He was born at Westham, in Kent, March the 30th, 1785, and passed his childhood at the Grove, Sevenoaks. Durham was the scene of his early schooldays, and often in later life he used to relate how he was always told off by his schoolfellows to climb the buttresses of the Cathedral and other dangerous heights in search of birds' nests. Thus early in life was proof given of his intrepidity and daring. He so eagerly chose the military profession that, in 1799, at the age of fifteen, he was gazetted to his first regiment, the Queen's Rangers, then stationed in Canada.

Sir Henry Hardinge's martial career was characterised by ceaseless acts of bravery. He was always in the forefront of the battle. In the Peninsular and Waterloo campaigns he had four times his charger shot dead under him. As many times he was wounded. On one of these occasions, when several muscles were severed by a bullet, he insisted upon taking his place on the battlefield. It was at the battle of Ligny, in attendance on Marshal Blucher, that he received his most disastrous wound, which deprived him of his left hand. It was shattered by a stone driven by a cannon ball; nevertheless, he insisted on remaining by the Marshal's side until the finish of the battle, only allowing a tourniquet to be placed over the disabled member. At night, in a stable—



his only shelter—he suffered the amputation of his hand. Very great was the pain that followed, and, owing to the unskilful manner in which the operation was performed, a second was rendered necessary.

In the Peninsular War Hardinge held the staff appointment of Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General. His was the privilege at the battle of Corunna of supporting Sir John Moore when he received his death wound. An honour he prized above all others was the gift of Napoleon's sword, which the Duke of Wellington presented to him as a sword of honour at the great review of the Prussian Army at Sedan. He was wearing it years later at the battle of Firozshah, in the first Sikh war, when, fearful lest it should fall into the hands of the enemy, he unbuckled it and handed it to his surgeon and friend, Mr. Grant, asking him to place it in safety.

After these exploits honours were lavishly showered upon the heroic young officer. The King of England bestowed the decoration of "The Gold Medal of Distinction," which in those days was only granted by the sovereign for service in the field. Foreign powers also showed their practical appreciation. The King of Prussia decorated him with "The Order of Merit" and that of the "Red Eagle" after the battle of Waterloo in the year 1815. For his services at Albuera he received the Portuguese decoration of "The Tower and the Sword." These are only some of the distinctions bestowed on Sir Henry Hardinge. Except when incapacitated by wounds he was never absent from his duties during the whole of the Peninsular War. At the close of the campaign he was promoted Lieutenant-Colonel in the Foot Guards, and at the same time he was knighted.

During his parliamentary career, which extended over twenty years, Sir Henry Hardinge was twice Secretary for Ireland. For this office he was nominated by the Duke of Wellington, who said of Hardinge, "he

will do well for the position—he always understands what he undertakes, and undertakes nothing he does not understand.” Twice he was appointed Secretary of War, and earned for himself his title of “the soldier’s friend,” because of the permanent benefits he secured for the rank and file. He was, nevertheless, a stern and strict disciplinarian, and advocated corporal punishment for certain offences. Not the least prized of his honours was the degree of Doctor of Civil Laws conferred on him by the University of Oxford.

With so many proofs of distinction and ability, we see how well suited Sir Henry Hardinge was for the Governor-Generalship of India.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

**Lord Hardinge, the Soldiers' Friend.**

"A reputation for good judgment, for fair dealing, for truth, and for rectitude, is itself a fortune."

HAVING accepted the office of Governor-General, Sir Henry Hardinge at once prepared for his voyage to India. Fortunately for him the days of increased speed in transit had come with a partially overland route. Crossing the English Channel, he arrived the same day at Orleans, and posted to Marseilles, as the railway was not then extended so far. From there, eight days' sailing brought him to Alexandria, where, in those days, as now, there was the meaningless shouting and hubbub of Arabs and donkey-boys, all with "Backsheesh" for their key-note. The day was Sunday (12th June), the day on which the native shouts the loudest. It was not kept as a holiday or a day of rest. To Sir Henry Hardinge was due the credit of establishing that necessary boon.

A visit to the Pasha Mehemit Ali, which greatly interested and amused the visitor and his suite, occupied the early hours of the day of his arrival. Remaining at Alexandria a fortnight, the journey was continued by boat on the 26th of June up the Suez Canal, which had been constructed some twenty years earlier by poor natives at the cost of the lives of 20,000 of them. The shallow water, so muddy and sluggish, made progress slow. The vessel was towed from the banks of the canal by a detachment of sepoy, who were eventually ordered to throw off their accoutrements and clothing and tow

the boat in the canal itself, in order to increase locomotion. This order did not meet with Sir Henry's approval, nor did he like the summary treatment meted out to the sepoys, as though they were animals only, or non-human. The work was hard, and many fell out by the way from sheer exhaustion—falling on their knees as if in prayer, which excited Sir Henry's admiration and tenderest pity.

Cairo was reached on the 26th of June and Aden on the 1st of July. There a steamer awaited the party to convey them to their final port, with a brief halt en route at Point de Galle. The reception of the new Governor-General on the wide steps of Government House, Calcutta, is a function which the European population know well and is ever an imposing sight. Yet it contains a note of sadness—there is always regret for the departure of the ex-Viceroy; there is sympathy for the new-comer. He is untried—the welcome is forced and unreal—but . . . the day will come when he, too, will be regretted, when, aided by his Consort, he, too, will have won hearts and the regrets will be for him. Such are the features of this fair land, always changes and farewells, ever a dissonant note—but . . . there is gladness too.

With the opening rule of Sir Henry Hardinge, we must connect the names of those who had done such good service in the past, as well as those of the new members, all of whom so ably assisted the Governor-General in his work. The former were Sir Hugh Gough and Sir G. Pollock of Kabul fame. The latter were Charles Hay Cameron, legal member; Sir Frederick Maddocks and Frederick Millet, civilian members; Sir Frederick Currie, with his assistant, William Edwards; and Sir Frederick Halliday, as secretary for the administration of the Government of Bengal.

The new Governor-General first gave his attention to

military matters. He was a soldier—and there was still cause for anxiety in the Sikh country. The precaution was taken of quietly moving troops up to the frontier, and yet, in so doing, no desire was evinced to interfere without good cause or to increase England's responsibility by adding to the territories. Civil and educational matters came next in importance, and by his sympathetic interest and wise methods, the Governor-General gave a tangible impetus to both sections, which greatly pleased the people of India. The seed then sown has brought a rich and full return. Visitors to India have only to inspect the native colleges and schools to be surprised at the advanced learning and ability of the students, both male and female, and, as is well known, the former can compete with English students and hold their own with them.

A matter of urgent importance to which Sir Henry Hardinge devoted early attention was the abolition of human sacrifice, which the hill tribes on the borders of Orissa and Berhampore practised, as they imagined, to propitiate the gods of seed time and harvest. That the rites should be effectually suppressed, an agency was established, in order that the country should be under strict surveillance, with very successful results.

A reduction of the salt tax was a boon especially appreciated by the poorer classes. The tax was a general impost from which none was exempted, and the return to Government was excessive. The rate was three rupees, four annas on eighty pounds of salt. By the reduction of four annas the loss to Government amounted to £120,000, and a benefit to the people greater than would appear, but the abatement was just, and so successful were the results that the Governor-General was enabled to make a second reduction of four annas in 1847, and yet a third reduction was made by his successor in 1849: while in 1882 a uniform duty of two rupees only a maund (80 lbs.) was fixed for the whole of India.

To Sir Henry Hardinge is due the credit of taking the steps towards founding the vast system of railway communication all over India. To Lord Dalhousie, his successor, is due the credit of completion, or of carrying out the project. While one recognises the great boon of the excellent, well-equipped railway service, there remains for many of us a recollection of, and a preference for, the joys of the old methods, with their varieties and informalities. There would be miles probably at start on pony-back, then the night journey in a jolting gharry (covered cart), to the music of the driver's whip and sometimes his snores and unparliamentary language as well, when his bullocks thought fit to pause in their efforts, hoping to indulge unobserved in forty winks on their own account. Then there would be the diversion of rivers to cross on flats, or the journey might be continued in dugouts (country boats) for a time; to be followed perhaps by a lovely forest ride, so cool and shady, with the sun's rays just scintillating enough glory and warmth through the over-lacing and lapping branches. Then there is the picnic by the way—and all the way; always alfresco and delightful, with dexterous native servants, who cook and serve and pack with cinematographic speed, yet always finding every requirement with artifice so nimble that the expert conjurer is left in the shade. A knife is drawn from the puggaree, a spoon is lurking up a sleeve, and one is even not surprised to see essence bottles and condiments drawn from the intricacies of a kummerbund. These good days are all but gone. Their fascination remains in strong relief amongst the remembered joys of life in India. Oh! England, "wake up"! and take a leaf from her delightful book of unconventional pleasures!

Sir Henry Hardinge's first year of office was blurred with warfare at Kolhapur, one of the few places in the Bombay presidency, which took part in the disastrous

rebellion of 1857. The warfare was speedily suppressed by Colonel Outram, and a British Resident was installed for future rule and supervision. Though we seldom hear of this State and its capital, it is a place of no mean importance, its up-to-date railway making it easily accessible. Its interesting temples are of great antiquity, its modern buildings include a fine hospital, "The Albert Edward," built in commemoration of the visit of our late good King. Kolhapur boasts of a fine Town Hall and public gardens, of fine schools, of a church and an important missionary association. The Raja's new palace is a magnificent building. An armoury is of special interest, where the small hilted swords are a conspicuous feature. Among them is one of beautiful workmanship, presented by Sir John Malcolm, the well remembered hero, who gained his appointment in India by his prompt decision to decapitate Haider Ali. There is still more to see. A very fine bridge spans with its arches the river Panchganga; and close by, beautified by the river, is the "Rani's Garden," the burial place of the sleeping Rajas and their families. The treasury should also be visited, and adjoining it is the temple of the tutelary deity of Kolhapur, with its Portuguese bell and Latin inscription—"Ave Maria Gratia Plena Dominus Tecum," and the date 1739. Nor should the visitor, before leaving the district, overlook Panhalla, about 12 miles distant.

The condition of Lahore next claimed the Governor-General's attention. We must for the moment retrogress to the year 1839 and revive reminiscences of Rangit Singh, the Lion of Lahore, the ruler of the Sikh dynasty, on whose funeral pyre the seven beautiful slave girls suffered immolation with the Rajah's widows. It may be remembered that he was a most unsightly person, yet a powerful and good ruler, and so revered that in his illness every heathen device was resorted to in order to

propitiate their gods to prolong his life—devices which were perhaps dictated by Rangit Singh himself. By night and day the road from Lahore to their most sacred temple of Jawalamukhi was kept ablaze with great gumlahs (jars) of ghee (fat), in the hope that such a sacrifice would win length of days to the Sikh ruler. The people dreaded his death, the heir, Dhulip Singh, was a child, and they feared that many factions might arise to bring trouble, and that worst of all disasters—war. The country's fears were realized. After the Rajah's death riot reigned supreme, with intrigue and debauchery and all their attendant evils. The French Generals were banished; Rajahs and Wazirs were murdered; governors were set up one after another and as quickly deposed, and put to death for offences assumed or real—no matter. The brother and a son of Rangit Singh were simultaneously murdered.

When Sir Henry Hardinge went to redress wrongs and restore order, Dhulip Singh, aged about 15 years, was acknowledged King, with his mother acting as Queen Regent, while Hira Singh, a nephew of Rangit, was appointed Chief Minister. He was a bold man who accepted any political position at that time. It was equivalent to accepting his death sentence. Ghulab Singh, an uncle of Hira Singh, was a remarkable man of the time. He began life as a running footman, but displayed such military skill that he was entrusted with the responsibility of conquering the hill tribes, and for the same secured for himself a revenue of £60,000 a year. Interest in Ghulab Singh does not cease with his military and financial success, but will continue to intertwine itself with events generally. He was, to all appearances, England's friend, and played an important part in her Indian affairs. If his "wait and see" policy at times proved irritating, there was method in his tactics—and promotion for himself!



## CHAPTER XXXVII.

**Lord Hardinge, the Soldiers' Friend.**

"Oh! if I were Queen of Spain, or, still better, Pope of Rome,  
I'd have no fighting men abroad, no weeping maids at home.  
All the world should be at peace, or, if men would show their might,  
Then let those who make the quarrels be the only ones to fight."

(14th August, 1914.)

WHILE Sir Henry Hardinge most effectually "pulled the strings" to the entire satisfaction of the home Government, and was splendid in every detail as a ruler, we must now, with India and her interests becoming so extensive, leave his personal life to take a secondary part in these pages.

Lahore remained the centre of concern, intrigues and its horrors rivalling those of ancient and modern history too. Her most able men were unfortunately the victims of her treachery. The next to fall under displeasure were Hira Singh and another, Pandit Julla, one of her best statesmen. These fell in action, the result of petty quarrelling in consequence of the insecure and unsettled state of the country. Peshora Singh was next declared sovereign, but the law of self-preservation prompted the refusal of an honour so doubtful with a result so sure. The Governor-General declared the little Dhulip Singh to be sovereign, and refused to recognise any other successor to Rangit Singh. Meanwhile, Peshora Singh was still being urged to assume the rulership. This the Rani effectually silenced by ordering his assassination, and appointing Jowahir Singh and his accomplice, who were the assassins, as ministers instead. Their power was short lived, and the horrors of Lahore continued.

Jowahir was shot down from his elephant after the child Dhulip had been taken from his side.

The State was now divided in its choice of ruler between two of its Sirdars—Lal Singh and Tej Singh. Ghulab Singh looked on, waiting for more settled times before pressing his claim. The Rani at this stage, fearing a revolution, and desiring instead that the people should concentrate, ordered the troops to the Sutlej, then the boundary of England's possession, and by her unprovoked aggression surprised even those who had been expecting trouble. Better fight against the English, the Rani decreed, than have internal dissension, and thus she replied when remonstrated with. Thus, needlessly, was the small flame set ablaze, and, as is often the case, it was a much ado about nothing, the result of petty passions and feelings rather than of any distinct grievance. Yet two nations had to suffer deeply and pay dearly.

Sir Henry Hardinge was quite prepared for the foe. He offered his services to Sir Hugh Gough as second in command; but while he placed himself under authority, he yet, when his commanding officer differed from him, assumed his right as Governor-General to redirect hostilities! In this he was supported by the home Government, and rightly so. He was still Governor-General and responsible. Fortunately, no ill-feeling arose between himself and Sir Hugh Gough—they were and ever remained firm friends. While records of events at that time are less lucid than we could wish, we do know that four great battles were fought, memorable in history as the Sikh War, and that losses were heavy and severe on both sides. We also know that, like his predecessor, Lord Ellenborough, Sir Henry Hardinge earnestly desired peace, and only of sheer necessity engaged in warfare. The Rani was wholly responsible for the Sikh War.

While at Hissar, on the borders of the Rajputana Desert, some few years ago, it was of interest and profit to visit from there these battlefields and the surrounding ruins. The first of the four battles was fought at Mudki, south-east of Firozpur, on 18th December, 1845, and while, after a hot contest, there was complete victory for the English, 872 of her soldiers were killed and wounded. Amongst the notable dead were General Sale, of Kabul fame, and General McCaskill. A plain obelisk there commemorates the event and details the facts. Very pathetic was the tale told me at Mudki of the battlefield as it appeared the day after the event. Friends and foes lay there dead and dying. The stalwart Sikhs, who love their guns, had, in their death-agonies, drawn themselves to their shelter to die. All ranks and grades were silenced. English and Indians lay in unsightly and pitiable disorder together, horses and camels, too, lay united in the gory, heart-rending mass, all giving their lives for so little—defensive only—not offensive.

The second battle was fought at Firozshah, eight miles from Mudki, on the 21st and 22nd of December. The English losses were very severe. They failed in their first attack, hence the battle being carried on the next day, when success was ensured with the heavy toll of 2,299 lives.

The third Sikh battle took place at Aliwal on 26th January, 1846. Aliwal is sixteen miles west of Ludhiana, near the south bank of the Sutlej. My ride there was again on camel back, the best and most sporting method of transport. The forces for the great battle, numbering 10,000, were under command of Sir Harry Smith, who, fired with a slight reverse the previous week, displayed greater determination on the second rencontre, and completely defeated the enemy, numbering 20,000 Sikhs, under Sirdar Ranjodh Singh. An obelisk bearing the

simple inscription in English, Persian and a local dialect, Gurmukhi, commemorates the event. Ludhiana itself is a place of some importance, and dates back to 1480, when it was founded by Princes of the Lodi family. We connect with it the well-known name of General Ochterlony, who was political agent there from 1834 to 1854, when the town was a military station. Visitors to the Ferozpur district should also include Phillair in their rambles. The bridge there is a wonderful erection, and a great police training school initiates us in the early training of the force.

The fourth battle took place on 10th February, 1846, at Sobraon, which the author visited on camel back, a twenty mile ride through country bare and somewhat dreary-looking. In this, England lost 10,000 men, killed or drowned in attempting to cross the Sutlej. An obelisk here, as at Mudki, commemorates the event. Sir Henry Hardinge was present at both the battles of Mudki and Ferozabad. A memorial church, erected in honour of those who fell, was destroyed in the Mutiny, but was afterwards rebuilt. In the cemetery, which, with all else, was carefully visited, the names are recorded of Major George Broadfoot, C.B., General Sale and General Dick. The fort at Ferozabad contains the principal arsenal of the Punjab, and was rebuilt in 1858. The railway and the trunk-road to Lahore separate the arsenal from cantonments. Other places of interest for the visitor are an old Pathan stronghold and the fine railway bridge over the Sutlej—a note of modernity which attracts attention.

Ferozpur was founded by Firoz Shah, Emperor of Delhi, 1351-1358 A.D. When it fell to England in 1835 it was in a declining state. Sir Henry Lawrence began its restoration; by his successor it was raised to its present state of importance. Its chief streets are wide and western looking, and its gardens are a very pleasing

note. Many important affairs centred at Ferozpur. There Lord Auckland met Rangit Singh to arrange for the advance of the British army on Kabul, and there Lord Ellenborough met the victorious army on its return. In 1845 the Sikhs invaded the district on their own account, and, after a fierce contest, were driven back across that most useful barrier, the Sutlej river. Since then, except in the Mutiny, peace has prevailed. Of quite modern date is the fine memorial there for the Sikh Regiment, which fell to a man (1897) in defending the garrison of Sarajhari on the Orakzai Samana range, against whom campaigns were undertaken in 1889 and 1892, and again in 1897 on the occasion of the Tirah-Afridi expedition, which, happening soon after the great earthquake that year, was matter of distress still fresh in the memory of all Anglo-Indians concerned. We mourned the departure of the brave 8th Gurkha Rifles. They had done grand service in the Khasia hills in that never-to-be-forgotten era, yet, to the tune of their braw pipes and band, they cheerfully went forth from the heaven-sent vicissitudes to those perils of man's own making, which, in consequence, required far greater fortitude.

With the battle of Sobraon ended hostilities with the Sikhs. Notable leaders connected with the event were Lord Napier of Magdala, Generals Abbot, Wheeler and Gilbert, Sir John Little, Colonel Wood and others of more or less distinction; none of whom had then reached his zenith. Prince Waldemar of Prussia, with his aides-de-camp, Counts Grueben and Oriolla, had also volunteered service, and, always in the thick of the fight, were eventually ordered to the rear by the Governor-General, who felt the responsibility of accepting so much bravery from them. Captain Somerset, Lord Raglan's son—so conspicuous for his bravery—was amongst the slain.

Peace restored and the Governor-General's camp pitched at Ferozpur, it was on Christmas Day that he published his congratulations to the troops and invited them to join in a general thanksgiving for their successes.

It is the truly brave who are generally the tenderest-hearted, and though it was perhaps not the time to mourn the dead, the broken rank and file told their own sad tale.

Terrible as is war, it yet displays the spiritual grandeur of man, daring to defy his mightiest hereditary enemy—death.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

**The Soldiers' Friend.**

"He serves his country best who serves his party best."

SIR HENRY HARDINGE'S attention was next concentrated on the future administration of the Punjab. A choice of two plans presented themselves to him, complete annexation of the conquered country under British rule, or native rule under British supervision. He decided upon the latter as the better plan. The Governor-General had always favoured the little Maharajah, whom he described as "a charming child, acting the part without fear, and with all the good breeding peculiar to the Eastern people." Eight Sirdars were elected to form a Council during the minority of the Rajah, and one who was destined to be great in the annals of Indian History, Henry Lawrence, was appointed British Minister or Resident. The Sikh army was reduced, and a British garrison was stationed in the Punjab to strengthen the new Government and protect the little Rajah. A treaty with Lahore was drawn up which required the Sikhs to pay an indemnity of one and a-half million pounds sterling, and to surrender the tract of country known as the Jalandar Doab, a tract between the Sutlej and the Beas. Sir Henry determined to possess still more, a little something of great value which he desired should be presented to the Queen of England. This was the famous Koh-i-noor, or "Mountain of Light," a magnificent diamond which had formerly been in the keeping of

Rangit Singh. After a little hesitation it was produced, native fashion, wrapped in some unclean rags, nestling in all its brilliancy in a little tin box. The priceless jewel thus easily obtained by Sir Henry Hardinge was placed in the care of John Lawrence, and, after some anxiety, it eventually reached England and was presented to Queen Victoria.

Ghulab Singh's hour had now come. To him was entrusted the rulership of the beautiful vale of Kashmir. With the intervening country under British rule, there accrued peace and plenty for him. That he was not quite worthy of England's clemency is without doubt; but as he had never taken part against her he would have been a dangerous enemy had he not been rewarded. When the Rani had implored him to come to her aid after the defeat at Mudki and Ferozabad, he had sent evasive replies only. Probably if England had shown signs of weakness he would have taken arms against her! Again, it was necessary to weaken the Sikhs' power, and to deprive them of Kashmir effectually did so; and again, Kashmir and all its glories in those days was unknown; the journey to it was fraught with danger and difficulty, and for quite eight months of the year it was cut off from the Punjab, owing to its heavy snowfalls, a difficulty which naturally still exists, but for a shorter period, owing to the good irrigation which now exists. So even the Governor-General did not realize the joys he was conferring, and probably felt that to have Ghulab Singh so effectually cut off was supreme benefit.

The Governor-General had now richly earned rest, and while his party went to explore Kashmir he retired to Simla, resting on his laurels, and was by no means depressed that his term of office had so nearly expired. In due course came the anxiously expected mail from England, bringing with it such honours and appreciative words that the Governor-General declared "that such



fully repaid him for his previous months of exertion and anxiety." Upon the two chiefs—Sir Henry Hardinge and Sir Hugh Gough—peerages were bestowed, with an annuity to each of £3,000 to support the dignity. The approval of the Court of Directors of his work in India was matter of intense pleasure to Sir Henry, whom we now recognise as Lord Hardinge. Their generous offer of a pension of £5,000 was greatly appreciated, but yet was declined, and justly so. Lord Hardinge felt it to be a double acknowledgment which he could not possibly accept from the country. In this, and in his absence, Lady Hardinge had anticipated her husband's desires, and had declined the pension on his behalf.

Lord Hardinge's term of office had nearly expired. He hoped to return home, yet was too true a soldier to allow personal considerations to outweigh his sense of duty. The time was not a suitable one for another to take up the official threads with which he was so thoroughly conversant. Further encouragement was the universal appreciation bestowed upon him, and that was more to him even than the tangible proofs given. So he consented willingly to another year of rulership, only stipulating that the necessary respite should certainly be granted to him at the end of that period. It was impossible to find rest in India. His brief holiday at Simla had been interrupted by the news of an outbreak in Kashmir, the result of dissatisfaction at the election of Ghulab Singh as ruler there. A strong force was at once despatched to the scene of the insurrection, consisting of eight regiments of native infantry, twelve guns, and, best of all, 17,000 of those Sikhs who had just been fighting against us. Their numbers so overawed the insurgents that Imman-ud-din, their chief, hurried down in person to tender his submission, and, native like, involved his ally, Lal Singh, in his downfall. Trial proved, however, that his treacherous utterances

were, nevertheless, true. Lal Singh was deposed and deported to British territory. Well known are the names of those comprising the Court who sat in judgment upon the case—well known then—Sir John Littler, Sir Frederick Currie, Colonel Goldney and John and Henry Lawrence—they were well remembered still. A complete settlement of the trouble required the presence of the Governor-General again at Lahore. A new treaty was drawn up and signed, the Rani, found guilty of connivance, was deprived of all power, while a generous pension of £15,000 a year was ample compensation to her for her lost power. Thus was peace established. A British garrison was left to guard the Punjab, £220,000 was granted for expenses, and Sir Henry Lawrence was appointed the first Resident. In 1847, compelled to take leave, he was succeeded by Sir Frederick Currie.

Lord Hardinge's powers as a peacemaker were severely tested in Nepal and Oudh. Murderous attacks on wholesale lines had been committed by the reigning family, and the Governor-General was, in consequence, slow to acknowledge the succession which resulted from this cruel and unprovoked bloodshed. It was chiefly the result of the Rani's uncontrolled passions wherein 35 chiefs and 26 of lesser, yet important rank, were massacred. A pilgrimage to the Holy City of Benares may have appeased the conscience of the Maharajah and the Maharani, but expiation there was none, nor had the Governor-General power to interfere. Nepal was quite outside the sphere of British suzerainty. He could but overawe the offenders and indirectly influence them. Good results followed. One of these was the devotion of Jang Bahadur, the Chief Minister elected in place of the murdered one, who was placed in charge of the young Maharajah. In the mutiny ten years later Jang Bahadur was England's ally, and thereafter he visited our shores and was fêted as the lion of the London season.

Maladministration in Oudh was no new thing. It had been chronic since the days of Lord Wellesley. The reigning king was unpopular; insubordination and insurrection resulted, and murderous assassinations were of frequent occurrence. The Governor-General attempted friendly advice in the first place, and that being disregarded, he boldly expressed displeasure at the cruelty and inhumanity practised. No improvement followed. Bad became worse, until Outram's policy was adopted (1854), when the native King's power became nominal only, and the rule was entirely British. This led to better things, and, best of all, when even the King's nominal power was removed and Oudh was annexed and became in 1856 completely a British province.

In spite of so much warfare, Lord Hardinge yet found time to devote to civil interest and progress. He materially assisted the great irrigation scheme known as the Ganges Canal, while the opposition that it met with was unheeded by him. The result proved his foresight, and brought forth sincere gratitude from the cultivators of the Doab district, whose agricultural efforts had previously been futile, owing to the scanty water supply. A further step was taken during his rule towards the ultimate abolition of sati, infanticide and human sacrifice. He also devoted much time to the preservation of ancient monuments. Progress in all matters military received a far-reaching impetus from him. While a financial reduction was necessary, his policy was that at all costs the strength of the British army must be maintained. His second aim was such a distribution of the British troops that the north-west frontier and the Punjab should be securely guarded against all depredations and encroachments in the future. He wisely disbanded and reduced native troops. The time had not yet come for entire trust in them. By augmenting the British force the strength was increased. The status of the police

was raised and improved on military lines, and thus, too, was a suitable opening made for Englishmen to enter its service.

Lord Hardinge was called in England "The soldier's friend." His care of them in India entitled him also to be called the sepoy's friend. Many were the privileges which were granted to them owing to his influence and power. Their pension for wounds was increased from four to seven rupees a month; housing money was allowed them; in hospital free rations were given them, and, after war, twelve months' "batta" (leave) was granted to them. All these privileges were much more important in their estimation than in ours. We see, therefore, from all points of view that Lord Hardinge's four years of office were fully and beneficially employed. It was on the 8th of January, 1848, that he left Calcutta for home, having received every demonstration of respect and regret before embarking. His successor, Lord Dalhousie, had been installed—the same interchange of ceremonials had been enacted as on his arrival, only now he had earned the right to be regretted while the other was welcomed. However, it was a warm welcome that greeted Lord Hardinge on his arrival in England, but alas! not the rest he anticipated, only work and duty again, which he rendered to the end, earning in the Crimean War the rank of Field-Marshal for his long and meritorious service.

A short illness preceded Lord Hardinge's death at Aldershot, the 23rd of September, 1856. He was buried in Fordcombe Churchyard, near his Penhurst home, attended by his friends, Lord Ellenborough and Lord Gough. In Penhurst Church there is a beautiful monument dedicated to his memory, and on which is inscribed the General Order issued by Queen Victoria to the Army:—

"The Queen has a high and grateful sense of Lord Hardinge's valuable and unremitting service, and in his death deploras the loss of a true and devoted friend. No Sovereign ever possessed a more honest and faithful Councillor or a more loyal, fearless and devoted servant."

Lord Hardinge brought his favourite charger, the grey Arab Miami home with him, and cared for him until his death. He was buried at South Park in the woods and under the deodars.

As I close this record of one who ranks so high among India's able administrators, I am reminded that proofs are in evidence of the splendid work done in the past by England's wise representatives, so strong and splendid that I cannot resist the opportunity this 9th day of September, 1914, of expressing, ever so feebly, the heart-felt gratitude, the speechless admiration all must feel at India's magnificent action in our hour of need; a spontaneous loyalty to our dearly-loved King and country, which I think indissolubly and for ever unites the hearts and hands of India and Great Britain. That 70,000 men and six of India's most powerful Maharajahs have united with us to fight our aggressors is proof sure and true that India is one with us heart and soul. Is not this bond of brotherhood one grand issue in this pitiful hour which brings comfort in its train! These honoured names will be handed down to all generations. The name of Sir Pertab Singh is well known in England. Mine was the privilege of seeing him in command of the Imperial Cadet Corps in attendance on our King and Queen. A soldier brave and true, and second to none, yet at the age of 70 years he took the field with his nephew, a boy of 16 years only, by his side. Then we have also the well-known names of the Maharajahs of Patiala of Jodpur and Gwalior, Bikanir, Rutlam and

Kisengarh, of Bhartpur and Akalkot and Pudukota; also the Gaekwar of Baroda and Mir Ghulam Ali Khan of Khairpur, and the Chiefs of Jaora, Sachin Bhopal and Hayat, and the Lama of Thibet, who offered 1,000 soldiers, and who promised daily intercession for success for England. These gave of their best in money and kind, and, chiefest of all, their lives. Is not our gratitude deep set? Do not our hearts vibrate with joy? They gave their best, and very good is that best, for India's fighting men are second to none. These pages have attempted to prove the fact, and now every countryman will evidence the truth of it. All glory be to infantry and cavalry alike, to our brave Gurkhas and splendid Lancers, and Glory, Honour and Blessing to their leaders, who gave their lives to England.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

**The Laird o' Cockpen.**

"A peace too eagerly sought is not always the sooner obtained."

WHILE one does not profess to be writing the lives of the rulers of India, one yet feels that each Governor makes or marks an epoch—that each period is indelibly impressed by the personality of each; that, in fact, India was what each made her, so we do want to bring forward in bold relief these splendid lives which were literally spent and exhausted in the work of governing and advancing the Indian Empire, and with it England's power and greatness of to-day. These lives are a brilliant example and a striking feature of the past, which should be honoured to all ages. I would have the history of India as freely taught in our schools to-day as is the history of England, Scotland or Ireland, and it is with the utmost humility that I would follow in the footsteps of my great namesake and hand on, simplified, to the children the story of India, which he has so ably written for the adult and for all generations in historical form, therefore—"Wear the old coat, and buy the new book!" It is to arouse the children's interest in these heroes that special allusion is always made to their earlier years.

James Andrew Broun Ramsay was the second son of the ninth Earl of Dalhousie. He was born at Dalhousie Castle, near Edinburgh, on the 22nd of April, 1812. The ancestral home is situated on the South Esk,

but among other properties was the historic old village of Cockpen in Midlothian, the residence of the laird, immortalized in song as "proud and great, And ta'en up wi' the things o' the state."

Lord Dalhousie's early years were spent in Canada, where his father was Governor-General. At the age of ten years he was sent home to Harrow, where he remained seven years. It was during these early years that his interest in India was first aroused. The Marquis of Hastings, an old Harrovian, on his return from India (1823) visited Harrow. Very marked was the enthusiasm evinced by young James Ramsay on hearing the Governor-General talk on India. "What he can do," said the boy, "I can do." His interest in India was maintained later by his father being transferred to the country as Commander-in-Chief.

After leaving Harrow, James Ramsay passed on to Christchurch, Oxford. He greatly enjoyed life there, especially the companionship of certain of his fellow students, a brilliant group of young men, some of whom were destined to play great parts in the history of their time. There was Gladstone, his senior by two years, there were Lord Canning and Lord Elgin, who both in due course succeeded him as Governor-Generals of India. Both as schoolboy and student, James Ramsay's noted abilities gave him a special place of interest at Harrow and Oxford. His love of learning and his painstaking research won him the admiration of his fellows. Travel still further developed his tastes; but the death of his elder brother, Lord Ramsay, obliged him to lay aside his classical ambition and take up instead his duties as heir on succeeding to the title. He returned to Oxford later to take his degree. In 1833 he came of age, and in 1835 he contested Edinburgh in the general election. His vigorous speeches gave him a place in the political world, but it was not to be expected that so young a man could



successfully oppose such veterans as Lords Dunfermline and Campbell, destined later to be, respectively, the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker in the House of Commons. Young Ramsay bore his defeat with buoyant good humour, but "Ye're daft to refuse the laird o' Cockpen," he jocularly sang out to his opponents in his address after the election.

Love affairs next engrossed his attentions, with successful result. He married Lady Susan Hay, the eldest daughter of the eighth Marquis of Tweeddale. The year after his marriage (1837) Lord Ramsay contested and was returned for Haddingtonshire, in which county his mother, as heiress of Colstoun, gave him interest and influence. In 1838, on his father's death, he succeeded to the Earldom of Dalhousie, and then his career in the House of Commons closed. For a time he gave himself up entirely to the management of his estates and to local and church matters. In 1847, at the age of 35, came the great event of his life—the offer of the Governor-Generalship of India, an offer which was pressed upon him in proof of the country's belief in his eligibility. He accepted it with a degree of hesitation. His heart had been set on a parliamentary career, and his ambition led him to desire in due course the important office of Prime Minister. He arrived at Calcutta on the 12th January, 1848, accompanied by Lady Dalhousie, his private secretary and two aides-de-camp.

Lord Dalhousie was possessed of a striking personality. Although small of stature, he had a dignified physique, and his penetrating glance and proud bearing inspired awe and trust at once. His voice, clear and sweet, added power and fascination to his speech. Youthful-looking, even for his years, when he assumed office, eight years later it was as a worn-out cripple, and, to all appearances, an old man that he tottered down the river's bank to embark, the bank he had ascended a com-

paratively short time before with step so firm. Truly, to hold the office of Governor-General, or Viceroy of India, is no sinecure.

With Lord Dalhousie's term of office was associated the final development of the East India Company, the preparation for its cessation and the annexation of the Government of India to the Crown. His rule was conspicuous for three great advancements—the extension of India's frontiers, the consolidation of the Empire, and working on the plans of his predecessors, with the aid of his own individual perspicacity, the definite establishment of India's agricultural and mercantile influence, which materially assisted and embraced all schemes for improved and increased transit by rail, road and canal. Telegraphic communication, a reduced postage system, and a great centralizing educational scheme on Western principles, were important if lesser adjuncts.

Lord Dalhousie, the youngest ruler India had known since the time of Clive, found the country apparently in a state of peace. His predecessor had assured him "that it would not be necessary to fire a gun in India for seven years to come." We do credit Lord Hardinge with establishing peace after the disasters in Afghanistan, but, as a matter of fact, the need for war to settle the undercurrent of hostile feeling was evident to Dalhousie from the outset of his Government. The native rulers were at fault. Taking advantage of their position as independent Governors, many of them were sinking into lives of selfish ease and debauchery. This England could not permit. The Prince of Nagpore was notorious for his private wickedness and public oppression. In Southern India matters were not any better, and Oudh was even still more advanced in profligacy. Some of these princes had been warned by England and her representatives that unless reform was effected their power as rulers would be totally annulled.

The splendid service rendered to England by the Sikhs (1845) will be remembered. That their valuable help followed on England's conquest of them only increases our admiration for them. In illustration of the fact, readers are reminded of how, under the great Rangit Singh, the Lion of Lahore, they stood as a barrier between us and the invading races of Central India, and it was chiefly on account of their good and useful confederation that Lord Hardinge left them the Government of their State after the conquest of it. The Queen Regent at Lahore had been responsible for much mischief. To gain power for herself was her sole aim, and her machinations and intrigues were continued even after the settlement of Sir Henry Lawrence as Resident, and in spite of the fact that she had been granted the care of her child, Dhulip Singh, during his minority. This retrogression is necessary in order to lead up to the facts of the case and prove that, instead of seven years of peace, warfare was imminent.

Just three months after Lord Dalhousie had taken up the reins of Government, and congratulatory articles in the newspapers detailed the pleasant and peaceful state of the country, a terrible tragedy took place some 1,200 miles distant from the seat of Government which led, without doubt, to the entire annexation of the Punjab. In the fulfilment of his duty as Resident at Lahore, Sir Henry Lawrence had required Mulraj, the Chief of Mooltan, to give an account of his stewardship. After many evasions, prompted by his inability to give a satisfactory report, Mulraj preferred to tender his resignation, which was at once accepted. Two young officers, Mr. Vans Agnew, a civilian, and Lieutenant Anderson, were despatched to take over the Government and fortress of Mooltan and install a new Sikh Governor.

Mooltan is a link with India's ancient history: it was of importance in the days of Alexander the Great.

Although possessed of a large population, chiefly Mohammedan, it is by no means a fascinating place. Its heat is proverbial, and its rainfall is insignificant and seldom exceeds seven inches—"Dust, beggars and cemeteries are the three specialities of Mooltan." The town is situated between Delhi and Lahore, near the Chenal river, and is the connecting link with Scinde. Ivory dealing and copper work are the chief trading occupations of the inhabitants. Muhammed Kasim was the name of the conqueror of Mooltan in 711 A.D. In 750 A.D. the Rajputs expelled the Mohammedan Governors. In 828 A.D. the Hindus regained Scinde, including Mooltan, and names in which are centred interest are those of Mahmud of Ghazhi, who took Mooltan in 1005, and Timur the Tartar, who conquered Mooltan in 1398. There was still more tribulation for Mooltan, partly because of its direct route to the frontier. In 1779 Muzaffar Khan, an Afghan, became a self-appointed ruler. He was, however, speedily overcome by Rangit Singh, and, with his five sons, was slain 1818. Mulraj, the ruler who required England's corrective hand, was the son of Sawan Mall, who governed in 1829 and until 1844, when he was shot down because of his unpopularity. We now come to the atrocious and cruel murder of Lieutenant Anderson and Vans Agnew.

They arrived at Mooltan in April, 1848, after the resignation of Mulraj, and, after having taken over the fortress calmly and unsuspectingly, they were returning with their slender escort to their camp when a fanatic soldier rushed from the crowd and stabbed Vans Agnew and cut down Lieutenant Anderson. Both, cruelly mutilated, were carried by their escort to a Mohammedan festival mosque, named Idgah, some distance from the fort, but commanded by its guns. There Vans Agnew pencilled a note to the Resident at Lahore (Sir Frederick Currie, who was acting for Sir Henry Lawrence) asking

for help. He also addressed a letter to the Commissioner of Bannu (Burmah) containing a similar request. Meanwhile Mulraj had retaken possession, and adopted the needlessly severe measure of storming the mosque where the two young officers were calmly awaiting death, Vans Agnew, oblivious to his own suffering, administering special care to his fatally wounded friend. When the guns from the fort ceased firing, the rabble rushed in, but, appalled by the sight, desisted from their preconceived intentions of violence. The rest is too horrible. Is it good to write it? Yes, because I would have every reader suffer afresh the pangs of our illustrious dead and honour their heroism. A low-caste and deformed villain pressed past the awestruck crowd, and, with his dao (native axe), hacked off the heads of the wounded and dying officers. Vans Agnew's last words were—"We are not the last of the English."

: "Who dies if England lives."

## CHAPTER XL.

**Swift Retribution.**

"In a truly heroic life there is no peradventure,  
It is always either doing or dying."

"WE are not the last of the English." These were the last words of Patrick Alexander Vans Agnew. History tells us that the annexation of the Punjab to the British Empire was the result of the war which followed to avenge the deaths of these two young officers.

On receipt of Vans Agnew's letter, written while he calmly awaited death, Sir Frederick Currie, the acting Resident at Lahore, at once called on Lord Gough, the Commander-in-Chief, to advance to Mooltan with a British force from the camp at Firozpur. Lord Gough declined, giving as his reason "the inexpediency of a general movement of British troops sixteen marches across two hundred miles of burning wastes in the height of the hot weather." While we cannot condone neglect of such an appeal under circumstances so urgent, we must remember that the appeal was made by a civilian to a soldier; and we do not charge Sir Hugh Gough with indifference but we rather credit him with consideration for his troops, also with a defective knowledge of the urgency of the case. Transit was no easy matter in those days, food and forage was another difficulty, and it was most necessary to safeguard the troops for greater emergencies which appeared at first trifling to the Commander-in-Chief. Meanwhile, Vans Agnew's

pencilled appeal to General Courtland, Commissioner in Bannu, met with speedy recognition. It was received en route by Lieutenant Herbert Edwards at Dehra-Fateh-Khan on the banks of the Indus, who, divining the importance of the case, opened the letter, and, thrusting aside his civil work, summoned his local escort and companies, some four hundred in all, and started at once for Mooltan. Mulraj met him on the way with as many thousand men and eight heavy guns, and now we shall see what courage and determination did and why a subaltern became famous in history. "I am like a terrier barking at a tiger," he wrote to his friends at home; yet, terrier-like, he kept on barking regardless of the excessive heat of the summer months of 1848. Help came to him from the Mussulman State of Bahawalpur, and with it he succeeded in winning two pitched battles in June and July in spite of enormous odds. Mulraj and his four thousand were driven back and their eight guns were captured. We see, therefore, that Lord Gough, who had been supported in his decision by the Governor-General, was justified in withholding help. He trusted to the strength and capability of Lieutenant Edwards, and he knew the need for protecting the English troops from the unusually intense heat of the plains, howsoever urgent the case appeared. When greater need arose he was ready to meet it.

Mulraj had been driven back; the Sikh Queen Mother, who had given so much trouble in the past and still continued her evil power and influence, had been removed from Lahore to Benares, but Mulraj's failure had caused unrest and rebellion, and step by step had developed into the revolt of the whole Sikh nation. So "the terrier" continued to bark, begging for "a few heavy guns, a mortar battery, some sappers and miners, and Major Napier to lead them." This is all he wanted, he added, with his discriminating foresight. Meantime,

Lord Gough, viewing the situation mentally from the cool heights of Simla, was arranging for a winter campaign, an arrangement which did not meet the need; a rebellious undercurrent was on the increase and "could not," in the words of an indignant onlooker, "be put off like a champagne tiffin, with a three-cornered note to Mulraj to fix a more convenient time." This in due course Lord Gough recognised, but not before Sir Frederick Currie in his anxiety to assist Edwards had sent a relief force from his district to Mooltan.

The Afghans had allied themselves with the Sikhs, and, sweeping down the Khaiber Pass, had pledged themselves to extirpate the English from the land of the Five Rivers. There was, therefore, all need for haste. The forces sent by Currie met a small contingent sent by the Commander-in-Chief on 19th August. To the great joy of the "Terrier" and his faithful company, some heavy guns arrived on the 4th of September. Meanwhile, Lord Dalhousie, who had been reluctant to over-rule the judgment of his Commander-in-Chief, yet viewed his tardiness with dissatisfaction and resolved to take action. "If our enemies want war," he said, "let them have it, and have it they shall with a vengeance," and at once he gave orders for the addition of 17,000 troops to the army, and hurried up troops from Scinde and Bombay to the Punjab. Then Lord Gough, fully alive to the seriousness of the situation, moved up his grand army of twenty thousand men and one hundred guns for the attack.

The campaign opened disastrously for Lord Gough. By an ill-advised attack on the enemy's position at Ramnagar, Benares, he lost a gun and some of his best officers, including Colonel Lawrence. Determined to retrieve his fortune, and without waiting for the force from Mooltan, he next attacked the Sikhs in their strong fortress of Chillianwallah, which, bound with thick jungle and surrounded with marshland, was impossible



for the advance of either cavalry or infantry. The needless disaster is terrible to recount. The infantry were ordered to advance in knee-deep mire to capture the enemy's guns. In attempting to obey they lost four hundred and fifty-nine men and twenty-three officers, and the colours of the Twenty-fourth Regiment, the South Wales Borderers. The Third Dragoons, who also took part in the attack, suffered deeply. Darkness put an end to the terrible struggle, and, although the Sikhs were eventually forced back, yet it was with a loss to us of eighty-nine officers and two thousand, three hundred and thirty-seven men. England's displeasure found vent in recalling Lord Gough. Sir Charles Napier was sent to succeed him as Commander-in-Chief. It was before his arrival, however, that the great and decisive battle was fought at Gujerat—the battle in which the armies faced each other for the last time in the Sikh controversy, and in which Lord Gough met with undisputed success. The **Kalsa** (the Sikh army), fifty thousand strong and with sixty guns, took up position in front of the fortified town of Gujerat. The English, with twenty thousand men, faced them with ninety guns. For two hours and a-half a fierce fight ensued, the English guns working deadly havoc on the Sikh artillery. When these were silenced then the English troops advanced, driving the remainder of the **Kalsa** in haste in front of them and capturing their guns, numbering fifty-three; their standards, stores, tents and ammunition. With a force of twelve thousand horse and foot, under command of General Gilbert, the foe were chased across the Punjab. Their last gun was surrendered at Rawal Pindi, when the remaining Sikhs willingly surrendered.

The Punjab, the scene of so much warfare and bloodshed, is a space one and a-half times larger than England and Wales together, in the north-east of India, between Afghanistan on the west and Tibet on the

east, and extends from Kashmir on the north to the Central Provinces on the south. Ramnagar—the scene of Lord Gough's first attack—we have described as near Benares. It is on the right bank of the River Ganges. A very beautiful view of the river is obtained from it, and more especially from the Maharajah's palace, which it was my proud privilege to be shown by his Highness the Maharajah himself, whose gentle bearing and kindly attentions will never be effaced from memory's mirror.

Chillianwallah, the scene of the disastrous defeat, is south of Mooltan, between Delhi and Lahore. Rich salt mines in the district are a useful possession and give employment to the populous district of to-day. It will be remembered that it was near Chillianwallah that Alexander the Great crossed the River Indus at midnight and defeated Prince Porus, the ruler of the Punjab, "who was wounded and fled, but who, on swearing allegiance, was restored to his Kingdom and became the trusted friend of the Conqueror" — also it may be remembered that it was near this same Chillianwallah that Alexander celebrated his victory by building two cities—Bucephala on the west bank of the river and Nekai, since named Mong, on the east bank—so we see Chillianwallah was of very ancient date. In the small cemetery adjoining were buried General Penny-cuik and his son and the officers of the Twenty-fourth Regiment, which suffered so deeply—as is their usual fate—together with other officers who fell in the battle.

Gujerat, the scene of Lord Gough's victory, is now the administrative headquarters of the district. The town stands on the ruins of five cities of ancient date. It was first garrisoned by a people called Gujars, from whom it took its name, and it is believed to have been founded by Akbar. Pretty and picturesque, it is used by some tourists as a starting place for Kashmir, but from Rawal Pindi is the more popular course.

What to do with England's newly acquired territory was quickly settled by Lord Dalhousie. The conquered country was annexed and a board, consisting of John and Henry Lawrence and Charles Greville Mansel, was appointed to arrange and administer its government, subject to the approval and supervision of Lord Dalhousie. The Governor-General entertained regrets that the annexation of the Punjab involved the suppression of the boy Maharajah, Dhulip Singe, but, as he was convinced that the safety of the Empire depended on the suppression of the Sikhs, he could not allow feelings of compassion to interfere with his idea of right and the responsibility placed in his hands. Dhulip Singe, generously provided for, was sent to England, and there, under the titular dignity of Prince, passed his days of exile happily and contentedly. He died in 1893, leaving two daughters, whom it was a matter of interest to meet in Kashmir and again in Newar-Elyia, refined ladies who inherited the gentle bearing of their father. The Sikhs, with their swords literally turned into pruning hooks, their army entirely dissolved, settled down to peaceful and useful lives, free from all danger, internal or external, and have ever since been loyal and true to England. The time was not far distant when their loyalty would be tried and not found wanting.

Thus amply was avenged the deaths of the two officers, Vans Agnew and William Anderson, the victims of Mulraj's treachery. The detail of honouring them in death was not omitted by Lord Dalhousie, in spite of engrossing cares. From the shallow graves made by alien hands, the bodies were exhumed and reverently removed by the English to the lofty plateau which crowns the fortress of Mooltan. On an obelisk, fifty feet high, is inscribed the story of their bravery and patient suffering, ending with these words:—"The

annexation of the Punjab to the Empire was the result of the War of which their assassination was the commencement." A beautiful marble monument in the Cathedral of Calcutta also honours the victims in death, and the inscription concludes with the same words as those on the obelisk at Mooltan.

Lord Dalhousie's scheme for the government of the newly acquired territory proved a complete success. In the space of two years the country of our former and powerful enemies was transformed into a prosperous British territory. It was divided into convenient districts, with European and Indian superintendents, fifty-six in all, including Commissioners and Deputy Commissioners—twenty-nine of these were military and twenty-seven were civil service officers. A line of forts and cantonments was built along the borderland, and soon the Punjab was transformed into a source of strength instead of a source of danger. The new territory was thus safely guarded from the wild Pathan tribes, and internal peace was secured by a force of military police, horse and foot, eleven thousand strong. All war-like tendencies were suppressed, only in the Peshwar valley were the natives allowed to retain their weapons—all others were disarmed. One hundred and twenty thousand weapons (swords, matchlocks, daggers, together with implements of native invention and design) were all given up in due course to the police or to the village superintendent. While the army was entirely disbanded, its best fighting men were drafted into British regiments or into the newly-organized military police. To Sir Henry Lawrence we give credit for the inspiration of such a force, one that had its rise in 1846 when a small nucleus was formed. The idea found favour with Lord Dalhousie who, with his superior resources, speedily expanded the idea, and developed it into a frontier force always kept moving on—their

baggage bearers being only the saddle of the troopers and the backs of the foot soldiers. When completed the force numbered fifty thousand men. The scheme did not find favour with the Commander-in-Chief. He felt he was superseded and his powers annulled! Such, however, was not Dalhousie's intention; he desired to doubly safeguard the Empire, and believed this living belt of steel would surely do so.

It was not without opposition that Lord Dalhousie carried into execution his plans and policies for India's welfare and protection, but while adverse opinion and criticism galled his highly strung and sensitive nature, that which he considered right must be effected in spite of all the stings and arrows. With John Lawrence he never had any difficulty. If their ideas differed, and this was seldom the case, John Lawrence at once surrendered to his chief, accepted his views and made them his own. Sir Henry required management. None recognised his splendid talents and efficiency better than the Governor-General himself, but Sir Henry's mind was so much on an equal base that subjection was difficult for him. He carried out orders and suggestions to the letter, but had a subtle method of depriving them of the efficacy intended. It was sometimes at the expense of his feelings that Lord Dalhousie exerted his power, but he did so with gentleness and firmness which invariably prevailed. "If we differ," he said on one occasion, "I shall say so, but my saying so ought not to be interpreted to mean want of confidence. You will give, and continue to give, I hope, your views frankly." Again, on another occasion, he found it necessary to say to his Deputy, "There can be but one ruler in India and that ruler is not Sir Henry Lawrence."

Our sympathies must go out to Sir Henry—he was not created to take a secondary place, yet at all costs to himself he did so. There is admiration at the same

time for Lord Dalhousie. It was his duty to be chief, and very probably, had positions been reversed, Sir Henry Lawrence as chief would have dismissed his too-powerful second. India was fortunate at that time in having so many strong-minded men. All honour to them for the self-control they exercised that the good work in hand suffered not, and for this, and all, we lay our tribute and meed of praise at the feet of Lord Dalhousie.

## CHAPTER XLI.

“ **Multum in Parvo.**”

“Trust men and they will be true to you, treat them grandly and they will show themselves grand.”

STRENUOUS work continued for Lord Dalhousie. It had been warfare ever since he held the reins of Government, and, in spite of the predictions of his predecessor, the horizon was still darkened with war clouds. A punitive measure sufficed to settle and avenge an act of treachery in Sikkim, that of seizing the frontier political officer, Dr. Campbell, and the distinguished botanist, Sir Joseph Hooker, who were travelling in the country with the Raja's permission. A military force was sent, but the Raja wisely accepted the alternative offer of a fine and of giving up a small strip of mountainous country—of little value but useful in its punitive effect and in extending England's power.

The next trouble was of a more extensive and important nature, that which is known in history as the second Burmese War. The first war took place in 1824-6, and left England in possession of the coast strip of Burmese country on the Eastern shores of the Bay of Bengal. British merchants had settled themselves at Rangoon, the seaport town on the Irriwadi River, and there they had been allowed trade freedom, while a British Resident had been settled at Ava, the capital, to protect British interests. This latter fact was cause for great annoyance to the King of Ava, who considered himself a very important person, and that the

presence of a foreigner was an outrage and a humiliation to him. A series of insults to the British Resident at length obliged him to withdraw from the imperial capital. Exactions of a degrading and extortionate nature then followed for the merchants, against which they appealed for redress in vain for years. Matters reached a crisis in 1851, which compelled them to lay their grievances before Lord Dalhousie. They did not appeal in vain. An ambassador was at once sent to inquire into and redress wrongs, and to dismiss the local Burmese Governor at Rangoon. But there the attempt ended. All the efforts of the Ambassador proved futile, and, with every trifling excuse, the Burmese Governor evaded receiving him. Thus the Governor-General was left no alternative, and thus ensued the second Burmese War. Lord Dalhousie's imperial and diplomatic campaign is all worthy of comment. Having declared war, his first act was to make arrangements to safeguard his expeditionary force against the dangers, not of the enemy, but of their malarious and insanitary country. This had been their most deadly enemy in the former war. He equipped his army, therefore, in the first place, against climatic dangers. The rainy season in Burmah extends to November, and its breaks of sultry heat and sunshine render the country very malarious. The Governor-General next arranged for the erection of cook houses and a sure supply of fresh food. Huts were erected on the coast, and a contingent of carpenters accompanied the force for the construction of others as required. Arrangements made were described by a contemporary as "quite parental," and the commissariat department was pronounced to be on a scale so liberal that the customary "morning peg" became a superfluity generally dispensed with.

These details completed, Lord Dalhousie next managed with equal care the political situation. He



knew he had a conceited, arrogant and mischievous people to deal with, and that conquest would not suffice to quell them, but that annexation would be necessary. Maintaining his proudly imperial attitude, he laid down his terms to the King of Ava, and demanded an indemnity for warfare of one million rupees and the payment of nine thousand rupees compensation to the merchants who had suffered loss and annoyance, and further insisted that the King of Ava should disclaim his Deputy-Governor at Rangoon and apologise for his own misdeeds.

The campaign opened September, 1851. In 1852 the expeditionary force occupied the mouth of the Irriwadi and the town of Martaban, opposite the junction of the rivers Gyaing and Salween. Martaban, now a small village, was then the capital of a kingdom. The capture of Rangoon and Bassein placed the entire sea coast in the hands of the invaders. The taking of the Temple City of Rangoon, a fortress deemed impregnable, was a feat that astonished even the Governor-General. "I cannot imagine," said Lord Dalhousie to General Godwin in charge of the expedition, "how your men ever got in," and this, too, against overwhelming numbers—18,000 against our 5,700 men. So we see that English prowess is no new thing, and that English courage and determination played an important part in the conquest of Burmah. Lord Dalhousie would have been satisfied with these victories, but, as the Burmese spirit of animosity remained unconquered, he considered it necessary to press forward into the interior of the country and also to raise his terms. He now demanded of the King of Ava one and a-half million rupees in compensation for the insulted merchants and a similar sum as war indemnity, and, in addition to this, he demanded the cession of the Diamond Islands and the Martaban outlying districts.

If the King of Ava refused these terms, then the British army would continue their onslaught. The King of Ava arrogantly refused the Governor-General's terms, so the war continued, entailing heavy loss by sword and disease and in expenditure.

None regretted more than Lord Dalhousie himself that a continuation of warfare was necessary. England was fighting for the peace of nations; to attain this the Burmese power must be crushed. It was not for gain that England was sacrificing brave and useful lives. It was matter of duty and principle, and sentiment must be subservient.

The city of Prome—a city of very ancient date—next fell to the invaders of Burmah, and thus the approach to the capital city of Ava was gained. Well satisfied with the results of the campaign, Lord Dalhousie issued a Proclamation, 20th December, 1852, declaring the annexation of Lower Burmah to British territory, and thus he forced the arrogant King of Ava to submission.

The gain of annexation was quite as great for the people of Burmah as it was for England. There were no ruling classes in Burmah. There was only the King and the officials, who were the medium of the King's oppression, and ground the people down to a state of complete servitude. They had been bred to misrule and disorder, and they knew not what kindness or consideration meant, and the officials, no matter how punctiliously they carried out the orders of the King, were dismissed or promoted, mutilated or beheaded, at the caprice of the monarch or his harem at a moment's notice. Now there would be freedom for the people. Lord Dalhousie did not leave his work at conquest only, but by repeated visits to Burmah he secured the system of administration which he deemed was best for the country. He gave himself no easy task. Old customs and habits born of oppression had to be uprooted, the people had to be

taught to understand kindness and receive it fearlessly, and to learn that peaceful, honest industry would yield a better livelihood than crime and highway robbery, which, up to date of conquest, they had practised as a necessary pursuit and a manly and praiseworthy sport.

So we see that while the conquest of Burmah gained a useful possession for England, the gain for its people was still greater. It was not for gain that England fought. It was to right wrongs. We see also that the sword was ever and only raised in defence and not in offence. By its just use Sikkim was gained, and its waste and mountainous land was converted into useful tea gardens. Burmah, from being a land of discontent and oppression, became great and good, producing in greater abundance the rich fruits of her fertile and beautiful country by peaceful industry, thus enormously increasing and expanding her trade and exports. The benefits of the conquest of the Punjab are in evidence to-day. The Sikhs are our friends, and friends so true that they voluntarily give their lives for us and for our ideals, and there are deeper and more far-reaching reasons for glorification for them and for us.

Where is Burmah? It seems rather necessary to answer the question, because, quite recently, I was emphatically told that Ceylon was in Southern India! Burmah lies to the east of the Bay of Bengal. It is bounded on the north and north-east by China, and on the north-west by Bengal itself, the province of Assam and the State of Manipur, which we had occasion to mention in the earlier pages of this story. Its area is about 238,000 square miles, and its prolific population numbered at the last census 12,570,000. It possesses five good and useful rivers, useful because in their lower course they overflow the flat country and fertilize it effectually. The country for the most part is very beautiful and abounds in fine forest land, a marked

feature of which is their flowering and teak trees. The forest land is not appreciated by sportsmen, as it provides such good covert for big game and obliges the less enterprising to be satisfied with the lighter sport, if such it can be called, of shooting the small game, such as we have in England. The people are for the most part Buddhists. Monasteries are a marked feature in Burmah and the monks are the schoolmasters of the country. In these pages we have only dealt with Burmese history from its connection with England, but needless to say its history is ancient and interesting and dates even to Asoka himself, who is said to have erected a pagoda at Bassein on the Irriwadi River. The English were not the first European nation to penetrate its confines. The Portuguese traded and made treaties in 1519, and it was about 1601 that the Dutch settled themselves near the Bassein River. The English followed them, and then, although the latter were in no way to blame, came the troubles and disputes already alluded to which effected the expulsion of all these traders, until England's iron hand grasped the difficulties and settled them.

The people are most interesting and picturesque in their attire; they love gay clothing, men and women alike. A delightful Burmese feature is that women take their place with men. I do not mean in a suffragistic sense, but as their equals and helpmates, and are not condemned to lives of seclusion and zenanas, but enjoy life and take their full share in social and household matters, go to market and keep shops. It is no doubt owing to this natural state of matters that the people are so gay and happy. The Burmese people are easily distinguished from other Eastern races. They resemble the Chinese in having flat features and in being short of stature, but there the resemblance ends. Pigtailed are not in vogue—the Burmese wear their hair long. This

rich and fertile country gives varied and plenty employment to its inhabitants. The rice and timber trade is gigantic. Their gold and silver work, wood and ivory carving and lacquer work are too well known to require mention, and we may justly mention Moulmein, Mandalay and Rangoon as their show towns, where all these beautiful things are sold at very moderate prices. Its long rainy season closes Burmah to the traveller who remembers such a climatic detail, one that is not alone peculiar to Burmah, but much can be done to acquire a knowledge of the country in its short dry season. There is still much more to say about this delightful country—we shall have need to allude to it again—meanwhile it is satisfactory to have located it correctly instead of leaving it to run riot in the imagination of the doubtful minded.

Lord Dalhousie's work in consolidating the Empire of India did not end with Burmah, but it is matter for thankfulness after so much warfare that tact and diplomacy, aided by natural development, assisted him in the completion of his work.

There was a law in India in those days that if a ruler had no lawful heir to succeed him, it was his right to appoint or adopt a successor. The law had a double significance—it prevented disputes about succession, and it was regarded from a religious point of view as important, in order that the ceremonies upon which the deceased depended in his future state should be well and duly fulfilled for him. Lord Dalhousie gave the law small consideration. In the early part of his rule it was a law and as such it was obeyed, but the day had now come for its reversion, even in the eyes of the Directors at home. An adopted son might inherit property, but there his succession must end, and it remained for Government to decide for the future. It had been proved that Indian Princes were then unfit for the responsibility

of ruling as England considered right, and that their make-believe rule under English authority was an expensive and useless arrangement. Therefore it came to pass that on the death of rulers without male heirs, England settled any probable difficulty and dispute by annexing the province. This first happened in 1848 in the case of the Hindu State of Satara, in the Bengal Presidency, when Raja Shaja died; the State then lapsed to the British Government. Sampalpur, in Lower Bengal, was the next Hindu State to be annexed. Its childless chief refused to adopt an heir in order that the people, after his death, might pass under British sway.

Jhansi, in Central India, had been subject to many disputed successions under the former system. Lord Dalhousie settled all difficulties by complete annexation and British rule.

It has been necessary to dwell at length on Lord Dalhousie's rule in India, not only because he was so good and great, but because so much of importance happened in his time—the natural development of time and effort. He came to India as Governor of Bengal only; he left it as Governor-General of all India; to his successor he handed over the India of to-day—a third and a-half larger, i.e., a quarter million square miles, than that which he came to rule. It was no longer possible for the Governor-General with his seat of Government at Calcutta to keep watch and guard over all his Empire, therefore Deputy or Lieutenant-Governors were appointed, and under them again were appointed Chief-Commissioners and Deputy-Commissioners. A Lieutenant-Governor was appointed for the Punjab and another was appointed for Oudh, which was united with the North-Western Provinces, and in later years others followed in due course, and these, if only from a social point of view, are of the greatest benefit to the country and especially to its European population. The

Governor-General with his Council spent four months of the year at Calcutta, while the rest of the year was spent at Simla and in tour, inspecting the principal parts of the vast Empire. The position of the troops was also subjected to complete readjustment. The massed body at Calcutta, and the war stations of Barrackpore and Dum Dum, were removed to Meerut and the Punjab, while the military stations in Lower Bengal were abandoned in favour of Oudh and the Central Province of Dinapore. While although Calcutta was shorn of some of her importance and Bombay was found more suitable for the embarkation and arrival of troops for Northern India, yet Calcutta with her three important rivers, the Ganges, the Indus and the Bramaputra, must ever hold an important place in the commercial and social world. With these vastly increased possessions the need for an extended railway system was obvious. Gigantic difficulties seemed to obscure the way; these, however, were non-existent to the master mind of Lord Dalhousie. With his pen he made clear what his plans were for the scheme: its fulfilment exceeded even his predictions and intentions. The great benefit to trade and commerce was only equalled by the immensity of the passenger traffic. So vigorously was the work carried forward that the Great Indian and Peninsular Railway was thrown open to the public in 1853, and in 1856 thousands of additional miles had been surveyed and were under construction for extension, with the magnificent results in evidence to-day.

The next surprise to be burst upon the people of India was the installation of the telegraph, a task of much greater magnitude than the railway scheme, so great were the hindrances to be overcome. Amongst these were climatic effects of rain and wind, the former rendering the ground untrustworthy for pillars and posts, and the latter hindering and defying progress by

laying flat with its violence the incompleated work of the day. There was deep and malarious jungle to penetrate, with unskilled labour and a shortage of material as handicaps. Nevertheless, every difficulty was marvellously overcome, again with surprising results, and with usefulness and trade benefit so great that the wonder was how the commercial world had prospered at all without its telegraph. There are now one hundred and thirty thousand miles of telegraphic wire in India, and approximately four million messages are transmitted annually, the six anna form being by no means the least useful.

From Lord Dalhousie's wonderful brain evolved the splendid organization of the Public Works Department in India. There had been a system in vogue under parsimonious and untrained management, which Lord Dalhousie wisely abolished, substituting for it a thoroughly trained and efficient service conducted by civil engineers, with branch offices throughout India. These are responsible for the splendid roads, bridges, canals, court houses, treasuries and jails which have been erected all over India. Their works are not confined to Government service only, but are extended to the general public as well, and there is always the satisfaction of knowing that what the Public Works Department undertakes is well and truly done.

Not the least of the great and good works of Lord Dalhousie was the establishment of the half-anna postage system. For this small sum, equal to one halfpenny, a two ounce letter can be sent to the farthest end of India. It may have seemed to be going one better than Roland Hill's penny postage scheme in England, but it would now indeed be good if England in turn emulated India—she takes many pages out of her book—and allowed her people a like privilege, even that of a reduced charge for local letters.



The Indian postage system before this innovation was of a very trying description. Letters were charged for on delivery, and the charge levied was very much what the letter carrier thought sufficient to leave a margin for himself, while a subaltern or a local doctor usually acted as postmaster, and generally attended to his duties when most convenient and his own special work permitted him comfortably to do so. The Governor-General introduced a neat little postage stamp, letters were thus paid for in advance, and thus ended all wranglings and needless differences of opinion between the receiver and the local Dak-wallah (postman). And now we must return to the earlier pages of the previous chapter and see, while Lord Dalhousie had done so much for India, what she had done for him in return for his eight years of splendidly faultless service. Leaning on crutches, it was seemingly an old man who tottered from his carriage to the boat on which Lord Dalhousie embarked for England. It was with enthusiastic cheers the vast assembly of people greeted him, but a silence more eloquent than words succeeded their outburst—a silence born of intense pity for the statesman so worn, so ill and weary, who had literally given his life for India, and who now, without doubt, was passing from them for ever.

Every effort on his return home was made to restore health and powers, but alas! even with comparative youth on his side, irremediable harm had been done. In two years time, at the age of forty-nine only, he was laid to rest in the family burial place in his own parish of Cockpen.

In the Dalhousie Institute, Calcutta, erected in memory of him, a fine bust in the vestibule should keep ever fresh in the minds of the people the last of the Governor-Generals of India, one of her greatest, if not the greatest, of her statesmen.

## CHAPTER XLII.

**India's First Viceroy.**

"From whence come wars and fighting amongst ye!" . . .

IN a small house built in the style of an Italian villa, situated between Kensington and Brompton, named Gloucester House after its first owner, the Duchess of Gloucester, was born on the fourteenth day of December, 1812, Charles John Canning, the first Governor-General of India to bear the title of Viceroy of India. He was the third son of George Canning, whose ancestry, dating back to the fourteenth century, were people of note and renown. Some had distinguished themselves in Parliament, others had been useful in their generation as Mayors, some were well known in the literary world. George Canning was especially noteworthy as a man of high intellect and character, and became Prime Minister of England. The Cannings intermarried with the best families in England. Joan, the daughter of General Scott, and co-heiress with the Duchess of Portland, was the mother of India's Viceroy. On the death of his father, 1827, his mother was created a Viscountess, with the reversion to her sons. The eldest son, George Charles, had died in 1820, and the second, William Pitt, in 1828; thus Charles became heir and succeeded to the title on the death of his mother in April, 1837. Liberally endowed with this world's goods, he was able to follow the bent of his inclinations, and adopted a political career. His marriage to the Honourable Charlotte

Stuart, eldest daughter of Lord Stuart de Rothesay, was a source of the greatest joy, and, later, her death was the greatest sorrow of his life.

Charles Canning was educated at Eton in the days when fagging, that most hateful form of school discipline, was carried to a cruel pitch. At an early age he displayed the talents and the goodness which increased with years and distinguished him through life. After holding various political appointments in England, with marked success, on the resignation of Lord Dalhousie he reached his zenith, when he was offered and accepted the Governor-Generalship of India. On 4th November, 1855, he and Lady Canning sailed from Marseilles, and after some visits en route arrived at Bombay on the 26th January. On the last day of February, with more visits intervening, they reached Calcutta, and the new Governor-General at once took up the duties of his office.

At the banquet given in his honour by the Court of Directors on the eve of his departure for India, his speech created a profound impression. "I know not," he said, "what course events may take. I hope and pray that we may not reach the extremity of war. I wish for a peaceful term of office, but I cannot forget that in our Indian Empire that greatest of all blessings depends upon a greater variety of chances than in any other quarter of the globe. What has happened once may happen again." These were the words which, intentionally or not, were prophetic in their import. While Lord Dalhousie had to all appearances handed over a peaceful and prosperous India to his successor, he yet had carefully warned all concerned that no prudent man having any knowledge of Eastern affairs would ever venture to predict a prolonged continuation of peace in India, and invalided though he was, he exerted himself to write out at length his views for the

military defence and security of his Empire. He accentuated the need for an increased number of British regiments in India, also advised that the Gurkha forces should be increased, and that the native cavalry and infantry of the regular forces should be for obvious reasons decreased. Lord Dalhousie's warning and suggestions were entirely ignored. Instead of additional British regiments being stationed, their number was reduced, by two of the best, which were sent to the Crimea, and as Oudh, although annexed, joined later in the general rebellion, England was deprived of her help, which comprised fighting men of the best and highest castè. The preparedness with which Lord Dalhousie would have safeguarded the country was conspicuous by its absence. Had he been listened to, the Mutiny of 1857 would most probably have been averted and the curtain would never have been raised on the blackest page in India's history. We have seen to our sorrow that history repeated itself in 1914. Another great and good man\* pled for a state of preparedness, and, as of yore, a deaf ear was turned to his timely warning. Then, too, as now, their greatness spared us the humiliating reminder, "I told you so." Not many weeks of Lord Canning's rule had passed before he realised that his desire for a peaceful term of office was not likely to be realised. The first symptoms of unrest came from Persia, and, if we recall the incidents and tragedies of Herat and Afghanistan, we will remember that England was not quite free from blame, and that it was not surprising if the native was waiting an opportunity for retaliation. Dost Mohammed had been quite faithful to his treaty, and as he had been somewhat needlessly disturbed in his peaceful efforts as ruler, we must commend his integrity. Such faithfulness, however, did not extend to his people.

\*Earl Roberts.

The task of making clear the causes of unrest is no easy one. Had Lord Dalhousie remained in office it is probable that the Mutiny would never have sullied the pages of Indian History. The natives were not quite sure that the many improvements, advancements and innovations, which the late Governor-General had effected, were for the good of the country. They had not become inured to them nor appreciative of them. They feared England becoming too dominant, too superior, and, above all, they feared interference with their religion, and that their recantation and conversion might be insisted on. They were distrustful. Had the Master Hand remained in evidence, their fears would have been allayed or silenced by his influence and authority. He knew the Indian character well, its childishness and its ignorance, which required tactful government and suppression. A change of ruler was the natives' opportunity—the mere fact of change sufficed, no matter that the powers and ability of Lord Dalhousie's successor were beyond contradiction, which fact will speak for itself as the tale of the Mutiny is unfolded with his term of office. Added to all these minor imaginary evils in the native mind, was one equally fictitious, yet gigantic in its proportions, one which was chief of all in causing the prevalent discontent and rebellion. The old-fashioned musket rifle, "the Brown Bess," had been condemned, and the new Enfield had been introduced, with depots at the chief military stations for instructions in its use. The story is said to have originated with a sweeper that the substance used for lubricating the cartridges for the new rifle was a mixture of the fat of pigs and cows—a substance which neither Hindu nor Mohammedan could touch without being polluted and losing caste. The tale spread like wildfire. It was the one topic of interest in the Bazaars and the regimental lines. The efforts of English officers

to allay fears and suspicions were unavailing. They were shared by sepoy and native officers alike. Panic followed on anxiety, and secret and midnight meetings were followed by acts of incendiarism, the native's favourite method of proclaiming that he had a grievance. A general rebellion was imminent, and came all too soon for the Empire, which had disregarded its late Governor's warning.

I do not attempt to detail the heart-rending Mutiny of 1857-58 in its entirety and awfulness. I have already elsewhere outlined it, and would rather refer my readers to the tale as told by one of its victims who survived it. It was sitting by the grave of Sir Henry Lawrence, in the ruined Residency Compound at Lucknow, that I read the terrible and ghastly tale.

"Here lies Sir Henry Lawrence  
who tried to do his duty"

Such were the grandly simple words inscribed on the tombstone of the hero who not only tried but succeeded so well, and yet was cut down when he could so ill be spared. He had spent the livelong night, nearly his last on earth, wrestling in prayer for the safety of the Empire, and for the women and children in his care in the crypt of the Residency. It was on the 2nd July that Sir Henry Lawrence was mortally wounded by a shell from a howitzer, one of our own, which had been captured at Chinchat, a village near Lucknow. A hole in the Residency wall was shown me through which the bullet passed which wounded again and hastened the end of the already dying hero; a poor return indeed for the splendid service of thirty-four years which he had rendered to India. Nearly his last words spoken to the officer who carried on his work were, "Never give in." History has recorded how faithfully these orders were obeyed.

A serious factor in the rebellion of 1857 was one Nana Sahib, the adopted son of Baji Rao II, Dundhu Panth, more commonly called the Peshwa, who reigned at Poona and was the acknowledged head of the Mahratta Confederacy. Nana Sahib, on the death of his adopted father, was allowed to inherit his fortune and the estate of Bithur, near Cawnpore, on which he had lived, but he was not allowed a continuation of the pension of £80,000 enjoyed by the late Peshwa. For this just diminution of his income he nursed his wrath and kept it warm, awaiting an opportunity for revenge. It came with the Mutiny. Like a firebrand he journeyed hither and thither, fanning the flame of rebellion, but veiling his hypocritical scheme by keeping up a pretence of friendliness with the English, in order if failure came for the Indians that he might claim partisanship with the former, and so well veneered was his deceit that English officers were completely deceived by him and extended hospitality to him, even so far as to allow him to share in their amusements. Simultaneously with Nana Sahib's hypocritical scheme, a teacher from Faizobad, Oudh, was touring through the Delhi, Meerut, Patna and Calcutta districts, preaching the same sedition and striking the same rebellious note. The climax, however, came with the tale of the greased cartridges. Panic spread with a rapidity which could not be counteracted. Open rebellion broke out at Barrackpore—twelve miles from Calcutta, and at Berhampore, where a young sepoy broke from the ranks, openly incited his comrades to rebel, and fired on the officer in command, whom none attempted to assist. The General of the division succeeded in restoring order, but of so superficial a nature that every resource had necessarily to be strained to the utmost, and even conciliation attempted.

Meerut, north of Delhi, an important military station, was the scene of an early and most flagrant

breach of discipline; out of ninety troopers of the Third Bengal Native Cavalry, all but five refused to receive their cartridges. The Colonel's expostulations, as well as his conciliatory efforts, were in vain. The parade was broken up and a court-martial was ordered. There is a lingering feeling of regard for the men who, let us believe for religious motives, held out so bravely against consequences so dire. We must, of course, weigh against their courage, their oath of allegiance to the army, and the urgent need, especially then, but at all times, for discipline in the rank and file. The sentence, though none too severe, tended to increase the prevalent and ill-concealed mutinous spirit. There were those who deemed Lord Canning's sentence too lenient, and applied to him the epithet of "Clemency Canning." Let us not join with these cavillers. It is even best to err on the side of mercy. The sentence of imprisonment for long periods for the eighty-five men who had refused their cartridges was carried out with solemnity so impressive as greatly to increase its severity. Early on a May morning, which in spite of its natural brightness was weighted with the anxieties of the moment and with currents and undercurrents of discord and deceit too subtle for western mind to gauge, the Brigade assembled to hear the sentence on their comrades and probably assist in its execution. Stripped of their uniforms and secured with convict manacles, each offender amidst tears, entreaties and, eventually, imprecations, was marched off to jail. Enforced submission was short-lived. Next evening, before the troops assembled for church parade, the plan for revenge had been matured. There was suppressed excitement in the native quarters, a general hurrying hither and thither, and then, with a rush, the malcontents joined the cavalry in stampeding to the jails to release by brute force their imprisoned comrades. Then followed a general rising and a scene which became too



common these days in its repetition. Officers were shot down, men, women and children were ruthlessly massacred and streets were fired. "From whence come wars? Even of your lusts that war in your members." It would almost appear that the position became too perilous and impossible for the officer in command, for the rioters were eventually left to their evil pursuits.

The rebellion spread to Delhi, and, joined by its well-prepared forces there, proved too strong for the defenders. By sunset not one European was left alive in Delhi; if any had escaped, their position and prospects were even more perilous than before, and thus again Delhi passed from the hands of the English for a fleeting space. When their hour of extremity arrived, when all hope of right overpowering might had died away, then the brave young officer, Lieutenant Willoughby, in charge of the magazine, resolved on its destruction as the valiant course, even though it surely entailed the loss of his own life as well as those of his eight comrades in arms. A last look towards the Meerut road revealed the assailants already swarming on the walls. There was no further time to lose. The signal was given—the sergeant applied the light, a thunderous explosion followed with vast and blinding columns of smoke and flame. Two thousand of the assailants were blown into nothingness, while, contrary to their anticipations, the English officers remained safe and secure at their posts.

"Onwards to Delhi" had been the cry of many a native regiment in the early days of the Mutiny. Well was it for India that a superhuman will and power in the person of General John Nicholson was thwarting such a course, either by disbanding and disarming the would-be mutineers or by overpowering them with his own brilliant and far-reaching designs. Well was it that by his transference from Peshawar to the Punjab he was within easier distance and able to sight Delhi by the 7th

August. After reconnoitring the whole position and grasping the situation with his own peculiar thoroughness, it was on the 14th August that the victorious column marched into Delhi with Nicholson at its head—to the jubilant music of the bands which yet “floated down to the rebel city with a menace in every note.” This was only the starting point. The undertaking as planned by Nicholson required much preparation to complete its magnitude in every detail. There must be ammunition enough to grind Delhi to powder—the loss of the magazine necessitated fresh supplies. This the enemy attempted to intercept in transit, so several little battles were fought and won before the all-important encounter — indeed, so complete were the preliminaries that the finals were but as a walk over, a finishing stroke. It is of very special interest to remember that Earl Roberts was present on that memorable occasion as a subaltern. To him we are indebted for a record of Nicholson's closing words of instruction to his column the night before the action—“Don't press them too hard,” he said, “let them have a golden bridge by which to retire,” an injunction as English as it was humane, one, too, that has lived and will live, and we rejoice afresh that such a leader as John Nicholson was chosen from the many Generals present to lead the troops to win Delhi, but, alas! to die for it!

The troops were already in their places when the bugle calls were sounded that memorable fourteenth day of September. The early morning hours had been occupied breaking down the fresh barriers which the enemy had erected during the night. Now all was ready, save for a barely perceptible pause on the part of the troops, and their leader knew and justified their feeling. It was not fair fighting, and Englishmen hate all else. To carry out the orders given, which included a plan to clear the way for a fourth column that was expected, it

was necessary to open a certain passage called the Lahore Gate. The route to it lay through a narrow street, its houses on either side packed with the enemy—truly a death trap—small wonder that British courage, depressed by the contempt they felt, should pause and shudder. Their leader blamed them not,—he rather fortified them for the battle over self as well as over the enemy. "Come on, my lads," he shouted, and, placing himself at their head, and with sword raised on high he dashed forward, bravely leading the way through shot and shell. A glorious action with a glorious result, but, alas, there was a big penalty to pay. Nicholson was shot through the body, a wound which he at once realized was fatal. They would fain have carried him away, but he desired to remain until the victory was sure, and such was his reward. Delhi was taken for all time—the would-be King was a prisoner, but, alas, John Nicholson was dying. He lingered until 23rd September, and then they laid him to rest just outside the Kashmir Gate, calling the little God's acre of fifty square yards "the Nicholson Garden." For some fifty years nature's flowers were its only decoration, with a slab of stone only, once a garden seat of the defunct Mogul emperors. Now a beautiful monument, placed there by our best of Viceroys, Lord Curzon, commemorates a glorious victory and a hero's death. It depicts the warrior, aged thirty-five only, and deified even by the pugilistic races of India, with sword unsheathed in hand, and face and form of splendid proportions, facing the Kashmir Gate through which he had expected the fourth column in his hour of triumph to pass. Once seen one never forgets the monument nor the impression it makes, while the sunbeams picked out in fitful flashes the golden inscription. The freshly planted flowers had scarcely rooted as (April, 1906) I rested by the hero's grave to read the story of his noble life and deeds. Beyond and northwards lay the

ridge of historical fame so great, from which, as possessed by the British, all their operations against Delhi had been made. To me it was a dissonant note, so bare, so gloomy, so full of sadness, ruined remains everywhere spoke not of ancient decay or bygone splendour, but rather of the destruction of warfare "that wasteth at noontide." With these brief and very superficial notes we pass from its gloom with the triumphant note—Delhi was taken!

## CHAPTER XLIII.

**Nana Sahib's Treachery.**

"It is not only by steel or fire, but through contempt and blame, that the martyr fulfils the calling of his dear soul."

WE must not lose sight of the fact that while brave men were valiantly doing his bidding, Lord Canning from the seat of Government at Calcutta was steadily directing affairs. Assailed by criticism the most unjust and undeserved, he, nevertheless, tranquilly and unmovedly, pursued the course he knew to be right. His critics, animated by the feelings of the moment and the petty emotions of ungoverned passions, presumed to condemn his tactics in that he would not direct England's forces against the entire Indian nation for the faults of the minority. "I will not govern in anger," Lord Canning said. "I will not allow an angry and indiscriminate act or word to proceed from the Government of India so long as I am responsible for it." Thus, and always, Lord Canning showed his fitness to govern, as well as his power to ignore the pin pricks of criticism. Matters of supreme importance engrossed his attention to their exclusion, and it sufficed him that the heroes of the Empire were with him and for him, nobly doing their duty and alas! dying in the performance of it.

John Lawrence and Herbert Edwards, who gained distinction in Afghanistan, were in command of the Punjab. Henry Lawrence, as we have seen, was at Lucknow, supported, and in due course succeeded, by Colonel Inglis. Then there was Henry Havelock of deathless fame, succeeded in due course by Sir James Outram, all familiar names to us, with some others we

have still to honour : Colin Campbell, Hugh Rose, Hugh Wheeler, Hereward Wake and others in positions of greater and lesser note, but as brave and good and true. The Madras Fusiliers, ironically termed "the lambs," with Colonel Neil in command, were at Benares, where, too, in spite of the holy repute of the city, the panic had spread. The wild excitement, disorder and bloodshed which prevailed amongst its fanatic inhabitants was quelled with just vengeance before the call came for help from Allahabad, where a subaltern only, Lieutenant Brayser, with insufficient forces, was bravely holding out against overwhelming odds. Neil and his "lambs," reduced to forty all told, unhesitatingly responded to the call and at once pressed forward to the rescue, the intense heat of the June sun, cholera and fever, proving antagonists as formidable as the foes they went to silence. Nevertheless, Allahabad was reached and was subdued, but further advance was impossible; and Cawnpore, the chief seat of rebellion, was one hundred and twenty-five miles distant. There Sir Hugh Wheeler was in command, all honour be to him! Seventy-five years of age, fifty of which had been spent in India, he yet faced the music with his native column and but sixty European artillery. His entrenchments are in evidence to-day, and remain suggestive of the awful conflict there. Weirdly still and tranquil now, it is yet reminiscent of horrors one would fain forget. On reaching Cawnpore, we come to the vicinity of Bithur and the country of the traitor, Nana Sahib. It was inexpressible pain to Sir Hugh Wheeler to find that his sepoy's at once fell under the baneful influence of the betrayer, and became untrustworthy. Precautions had to be taken. To meet needs and emergencies, a defence was at once arranged for. Mud walls were piled round the two thatched hungalows which were already in use as hospitals, and, thereabouts, after collecting all the provisions and ammunition

possible, the garrison entrenched themselves. Two hundred women, two hundred children and a defence of four hundred and fifty men only, awaited a cruel doom. They were surrounded by three thousand mutineers under Tantia Topia, the Nana's Commander-in-Chief—the arch-fiend himself still kept out of evidence. For twenty-one days the brave little garrison held out; the men might have fought their way through the lines of their enemies, but the women and children crouching 'neath the mud walls could not be left behind, and there, again, were the sick and the dying, whose frail thatch roof the rebels were needlessly severe in firing, with red hot cannon ball as well as with shot and shell.

The help anxiously looked for from Lucknow failed to come, and, as we know, Neil and his "lambs" were stayed at Allahabad. From the 5th June until the 21st the struggle continued, and then the despairing garrison accepted their only alternative and entered into a treaty with the Nana Sahib. They were trusting an arch-fiend. What but villainy could follow. A safe conduct was promised them down the river to Allahabad, and each soldier was permitted to carry arms and ammunition.

The invalids and the women and children, wearied and worn, yet rejoicing at the prospect of release, were carried to the landing stage, Sati Chaura, which, still in evidence at a very pretty bend of the river, consists only of a few steps each side to right and left, with a few feet of pavement intervening. There some heavily thatched lumbering native boats were waiting as if to convey the sufferers happily away; waiting also and in ambush there were sepoys and guns secreted in the river's banks, with the craven coward, Tantia Topia, ready to insist on obedience if any refused to obey his murderous commands. They had failed so far in spite of their numbers to conquer their victims, but on the open river there was neither cover nor defence nor possibility of

escape for the majority. As the boats with their living freight were severed from their moorings, and the boatmen, as previously arranged, deserted their posts and returned to land, the ambushed enemy opened fire on their helpless victims, who were unable even to navigate the heavy boats on which a little while previously they had so gladly embarked, but which now proved to be death traps only. To make their deadly designs quite sure, live cinders had been secreted in the thatched roof of each boat. Red hot cannon ball and shot and shell were again the needlessly severe method adopted to continue their deadly and dastardly vengeance. Only two officers, Mowbray-Thompson and Delafosse, and two privates, Murphy and Sullivan, escaped. They swam down the river, to be captured, however, at the sixth mile, and taken back to the Nana. Their cruel fate was at once decided.

. . . . .

Very beautiful is the memorial monument at Cawnpore, with its pretty garden surroundings over the well which was used as a grave for the victims of the river tragedy—dead and dying alike—by the perpetrators of the terrible crime. The monument was the gift of Lord and Lady Canning. The face of the lovely figure of "The Angel of the Resurrection" guarding the tomb inspires love. One aspect of the face is ineffably sad, but the other, lit by the semblance of a smile, is clearly expressive of peace and the glad thankfulness of possession. The weary were at rest, their battle had been fought and won. . . . The arms of the figure are crossed idly over the breast as if in resignation to the Divine will, and each hand holds a palm, the emblem of peace. On the cross to which this beautiful figure is attached these words are inscribed:—

"In a well under this cross were laid, by the hands of their fellows in suffering, the bodies of men, women and



children, who died hardly during the heroic defence of Wheeler's entrenchment when beleaguered by the rebel Nana, 6th June to 27th June, 1857."

Over the archway of the pure white marble which encloses the figure, and is a continuation of the screen which surrounds the well, these words are inscribed:—

"These are they which came out of great tribulation," and engraved on the screen is the sad tale itself in these words:— "Sacred to a great company of Christian people who near this spot were cruelly murdered by the followers of the rebel Nana Dhundu Pauh of Bithur who cast the dying with the dead into the well below on the 15th day of July, 1857."

We rejoice that the garrison at Lucknow, forty miles distant, was saved from a similar fate, and while we know that Sir Henry Lawrence did not live to see his work completed, to him is due the forethought which saved the situation. He had found a place of safety for the women and children in the crypt of the Residency, a cool retreat always used as such by the Resident in the hot weather. This had been as amply stored with provisions and ammunition as circumstances permitted. It was only two days after the siege commenced that Sir Henry Lawrence died, wounded as we already know. He was lying in one of the crypt rooms when a shell pierced the wall and wounded him afresh with fatal results. Colonel, afterwards General, Sir John Inglis was appointed to carry on his work. To Sir Henry Havelock was given command of the troops which Lord Canning continued to send up from Calcutta. It had been said of him that if any man could save India that man was Henry Havelock. The bravest of the brave, he was also conspicuous for his religious fervour, which not only won for him the esteem of his men but served as well as a fine example to them. None were more merciful, none were more valiant than Havelock and his "Saints," as they were sincerely, yet humorously, called.

It was from warfare in Persia that Henry Havelock had been called to India on the outbreak of hostilities. On landing at Bombay he at once proceeded by sea to Calcutta, where Lord Canning appointed him Brigadier-General in command of the expeditionary force for the relief of Lucknow, and for the suppression of the rebellion generally. Thus he obtained the fulfilment of his ambition, the command of a British army in the field. It was in a week's time that he was ready with a force of 15,000 to start for Allahabad, where he completed the formation of his column. It consisted of the Ross-shire Buffs, the Seventy-eighth Highlanders, Major Renaud, with four hundred artillerymen and two guns, the heroic Brayser with his Sikhs, and Colonel Maude with his artillery, who, when their bullocks failed them, dragged their own guns to the front. Then there were also some brave volunteers under command of Captain Barrow, styled the Behar Light Horse, who achieved lasting fame for themselves. The regiment at the start only numbered eighteen men. These came from all classes, but were and still are chiefly tea and indigo planters. These were fortified by officers of native regiments which had mutinied and members of the police force who had wearied of patrol duty and preferred military activities. It was on the 12th day of July that Havelock's first battle was fought and won at Fatehpur, where he captured eleven guns. On the 15th, in a lesser engagement, Major Renaud fell, while cholera and the intense heat worked havoc amongst the troops as deadly as the enemy's shot and shell. Still they pressed forward, making for Cawnpore in their earnest desire to save the women and children. "With God's help we shall save them or die in the attempt," they said, for they had yet to learn that they were too late.

The next battle was fought and won at a place named Aong, fought at break of day as they still pressed

forward, and, as if one encounter was not enough for one day, it was while the troops were still at breakfast and enjoying their well-earned rest that they were called out again to capture the bridge over the river Pandu, in order by its possession to facilitate the march to Cawnpore, and it would seem that their bold efforts were only beginning, for the next day held renewed activities and two more actions were fought and won.

And now, having thrown off all pretence, we find the Nana revealed in his true colours, arch-foe and arch-traitor combined. With his troops, five thousand strong, and with eight guns in the rear he had spread out in a crescent line across the Cawnpore road ready to enclose the English on their approach. Nana, safeguarded in the howdah of his elephant, was in front. For a moment, overweighted with their heavy firearms, fatigued and tried by July's intense heat, the English bent under the fusilade. "Rise up," said Sir Henry Havelock, "the longer you look at it, the less you will like it." The Sixty-fourth waited not to give reply, but, led by Major Sterling and Lieutenant Havelock, the General's son, rushed forward and dispersed the enemy, completely routing them. Amongst the first to follow the lead was Captain Barrow and his volunteers, who waited not for words of command but boldly faced the foe to the generous cheers of the regulars. So, in spite of the enemy's glare and glamour, in spite of their superior numbers, our troops forced their way through the crescent line, overpowering with their undaunted courage and grit the moral frailty of the greater numbers of the enemy pitted against them. The military leader, the bold bad Nana, was the first to ride away. He knew it was for Cawnpore the troops were bound, and he feared their wrath when they beheld his handiwork there. Cawnpore was reached, but alas, as we know, too late. There only remained the well with its ghastly

contents, a sight which infuriated and inspired the column to greater acts of valour and vengeance.

It was the personal grief and wrath of each man that prompted instant vengeance and a fearful punishment for the perpetrators of the ghastly crime. The time, however, had not yet come for retribution; it was in the open field that Havelock would avenge the wrong, now his restraining hand was wanted to curb the impatience of the forces. They had faced the cannon's mouth and the horrors of war with unflinching courage, but the massacre of innocent women and children completely unmanned them. The work of the moment, however, was pressing. Taking advantage of the death of Sir Henry Lawrence at Lucknow, it was in ever increasing numbers the rebel force swarmed the Residency grounds. The impatience of Havelock and his troops to reach the beleaguered garrison knew no bounds, but unsurmountable difficulties arose for them. The forces were reduced to a sixth part of their original strength, a reduction effected more by cholera, dysentery and the excessive heat, than by fire and sword, for in each battle they had been victorious. Under such conditions to proceed meant the total annihilation of the troops. Desistance, therefore, was inevitable. It was with depression born of keen disappointment that a return therefore to Cawnpore was decided upon. There was, however, one encouragement by the way, at Bithur, that of a brilliant victory over Nana and four thousand followers, which left Havelock and his men the glorious reputation of being second to none. Havelock's name and fame were widespread. "Havelock and his Highlanders," "Havelock and his Ironsides," were household words in the British Isles and wherever the English tongue was spoken. In the short space of thirty-six days nine battles had been fought and won by his column—a continuation of successes which struck terror and greatly disheartened

the sepoy mutineers. There was also, however, unknown to them, anxiety for Havelock. His forces had not accomplished such feats without loss and suffering, and the power to reinforce and recoup was lacking. His hopes were centred on Neil and his "lambs," but alas! we know they too had suffered and were insufficient to fill the gaps in the newly formed column. Nevertheless, in response to Havelock's appeal, they joined him at Cawnpore, an action which decided Havelock at once to proceed again to Lucknow, while Neil was left to guard Cawnpore.

And now we must revive interest in one of our heroes whom we especially eulogized in the earlier pages of our story. As we meet him again we rejoice he is no stranger to us, this "Bayard of the East," Sir James Outram of never dying fame, and all worthy of our early admiration, he becomes still more so in his later days. His appearance on the scene from Oudh, where he was Chief-Commissioner, howsoever welcome in the hour of hostilities, raised for the moment anxiety for Havelock. Outram was the senior officer. The command of the forces must be given by rights to him. This chivalrous and soldier spirit, however, grasped full well what such a blow would mean to Havelock, and his delicate handling of the circumstance affords an illustration of his greatness. The nobility of his action is beyond laudation, and his own words are more simply telling than any others that could be penned.

"In gratitude for and in admiration of the brilliant deeds of arms achieved by Brigadier-General Havelock and his gallant troops he (Outram) cheerfully waived his rank in his favour and volunteered instead to accompany the force to Lucknow in his civil capacity as Chief-Commissioner of Oudh, tendering his services to the Brigadier-General as a volunteer." Could there be action more glorious than this, one so worthy of imitation

in all ranks, and even in the petty warfare of daily life; annihilating jealousy and hatred, the roots of all evil, and inculcating fortitude, self-abnegation and effacement, the most beautiful and purifying graces and a sure pathway to victory, open to all. Be good. Do good. Let who can be clever.

So it was, with preparations complete, on the 7th July, and within four days of Outram's arrival, that Henry Havelock rode out a second time at the head of the forces for the relief of Lucknow. They numbered 2,388 British soldiers; then there was Captain Barrow with his little company of volunteers and the artillery under command of Colonels Maude, Eyre and Olpherts, and the native cavalry, artillery and Sikh infantry, who had gone in advance. These again were augmented by troops from Peshawar, sent by John Lawrence. It was with Captain Barrow and the Behar Light Horse that the great soldier-civilian, Sir James Outram, elected to ride as a volunteer in Henry Havelock's column. It was said of him during the campaign that his sword was never drawn; he showed his contempt for the sepoy mutineer by trusting only to his gold-headed malacca cane which he always carried, and which he made reverberate on the backs of those paid to receive the blows which had best been given to their savage leader—the instigator of the rebellion.

It was on the 23rd September that the outskirts of Lucknow were reached and the booming of the cannon from the Residency was first heard. There too came the glad news of the fall of Delhi and that the remaining troops were making for the relief of Lucknow.

“What have they done! Where is it? Out yonder. Guard the  
 Redan,  
 Storm at the Water-gate! Storm at the Bailey-gate! Storm,  
 and it ran  
 Surging and swaying all round us, as ocean on every side  
 And ever upon the topmost roof the banner of England blew.”

## CHAPTER XLIV.

**The Relief of Lucknow.**

"Banner of England, not for a season O banner of Britain, hast thou  
Floated in conquering battle or flap'd to the battle cry!  
Never with mightier glory than when we had reared thee on high  
Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly Siege of Lucknow—  
Shot thro' the staff or the halyard, but ever we raised thee anew  
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew."

LUCKNOW,<sup>1</sup> on the River Gumti, is of recent origin, and while we owe its creation to the Kings of Oudh, it is very English in character and abounds in interest and beautiful places. The Alambagh Gardens is one of its delights; these fine pleasure grounds belonged to the Royal Family of Oudh. It was there, on the 24th of September, that Havelock and his forces halted when they reached Lucknow, and there the booming of the cannon from the beleaguered garrison first greeted them. A royal salute was fired in return, but, owing to an unfavourable wind, its welcome sound failed to reach the besieged. Yet they were not wholly ignorant of the glad fact that help was at hand. A faithful sepoy in Lucknow, named Angad, had been instrumental in keeping the garrison in touch with Havelock, and, by reporting to them the brave doings of the General and his troops, had inspired and kept hope alive in their hearts. It was on the following day, the 25th September, that the relieving forces started their march for the Residency, and, after some of the severest fighting they had yet encountered, reached it on the evening of the same day. Strenuous work remained. The enemy was continuously bom-

barding the Residency. Mines, and the howitzer gun taken from the British at Chinchat, were steadily effecting their deadly designs. The garrison had held out splendidly, but it was well that help was at hand with the much needed reinforcements. A bold, brave factor in the relief of Lucknow was Sir Colin Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde. He was in England on leave when the Mutiny was at its height, and when his services were required, in spite of his sixty-five years, he at once replied that he was ready to start on the morrow—11th July, 1857. It was late November when he reached the scene of action. Outram had been wounded; Havelock was suffering from the long continued strain—there was but time for the three Generals to meet before there was still greater need for the services of Sir Colin Campbell.

The first or preliminary relief of Lucknow and the safety of the Residency and its inmates was assured—the honour and glory of its relief was Henry Havelock's. "Rarely," wrote Lord Canning in his congratulatory letter, "Rarely has a man been so fortunate as to relieve by his successes so many aching hearts and to reap so rich a reward." The time had come for Sir James Outram to take over the command that was his by right. Finding it impolitic to remove the garrison, Outram decided, the food supplies still being sufficient, to leave the interned company in the Residency, to increase considerably the outside guard, and to place Havelock in charge of the extension, while he remained in close quarters and in touch with the Residency itself

In connection with Sir Colin Campbell, we have yet another important character to introduce, one who held himself in no small esteem and to whom we accord the credit of hastening the relief of Lucknow. For his bold deed he was awarded the Victoria Cross, and "the story of how he won it," written by himself, is worthy of perusal, and is amusing because of the vast conceit of



which he was possessed. James Kavanagh by name was a clerk in Lucknow. On the arrival of Sir Colin Campbell in the vicinity he was not slow to perceive the need that information regarding the position of affairs must be conveyed to him, no easy matter, yet he volunteered to carry the necessary dispatches. Sir James Outram thankfully accepted the offer, but not without giving Kavanagh due warning of the danger of the undertaking. Nevertheless, Kavanagh persisted in his offer, and, disguised as a native and accompanied by one, he boldly set out with dispatches and dexterously made his way through sixty thousand rebels who were massed in and around the city, and, after some few adventures, reached the British camp in safety and presented himself and the dispatches to the General. So now we come to the beginning of the end. Sir Colin and his forces at once prepared for the relief of the beleaguered garrison. Many accounts are written of that great day. I prefer to give the story as told me there by the old veteran who was one of the guard. Great tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks as, standing side by side in the Residency grounds overlooking the country by which the rescue troops had come, he told again the sad, yet glad, story, told it too so graphically that one seemed to live it over again.

Interned since July until late November, hope of rescue and release was fast dying out in the hearts of the people. They feared a repetition of Cawnpore and its villainy. Still the ladies were bravely performing their allotted tasks, caring for the children and attending to the commissariat department for the whole company, as well as for their outside guard. To comfort and encourage the soldiers' wives was no easy task—they were quite sure a cruel doom awaited them, and that soon. The little incident of Jessie Brown, a sergeant's wife, is always dear to Scottish hearts. Almost

demented with grief and exhausted with restlessness, the officer's wife who failed to comfort her, at length persuaded her to lie down and rest. She was soon overcome with the sleep which so mercifully follows excessive grief. It was even in her dreams that the welcome sound reached her Scottish ears, and, springing to her feet, alert and all sign of weariness and sadness gone, she cried, "Hark! dinna ye hear? Dinna ye hear? I'm no wildly dreamin'—we're saved. It's the slogan o' the Heilanders," and, rushing to the battery, she wildly shouted to the men—"Courage, courage, we're saved, we're saved." For a time they treated her as frenzied in her sorrow, but she would not be silenced. Falling on the ground with ear pressed to catch the tread and sound, again she wildly shouted, "Will ye no believe it noo?" There was no longer room for doubt, for even to English ears the glad notes of the pipes were unmistakable, now shrill and harsh, threatening vengeance on the foe, and then in quiet crooning tone promising succour to the weary ones. The Campbells were indeed "comin' wi' sound o' trumpet, pipe and drum," and thus the 93rd Highlanders approached the Residency, pennons fluttering in the breeze, arms flashing in the sunshine, and kilts swaying with the rhythmic stride peculiar to Highland regiments. The old man's narrative made it very clear and dear, and one forgave him that he attributed so much praise to the braw, brave Highlanders, for honours were equally divided with the 9th Lancers, who were there to share the gladness in their blue uniforms and white banded turbans, and there, too, were the Sikh cavalry and the 8th and 75th Queens and the 2nd and 4th Punjabis; but it was small surprise that Sir Colin had placed his true and trusty Highlanders in front. They had seen service with him in other lands, and he knew and loved them to a man, but the old man would have it so—"The Heilanders and their pipes—

they have done it." It was now time for Jessie Brown to comfort the officer's wife who had been her stay in the hour of her despair. Joy had overcome her as sorrow had formerly strengthened her—the need for bravery past, hysterical gladness overpowered her. "Oh, leddy, dinna swoon awa'—the evil's past," said Jessie, "they're comin' noo thro' bluid and fire to die wi' us or save us at the last."

Sir Henry Havelock did not live to rejoice in the final relief of Lucknow. We last see him going out with Sir James Outram to meet and welcome Sir Colin Campbell. Six officers and the brave Kavanagh accompanied them—of these four were struck down as they reached the deadly zone of fire. The return of the Generals again under heavy fire was equally fraught with danger, which Havelock's weakened state and lagging step increased for him. "I can do no more," at last he said to the officer, Captain Dodson, who was supporting him, "I can do no more." There was no mercy shown to the aged veteran. The enemy's fire surrounded them, striking the ground all round, but providentially missing them, as fearlessly and slowly the younger man assumed the role of guide and guard to his old General. In one week's time Henry Havelock had passed away—the labourer's task was o'er, and from fire and foe, from tumult and the din of war, Henry Havelock had passed for ever. They buried him on the low plains of the Alambagh Gardens, attended alike by rank and file; all mourned the brave soldier who had been to them comrade, friend and General, and now:—

"The prize he had sought and won  
Was the crown for duty done"

The fine obelisk which surmounts the grave bears the date of his death at the Dilkusha Palace, 24th November, 1857.

The earthly honours he had earned were handed on to his wife and son, and many were the tributes which a grateful country paid to the memory of the soldier saint.

Sir Colin Campbell's achievements did not begin and end with the relief of the Residency. He was responsible for the capture of Dilkusha, for the Martiniere College, and for the Secundrabagh, a square of 450 yards which was a great stronghold of the rebels. These are only some of the places which make Lucknow abound in interest and beauty. The Dilkusha, or the Palace of Heart's Delight, was originally a villa only, built by Alikhan in the centre of a fine deer park. The palace was built many years later, and remains full of interesting relics—the joy of visitors. The Martiniere College was built by Major-General Claud Martin, a French officer, who served under Count Lally of Madras and Pondicherry fame (1759), and who was, it will be remembered, an unhappy illustration of his country's ingratitude. The College is beautifully situated, overlooking a picturesque lake. Martin's original intention for its erection was frustrated by his death. He, however, directed that it should be completed for a school for European boys whose parents were resident in India. It is certainly one of the best schools in India, and with its chapel and stained windows is attractive in every detail.

Of special interest to us is the capture of the Mess House, because we remember as General, the Wolsley, who as Captain led the 53rd and 90th Foots for its capitulation, and it was amidst a shower of bullets that our splendid Earl Roberts, then a subaltern, placed the British flag on its summit.

The Observatory and Pearl Palace were next taken, and then, as though these were all small details, Sir Colin Campbell marched on to the Residency, pausing to meet his brother Generals in arms who had come out

to meet and welcome him, and also to receive the brave Kavanagh and the dispatches he carried.

General Neil was another of the Mutiny victims. It was in an engagement, end of September, at the Chatah Munzel Palace, that he was shot through the head while seated on his charger quietly surveying the troops, oblivious to danger, blind to fear; but it was

“Ever the marvel amongst us that one should be left alive,  
Ever the day with its treacherous death, from its loopholes around.”

They buried him in the Residency Compound, near to the resting place of Sir Henry Lawrence, where, too, so many of the hapless women and children sleep their last sleep—the sleep that does know waking.

We are sorry to seem to ignore many of the heroes and incidents of the siege of Lucknow. It was and is ever of interest to meet their descendants, and to know some details of the great things their ancestors did for us, but one only can attempt here a mere outline of the great Mutiny. From the “Life Sketches” of my uncle, General Henry Palmer, written for his family only, I glean an incident of sadness and gladness combined, which, not being to my knowledge recorded elsewhere, I make exception of. He was a prominent officer in these times, then Colonel and in command of the 48th N.I. Regiment. It was his good fortune or good guidance to lead his regiment on the day of the relief into the Residency Compound without loss or casualty of any kind — that was the gladness, to be severely tempered with sadness. While still rejoicing over his success, a messenger came to tell him that his young daughter, one of the captives in the Residency, while employed in domestic matters for the comfort of others had had her leg shattered by a cannon ball, and that its amputation was followed by serious results. He was just in time to comfort her in her last moments. There is another, too great to be lightly passed over—Sir Hugh Rose, after-

wards Lord Strathnairne. It is not very long ago that his fine statue attracted my admiration. "Who was he?" I asked my companion. "I have no idea," was the reply. Well, I hope in a year's time that there will not be a boy or girl in our board schools who will not be able to answer the question, and, indeed, if only for the sake of acquiring knowledge will be led to a study of the many beautiful monuments in our midst, of which, alas, so little is generally known. I should like to see a bonfire made of all the "penny dreadfuls" in the land and to see instead pure and useful literature substituted and circulated, beginning with the lives of our great men. Nothing could be more emulating or elevating. If romance be wanted it will be found in such pages, if adventure, travel, chivalry or renown, all would be found therein. How much better such wholesome mental food than fiction and folly. Truth is stranger than fiction. Why stimulate the mind and memory with that which is false? "Truth will stand when all else faileth."

Sir Hugh Rose was one of the Mutiny heroes. While Sir Colin Campbell was driving out from Oudh and Rohilkund to the back-of-beyond, rebels still prowling about and around, Sir Hugh was stilling all riotous desires and intention of the people in Central India, and so successful were his methods that without defeat or check he carried out a series of operations which for brilliancy, dash and daring, are unequalled in the history of British India. One great attainment was the capture of Ratgarh, Garhakota and Mundinpur, which cleared the way to Jhansi and included so much. Ten months previously an outrage so cruel had been perpetrated there that need for the pruning knife was obvious. The Resident, Captain Skene, and some seventy European men, women and children, had been murdered with cold-blooded barbarity. Sir Hugh was responsible for the total defeat of Tantia Topia (April,

1858) at Jhansi, where united with Tantia Topia's forces were those of the Queen of Jhansi, aged twenty, for whose bravery, although in so wrong a cause, we cannot withhold admiration. Dressed as a man, she led her own troops and fought bravely at their head, until, after a desperate resistance, the fort fell, and she with her infant stepson in her arms, the real cause of her animosity, fled to Gwalior, where in a future engagement with reinforced troops she fell in a charge against the 8th Hussars, fatally wounded, to the intense grief and lamentation of her people. Our admiration for Sir Hugh Rose is inspired by his valiant deeds so diplomatically achieved.

The fate of Tantia Topia and Nana Sahib are also briefly told. We leave them and their fate with the generosity with which it is well to treat the vanquished. Tantia Topia was captured by Captain, afterwards Sir Richard, Meade, and was executed at Sipri, 18th April, 1859. Nana Sahib disappeared, none knew whither, some said to Nepal, and that it was to safeguard him that Nepal was closed to foreigners—anyhow a just retribution awaited him, and with his misdeeds the Mutiny ended.

It is with a well deserved tribute to the native soldiers, whose faithfulness to England was so real and true, that we leave the Mutiny and its horrors.

“Praise to our Indian brothers and let the dark face have its due,  
 Thanks to the kindly dark faces, who fought with us faithful and  
 true,  
 Fought with the bravest amongst us, and drove them and smote  
 them and slew,  
 That ever upon the topmost roof our banner in India blew.”

## CHAPTER XLV.

**Advent of British Sovereignty.**

“The inner side of every cloud is bright and shining,  
 I therefore turn my cloud about  
 And wear it inside out  
 To shew the lining.

“WE hereby announce to the native Princes of India that all treaties, engagements made with them by or under the authority of the Honourable East India Company are by us accepted, and will be scrupulously maintained, and we look for a like observance on their part. We desire no extensions of our present territorial possessions; and while we will permit no aggression upon our dominions or our rights to be attempted with impunity, we shall sanction no encroachments on those of others. We shall respect the rights, dignity and honour of Native Princes as our own; and we desire that they—as well as our own subjects, should enjoy prosperity and that social advancement, which can only be secured by internal peace and good government. We hold ourselves bound to the natives of our Indian territories by the same obligations of duty which bind us to all our other subjects, and those obligations, by the blessing of God, we shall faithfully and conscientiously fulfil. Firmly relying ourselves on the truth of Christianity and acknowledging with gratitude the solace of religion, we disclaim alike the right and desire to impose our convictions on any of our subjects.”

Thus did Queen Victoria make known to her people in India the transfer of the Government of India from the



Company to the Crown. The ambiguous term "Company" was no longer to perplex the native or the unlearned mind. It was a Queen with a true woman's heart who would reign over them, and whose promises to them, so faithfully kept, were prompted by a love of justice and the grand prerogative of mercy. There was the promise too that her sons would represent her in their midst, and would lead her army and guide her navy. The proclamation also went on to assure the landowners of the Queen's sympathy with their attachment to their ancestral possessions and of her desire that they should be defended in their rights and have due regard paid to their ancient usage and customs. This Royal Proclamation, wholly dictated by her Gracious Majesty, and mindful of a rebellion with its many offenders who were not wholly blameworthy, went on to promise pardon to all who had been "misled by false reports and ambitious men."

To all who had remained loyal profuse were the rewards and decorations given. To the penitent, leniency was shown, and where punishment was due it was tempered with mercy. One of these cases was illustrated in the treatment given to the Mogul Emperor—the last to bear the title Muhammad Bahadur Shah, the 17th Emperor and the last of the race of Timur. With all ceremony he was conveyed a State prisoner to Burmah, where he ended his allotted span in 1862. A trial had been accorded him, and his complicity in Mutiny crimes was clearly proved. Less clemency was shown to his two sons and a grandson: for their participation in the massacre of English women and children they were put to death.

The Queen's proclamation gave general satisfaction—the people were weary of war and bloodshed, and hoped for peace and prosperity. Her Majesty's appointment of Lord Canning as her Viceroy conveyed pleasure

to the recipient, and proved England's just faith in his goodness, in spite of the narrow-mindedness of carping critics.

Lord Canning's first act as Viceroy was to issue a second Proclamation calling upon the people of India to yield a loyal obedience to their Sovereign, an injunction which they obeyed with whole-hearted affection and devotion, spontaneous and enduring. Strenuous work remained for the Viceroy. It is not with fairy fables or with semi-regal glare and glitter that we can veneer his short remaining term of office. There were financial difficulties to meet which the great warfare had occasioned; there were many appointments to make, which the change of Government imposed. The army required readjustment, and, lastly, a tour over India as Viceroy was diplomatic as well as necessary to receive Feudatory Chiefs and to reward those whose loyalty during the Mutiny had been conspicuous and in order. It was well, too, that the people should see the Viceroy surrounded with their own oriental splendour which his new position demanded, the man whom the Queen had been pleased to appoint to represent her. Lord Canning's fine presence, his dignified and gentle bearing, with the trace of sadness and care which past events had imprinted upon him, won for him entirely the esteem, the goodwill and the trust of the people whose minds had been prejudiced by the unjust criticism to which he had been subjected.

February, 1860, still found the Viceroy on tour and indefatigable in his efforts. Peshawar and the Khaiber Pass came in for a special share of his attention. Next followed the beautiful Kangra Valley, but with the hot season running into April, it was well to cease touring and take up the reins of Government at Simla. By 1861 good order was attained, with that peace which Lord Canning had hoped at the outset of his rule would

characterize the whole. The interval had not been without its trials and upheavals, but the undercurrent was calm, pinpricks and wavelets disturbed the surface only, and good work proceeded apace. One of Lord Canning's last acts was a severe check, if not the final stroke at infanticide, which the Rajputs of Oudh were loath to abandon. The Viceroy's noble and impressive bearing was as effectual as his words in dealing with the matter. With his benign influence for cause so humane, we pass to that of personal matter which was the joy and sorrow of his life.

The Viceroy had left Lady Canning at Calcutta with the prospect of visiting Darjeeling during his absence. While the primitive mode of travelling in those days was to some a joy far exceeding the hurry-scurry of present day methods, there was yet a poisonous effect lurking in the jungle and forestland which endangered pleasure, even though its insidiousness was almost imperceptible. To this Lady Canning fell a victim. Indian fever, that most baneful of all ailments, fraught with effects indescribable to the inexperienced, followed. It was in a state of semi-consciousness that she reached Calcutta; the disease rapidly increased, rendering human skill powerless to combat it. The husband and wife had long anticipated their happy reunion; now the bitterness of the sorrow was increased by its occurrence when the Viceregal task was so nearly accomplished, and when both were longing for the rest of home again. Something of Lady Canning's beautiful character requires to be known to understand the pain of losing her—a help-mate in the truest sense, she had been her husband's support and solace in the dark and trying days of his term of office. She had shared his anxieties and lightened his labours; she had been a noble example to all around her, and all India mourned her untimely loss. She will ever be held in fond remembrance. The Home

for Nurses in Calcutta, that most noble body of women, the Clewer Sisters, was founded in memory of her and bears her name. In their zealous work they carry out all the beautiful traits of the character of her whom they honour. The nursing scheme was originally introduced by Lady Canning for the benefit of officers and gentlemen wounded in the Mutiny, as well as for their wives and children. Now it is for general European behoof, and personal experience offers the highest meed of praise to its worth.

It is at a beautiful bend in the river, in the Barrack-pore Park, yet high above it, 'midst flowering shrubs and the radiance of almost perpetual sunshine, that Lady Canning was laid to rest. The spot, now sacred, had been a favourite resort during their residence at the Viceregal Lodge. The very beautiful monument which Lord Canning placed there was removed later for its preservation to the Cathedral, Calcutta; a simple marble cross replaces it.

It was well that Lord Canning's work in India was well-nigh over. His shattered health was ill able to bear this final strain, yet for four months longer he laboured on in loneliness, of peculiar pain to one of his proud and reserved nature.

Engrossed with the great events of Lord Canning's years of office, we have seemed forgetful of his personality—such is the last intention of the author, who, above all things, honours intrinsic worth and merit. It is from the life and letters of his wife that we learn so much of his goodness and tenderness of heart. It is said of him that on the night of the siege of Lucknow that he paced the corridors of Government House the livelong night "wrapt in thought, frenzied with grief." He was painstaking to a degree in the elaborate care he bestowed on all the details of work. He was possessed of rare magnanimity, bearing in silence all unjust criticism

in preference to clearing aspersions. Bishop Cotton describes him as "a mirror of honour, the pattern of a just, high-minded and fearless statesman, kind and considerate without any personal bias against opponents."

It was on the 19th March, 1862, that Lord Canning finally left India, grief-stricken and toil-worn, and, although he knew it not, a dying man. On the 17th June he passed away, aged forty-nine only, two months after his return home and seven since Lady Canning's death. They buried him in Westminster Abbey beside his father, and there may now be seen the interesting group of three of the Canning family who distinguished themselves in the service of their country.

The fine equestrian statue of India's first Viceroy finds place south-east of Government House, Calcutta, while yet a third statue was placed by those who "knew and loved him best" in the family church at Marston.

James Bruce, eighth Earl of Elgin, succeeded Lord Canning as Viceroy, 12th March, 1862. That his tenure of office only extended over two years was matter of sincere regret, as, owing to the reputation he bore as a man, a statesman and a Governor, it was without doubt that he would have taken a high place on the roll of Indian administrators. He had done meritorious service in Jamaica, Canada and China, and had won public esteem by his thorough and practical methods, his readiness to take responsibility and his entire effacement of self where duty and public matters were concerned. He contracted fever when on tour in Northern India, and succumbed to it at Dharmasala, 2nd November, 1863. Lord Lawrence was next in succession as Viceroy of India.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

**Lord Lawrence's Administration.**

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,  
The man's the gowd for a' that."

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
To throw a perfume on the violet  
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess."

So one feels in the presumptuous attempt to depict John Laird Mair Lawrence. He is no stranger to us, but in his proud position of India's Viceroy, added to a lurking love for the lives of great and good men, it will be of interest to learn how he became so, and the knowledge should be the grandest impulse to every boy and girl in Great Britain.

Its fundamental force was not great ability, great learning or great birth, although he belonged to the officer class and stock of the best. He was not possessed of high intellectual gifts or of imaginative force or of external graces, but he possessed that best of all things, that root of true and lasting greatness—real goodness. He was splendid in all details, in his home relations and his friendship in his school life, and, later, in his public life. No matter the brightest lights or noonday glare, John Lawrence could ever bear the scrutiny, and be found guileless and good, with the hall mark clearly in evidence. There is the fear that being so perfect, he might be possessed of idiosyncrasies or bombastic tendencies, but his lack of selfishness and self-consciousness left him proof against peculiarities and peccadilloes, and again, he was the eighth of a family of twelve

children, and is there better discipline to be found than that of the daily routine of home life, with its raillery and banter, evanescent and ephemeral, yet most useful. Its little pricks may sting, but love prompts them, and they are the beginning of knowledge, and a memory none would lose and all would joyfully revive.

The enthusiastic reception accorded to John Lawrence on his return to Calcutta and arrival as India's Viceroy, proved the popularity of the appointment. The service which he had previously rendered in India, and as Governor of the Punjab, only the better fitted him for his new position, and quite justified his refusal of the lesser dignity of Governor of Bombay only.

A great reform carried out in the early days of his rule was the sanitation of Calcutta. His attention was attracted to the need when he first arrived there in September, 1829, with his brother, Henry, and his sister, Honoria. Calcutta was in those days a most unhealthy city, a contrast indeed to its present refined and beautiful state, a state which exceeds many of our European cities. In Calcutta the native and populous traffic part is quite apart from the European. Here the latter is in evidence everywhere and at all times. In 1829 there was no drainage in Calcutta, and water, only procurable from open and polluted tanks, was carried by "Bheesties" in skins used for all purposes and doubtless carrying disease to many a house. Half-burned corpses made their final decomposition in the river, and loathsome indeed were the odours arising from these, often found lodged in the chains of the boats and attracting in their wake, in countless numbers, the highly objectionable carrion crow.

John Lawrence did not love India in those earlier days, and many a time sighed for home and any pittance in preference to it. Nevertheless, he bravely endured his hardship, and qualified himself for advance-

ment by acquiring a thorough knowledge of the Hindu and Persian languages. By his own choice his first appointment was at Delhi, the cradle of his future glory. It is of interest to note the trials of travel in those early days. John Lawrence chose transit from Calcutta by palanquin in preference to a sailing boat by the Ganges, because the palanquin, although carried by runners all the way, was yet the quicker method. The distance is 1,100 miles by river, and three months were then required for the voyage, while, with many relays of coolies, the distance by land was covered in eleven days. Three days is the limit by rail now.

Eight probationary months were spent by John Lawrence at Delhi, and then he was transferred as Magistrate and Resident to Panipat on the Jumna, the scene in the past of so much bloodshed and cruel warfare, and there, he tells us, he "completed his training as a civil officer," and to such he had found no royal road. This, his first charge, lasted nine years—that is, from 1830 to 1839. Two famines, unequalled for severity in the annals of history, were amongst his many experiences at the outset of his career—in these he won the regard of the native by his keen sense of justice and his merciful assessment. It was his theory that a contented and prosperous peasantry was the bulwark of the nation. This leniency he impressed upon his assistants: "Mind you assess low," he wrote to Charles Raikes, one of these. "Let nothing tempt you to do otherwise; better give too much than too little." Again he wrote, "Government revenue must of course be paid, but do not be hard. The calf gets the milk that is left in the cow." It was ever matter of surprise to John Lawrence that with assessment imposed so impossibly high that it was paid at all, as indeed it often was not, and discontent followed with the failure to do so. With this he sympathised, and differed from the usual verdict that the native possessed no sense



of gratitude. "Give him something to be grateful for," he said, "and then his gratitude will be proved."

Memories of the great famine of 1817 were still kept fresh in song and story. A repetition of these awful times, when grain was sold at a price of pistachio nuts, and wheat at the price of raisins, had to be guarded against. Then only the trader flourished and the native starved. A visit to a famine district after the serious visitation in the nineties left an indelible impression. It seemed impossible that life could be sustained in bodily structure all but transparent, every bone in bold relief, teeth and eyes painfully prominent, and hands like monkey's claws. There was no need for the Röntgen rays for a minute anatomical study. A few months later, on my return journey, it was splendid to see the results of the care and kindness of the mission ladies, the children joyous and happy at work and play, their little brown skins bright and shining and dilated to bursting point.

After eight years of service in the Punjab, Lawrence was transferred to Etawah, an unlovely place, which he never appreciated, but this may have been to an extent due to the severe fever which prostrated and jaundiced him, for Etawah has its good points and points of interest too. It is picturesquely situated in a network of ravines on the banks of the Jumna. It is entirely native in character, bearing the impress of its founder of five centuries ago—a famous Chief named Sangram Singh, who was descended from a King of Delhi, and who, in spite of brave deeds, was ignominiously put to death (1193). Its architectural remains are most interesting, especially so is an old Buddhist temple, fairly intact, named the Jama Masjid, with a wonderful screen before the dome, over 40 feet high; its gateway is also fine, and its bathing ghats, if somewhat odoriferous, were an invigorating scene at early morn. The natives, of Rajput distinction, are fine and stalwart, and the bright and

varied colours in their dress are a most effective note. But John Lawrence cared for none of these things—his fever-laden body hankered after home, the only antidote, and thus ended his first ten years in India (1840), while his good works remained and ever bore testimony to his worth.

John Lawrence has been compared to the oak—“Slow and sure,” and in proportion to that slowness came the ultimate strength to bear the weight, withstand the strain, and resist the storm. Among the endearing characteristics in this great and good man, so worthy of imitation, was his love of children and animals and of trees and flowers, God's good gifts which really mean so much, if we recognise their usefulness and their loveliness. Lawrence studied the culture of the latter and knew all their names, yet botany was a closed book to him. The study of agriculture, geology and economics all held interest and charm for him, because of their depth of permeating usefulness as well as for their religious value in revealing the greatness and goodness of the Creator, even His love, which is the essence of, if not religion itself.

John Lawrence made use of his visit home to celebrate the domestic event of his life — his marriage with Harriet Hamilton, a descendant of John Knox; an event which resulted in great happiness. At the end of two years' furlough he returned to India, reinvigorated and ready for his onerous duties again, with the additional comfort of having his burdens lightened and his pleasures shared, for Mrs. Lawrence accompanied him. In the cold weather of 1842 they arrived at Bombay, just the time when every living thing is at its brightest and best. The scene is picturesque from every point of view, and especially so to the new-comer. The variety of quaint native crafts at the quay attract interest. The crowds of natives are in their bright

holiday attire, for is not the "belat" (English) boat arriving! All denominations are there, Mohammedans, Parsees, Jews, Rajputs—all sorts and conditions—and at once the new arrival wants to know who's who, and which is which. The gentle breeze from the water tempers the heat of the midday sun. The gentle swish, swish of the now muddy river is a mere pianissimo accompaniment to the hauling of chains and clanking of rafts and to the nasal shouting of the natives all giving orders at once and none in their wild excitement paying attention to any. Then there is the lovely foliage, giving the oriental note and lending itself delightfully to filter and scintillate the gorgeous noonday sunshine, which eventually expends its generous beauty in seemingly myriads of diamonds, flitting and dancing on the face of the waters. There is no English rush and vulgar hurry-scurry. The native knows not the meaning of the word; there is life and novelty to enjoy, and we pause at nature's behest to do so. Turning landwards we see a splendid range of Public Offices—these, however, too English looking, have small charm for us. We gaze seaward again and to the fascination of native sights and the ever-pleasing scenery—the copper beech has not yet lost its brilliancy and the green feathery bamboo enhances its loveliness by a contrast which also accentuates its own fairy-like charms. Golden bananas lurk in their secretive foliage, while the cocoanut, knowing its value, stands apart, stolid and indifferent to effect. It is all delightful and fills one with an exhilaration exceeding the sparkling effervescence of champagne.

One word of Bombay itself before we follow the fortunes of the illustrious arrivals there, which have prompted the digression. We first date British connection with India's west coast to the latter part of the fifteenth century, and we connect with it the adventures of the Portuguese explorer, Vasco da Gama,

and his voyage round the Cape of Good Hope to Calicut. There is, however, no doubt that Bombay traded with Persia, Assyria and the Roman Empire before that period. Portuguese power was in evidence again some twelve years later, when the peace-loving Albuquerque, the second Portuguese Governor in India, captured Goa and superseded by his tactful methods Mohammed's power. It was, as stated in an earlier chapter, in 1608 that the English established their factory at Surat, originally called Saurashtra, and a favourite resort of the Portuguese, before it was conquered by the Great Akbar; and again we recall the fact that Bombay was ceded to England in 1661 as part of the dowry of Queen Catherine of Braganza. We are quite sure it was not called Bombay in those days but Bon Bahia or Fair Bay, and it richly deserves its title. As a midshipman Bombay was visited by Lord Nelson in 1775, and of greater importance was the visit of the Duke of Wellington in 1804, when he perceived the need for, and had carried into effect, the first practical road for the transit of artillery to Poona and the north.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

**Lord Lawrence's Administration.**

"Do nothing in a hurry—nature never does,  
Make haste slowly."

QUITE in keeping with Eastern effects at Bombay was the palanquin ride which Sir John and Lady Lawrence adopted to convey them to Kurnal, near Delhi, their destination on first starting life together in India. Eight hundred miles, at the rate of thirty miles a day, was the best speed possible, and if it lost its pleasure of novelty, even under circumstances so pleasant, we cannot attribute lack of patience or contentment to the travellers, for about half a day's transit is quite sufficient to exhaust the desires of the most ardent palanquin travellers. Camp life, necessarily adopted by them at start of work in Upper India, also presented the oriental note which never loses its charm and is in itself as healthful as it is delightful. There is the early morning freshness after sleep all but in the open, and the sunrise with its surpassing loveliness and variation which awakens first the dormant world of nature, birds and beasts and flowers, as if to be in readiness for the so-called higher creation—man. It is nature's aviary which first recalls us from dreamland. We drowsily enjoy its harmonies and revel in the stillness so passing sweet. There is sure to be a rivulet gurgling and gleaming near—our chowkidar (caretaker) would see to it in pitching camp that the labour of water-carrying would be minimized, and we are nothing loath—its rippling accompaniment is a

melodious joy. A papa squirrel or two are scurrying hither and thither, seeking for nuts for the little families left in the mother's care, nor do we object to the frou frou of the branches while they lightly brush them—that too is nature's music and welcome. Some rabbits in their mad haste to escape with life are less harmonious, for they lead to the discordant yelping of the dogs in pursuit of their quarry, and then the so-called higher creation appears on the horizon of our dreams madly calling the dogs to order and thwarting their blood-thirsty desires with their discordant tones. We would fain have had the aviary undisturbed a little longer—the kingfisher had not yet arrived; he waits for chota hazira and rosy pippins, and again his beautiful plumage requires a longer toilet. The minahs, however, are at their best, chattering and piping with a legion of others, making one harmonious and delightful chorus. Soon, instead of their music we have the sound of crackling and the odour of burning wood, the desecration of heaven's pure and flower-scented air, for the "panni-wallah" (water-carrier) is at work. The Sahib-log must have their baths, and so for a time romance and beauty fade and the sordid realities of life are faced—even to matters more mundane, for there is the inner man to be catered for as well as the outer to be cleansed, and the inner man of the native calls for much patient endurance on our part, because the odorous garlic which his soul loves we would fain, but cannot, consign to the back of beyond—but these are temporary troubles only. There will be long siestas to follow, and we shall to all intents be alone with beautiful nature again and often.

In 1844 Sir John Lawrence was appointed Magistrate and collector at Delhi, and then was laid the foundation of his future greatness. It was there that he especially attracted the attention of Lord Hardinge when the latter was en route for the first Sikh war, and he ever after-

wards spoke of Lawrence as an ideal civil officer, and from that time employed him in many important matters outside his own office. A change of appointment and promotion resulted in 1846, when Lawrence was transferred as Commissioner to Jullunder Doab. This territory of 1,300 square miles and half a million inhabitants was placed entirely under his governance, an arrangement which suited his self-reliant nature well—"the capability to walk alone," he termed it. Jullunder Doab is a cantonment station. Before the invasion of Alexander the Great, it was the capital of the Rajputs' domain, later, under the Mogul Empire, it was the capital of the country between the rivers Sutlej and Beas. It has now a large Mohammedan population. Two regiments and a battery are always stationed there, and the English element and conditions produce their usual characteristics and accompaniments, including a church and gardens.

The picturesque hill station of Muree, with its alluring attraction of being the stepping stone to Kashmir, that garden of delights, may also be associated with the name of Lawrence, for there he spent the hot seasons from 1853. The period preceding and during the Mutiny gave ample scope for the power and undivided authority Sir John liked so well. He was for a time completely cut off from the Government at Calcutta, and acted entirely on his own authority, creating appointments, raising money and deciding important matters, in all of which he only the deeper gained the confidence of the Government. To dwell at length on John Lawrence's diplomacy and government during a time of terrible anxiety would only be to aggrandise him. It was well that England recognised his power and the fact that Delhi was won by his efforts, and the whole of Upper India was retained by his strategy, without loss of life or treasure. The usual

honours and rewards followed the recognition of merit. In 1858 John Lawrence was created a Baronet and a Privy Councillor, and still more substantial proof of appreciation for him was the useful annuity granted by the Company. The freedom of the City of London was a much-prized honour, as also were all the minor ones so lavishly bestowed. The honours received, however, were not compensation for the loss of health, which became so serious that, in 1858, Sir John decided to resign office—he realized that he was mentally and physically unfit to hold out longer, and, therefore, that he was obliged to turn a deaf ear to the remonstrance of the head office. It was inevitable, and matter for deep regret to him that life had been so strenuous that, at forty-seven years of age, he should be obliged to desist. To read the Royal Proclamation at Peshawar of the transference of the Government of India from the Company to the Crown was, he believed, one of his last public acts in India. The final formalities of office accomplished, and the farewell addresses couched in terms the most pleasing, presented, and Sir John Lawrence was ready to start for home, February, 1859. From Lahore he travelled by Karrachi to Bombay, and, sailing thence, arrived in London in April.

Fresh honours awaited him, together with the presentation of those of which he had been apprised in India. There was only laudation on all sides, unanimous and sincere. One most pleasing tribute was an address signed by eighty thousand of his countrymen, and presented by Archibald Campbell Tait, then Archbishop of Canterbury. Very characteristic was Lawrence's reply, which concluded with these words, "All we did was no more than our duty and our immediate interest; that we were eventually successful was alone the work of the Great God." "All *we* did!" There was no egotism in John Lawrence. There was the



genuine humility which desires no praise. The use of the first person would have been strictly correct, for it was by no combined effort that his great deeds were thought out. It was only his all-convincing power and his recognised integrity which won for him general support and co-operation.

He was quietly resting on his laurels in England when the news came of Lord Elgin's death. A fanatical outbreak amongst the hill tribes also perturbed him. A little disturbance in the past had often quickly assumed large proportions. The Ministers of State at once discreetly judged that John Lawrence was the man to quell the trouble, but in advance of that they had chosen him as the best man to recommend to the Queen as her representative in India. So came the honour—the reward of merit—what prouder one could there be than to represent the Sovereign of England, and this John Lawrence fully realized.

The offer made to him on the 30th November, 1863, was at once accepted. He found, however, on his return home that he had reckoned without his wife's approval. She, indifferent to the great honour for herself as well as for him, objected to his taking up office again and the consequent interference with their very happy home life. He always considered it fortuitous that he had not delayed for her opinion and gentle remonstrance. He might then have been powerless to resist her entreaties with their affectionate impulse. The matter, however, was settled, and it was by the first mail thereafter, the 9th December, that he started alone for India. The extreme haste made it impossible for Lady Lawrence to accompany him. A splendid reception was accorded the Viceroy on his arrival at Calcutta, January, 1864. All classes were assembled to welcome him—officials, soldiers, sailors, Europeans and natives—all awaited with obvious pleasure the stately vessel as it gently steamed

up the Hoogly, radiant with its beautiful foliage of palms, cocoanut and bamboo, the joy of every new-comer, and the compensation for all left behind. The usual formalities past, work began at once, which Sir John's previous knowledge and experience considerably lightened. The country was still suffering from the effects of the Mutiny, and the results of warfare made serious claims on the tactician. The benefits following the war had also to be recognised and utilized for the country's good. Englishmen were coming to the country in large numbers, and these had to be received with encouragement due to the enterprises contemplated. The cultivation of tea and of waste land was one of the most important, and the result now obvious speak for the judicious administration then.

To Sir John Lawrence fell the honour of carrying out Queen Victoria's earnest wish "to stimulate the peaceful industries of India and to promote works of public utility and improvement." In all these works, the minutiae of which were his keenest interest, he was greatly assisted by his perfect knowledge of the native and his language.

In his position as Viceroy Sir John Lawrence found he had not so free a hand as formerly. He had a Council to consult, when formerly he had the entire confidence of his Chief. It was intense misfortune, however, that defective health returned to mar enjoyment of his work and office, and compelled him at an early stage to seek retirement. He, nevertheless, yielded to the remonstrance of the Home Government, and for the customary five years held office, faithfully performing all its duties as well as all the extraneous work which he saw to be necessary. Financial matters troubled him—there was a deficit to reduce and yet there was great need for expenditure. The insanitary state of Calcutta, already alluded to, was one of these needs; suitable barracks for

the British soldiers was another, and a meagre expenditure even to his economic mind was a penny-wise folly.

Sir John Lawrence's five years accomplished, his full pound of flesh given to his country, it was at the early age of fifty-eight years that he gave place to his successor, Lord Mayo. His worn and weary face and form were proof that he had surrendered none too soon. Very genuine were the regrets expressed at the farewell banquet given in his honour, and sincere was the homage paid to his merits. On his arrival in England, 15th March, 1869, he was at once raised to the peerage, under the title of Baron Lawrence of the Punjab and Grately. For his armorial bearings he significantly chose as supporters, two native soldiers, a Sikh and a Mohammedan.

Notwithstanding his impaired health, Lord Lawrence did not permit himself to lapse into idleness at home, and many were the claims made upon him. He took his seat on the cross benches as an indication that he would not identify himself with any party, but his politics were distinctly Liberal. The school board system, introduced in the late sixties, was matter of great interest to him. He allowed himself to be elected a member of the school board in London, in order that he might have full scope in furthering the new system. He was promptly and unanimously elected Chairman.

Failing and defective eyesight caused him great pain and anxiety—operations were only temporary relief. Still regardless of these inconveniences, his interest remained keen in all questions of the day, and his services were always ungrudgingly given. On the 19th June, 1879, Lord Lawrence attended the House of Lords for the last time. A chill confined him to his room. The languor and weariness which accompanied it were the distressing features. He realized the end was

at hand. "I am very weary," he said. He was not permitted to suffer this weariness long—only a few days later death came to him, the 27th June. He was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey, the 5th July, attended by his old friends, Lord Clyde and Sir James Outram. A large and distinguished gathering assembled to pay the last tributes of honour and affection, and foremost amongst these were the representatives of the Queen and Prince of Wales. "Be ready," is the simple injunction inscribed on his tombstone. The fine statue in Waterloo Place describes John Lawrence better far than pen of mine. The kindly intellectual face speaks volumes of tenderness and goodness, and fills one with regret that it has passed to the unseen. One gazes on it again and again that one may recall it when far away and be inspired anew with its impressions. Fine monuments in Lahore and Calcutta alike express India's and England's gratitude and affection, while a tablet in his old room at Haileybury, bearing his name and the fact of his residence there, is not the least pleasing of the tributes of love to his greatness and goodness.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

**India's Fourth Viceroy.**

"There is no death. . . . What seems so is transition."

READERS who revel in so-called fiction because of the exciting tragedies it recounts, will find in these pages relating to Lord Mayo, India's fourth Viceroy, tragedy so realistic that their feelings will not be vainly lacerated or excited; there will be rather a feeling of lasting tenderness and regret, and emotion which edifies and ennobles, as the blank depresses, when we close the volume of make-belief over which our tears and feelings have been so needlessly exhausted. I am no lover of fiction; in the first place I always doubt its being so, and in the second place, it seems so much better, so much more useful to expend our sympathies, with profit to ourselves and others, on realities. In the common round—the daily task—we find an all sufficiency.

I learnt the story of Lord Mayo's goodness and greatness orally in India—I had heard the details of his cruel death from the employer of his murderer—and if my narrative fails in any detail, there is yet the direct interest of it. It is no matter of ancient history; a relative, Mrs. Gore Ouseley, who was then in India, recalled the event as a never-to-be-forgotten one for its cruelty, as also for the universal sorrow which it caused, owing to the high regard in which Lord Mayo was held.

And now, novel fashion, having, I hope, excited my readers almost to the indiscretion of a peep at the last page, I turn to the story of the life of the martyr-Viceroy,

that a knowledge of his goodness may draw folk to a deeper regret for wickedness and a genuine whole-hearted love for goodness and all its fruits.

Richard Southwell Bourke, sixth Earl of Mayo, was born in Dublin, 21st February, 1822. Of Irish origin, in his earlier ancestry was mingled Norman blood, the characteristics of which were evidenced in his maturity. The family name of De Burgh was gradually anglicized to Bourke. Hayes, his early and ancestral home, was an unpretentious country house, where his family lived for forty years in comparative obscurity, with the scanty means which often befalls the lot of the second son—for such was Richard's father, Robert, the fifth Earl of Mayo, who married a daughter of Earl Rodens. India's Viceroy was the eldest of eight children, so when, in 1849, his father succeeded to the Earldom, Richard became Lord Naas. A few years later he married Miss Blanch Wyndham, daughter of Lord Leconfield. His primary education was conducted at home by tutors and governesses under his father's supervision, who laid great stress on the importance of a wide and comprehensive curriculum, including the arts and accomplishments for which his children had talent. Lord Naas showed an especial aptitude for music and the accomplishments which win popularity in society, and these he turned to very profitable account by organizing entertainments in aid of good causes. His kindness of heart was evidenced when distress arose in Ireland during his Chief Secretaryship. He inaugurated hand industries amongst the poor, and took, himself, their wares to London for disposal amongst his friends. The comprehensive education given him tended to develop his general usefulness. He evinced great interest in agriculture, and it was in Ireland that his attention was first given to the improvement of prison conditions, a humanity that brought him so terrible a return.

The duties of the Chief Secretaryship of Ireland were a real pleasure to Lord Naas, and when he accepted office it was with the firm determination to do his best for Ireland. He was quite the right man in the right place, yet earned for himself the title of "The Boy Secretary," because of his youthful appearance. "I never met anyone to whom I felt disposed to give more heartfelt affection and honour," said a male authority well qualified to judge. An old lady friend gives the lighter and feminine touch. "My dear," she said, "he was so good looking that he just won hearts and golden opinions all round." These good looks found expression in his clean-shaven, finely-chiselled features, with their characteristics of good humour, good temper, and that most excellent of gifts, an attention to detail which goes to make the perfect whole.

In 1859 a change of Government obliged Lord Naas to relinquish his Irish Secretaryship. In 1867 his father's death imposed upon him the duties and responsibilities following succession to the Earldom. Parliamentary affairs engrossed him, with the additional responsibility of being leader of the Irish Conservative Party.

Such are a few details of the man whom the Queen elected to honour as her representative in India. He had been offered and was sorely tempted to accept the Governor-Generalship of Canada. The fine climate there would have been suitable for his children and saved separation from them, but the Viceroyalty of India was the greater honour, and one more attractive to him. The offer of the position was couched in highly eulogistic terms. None anticipated that he would pay for the honour with his life! Lord Mayo sailed on the 11th November, 1866, and reached Bombay on the 20th December, and we note *en passant* the gradually increasing speed which now has reached in our day the

minimum of two weeks. Some inspection duty delayed Lord Mayo's arrival at Calcutta until the 15th January, when a right royal reception was given him. He won his laurels at once, and greatly pleased his Councillors by his capacity for hard work.

The mechanism or construction of the Government of India was in Lord Mayo's time the same as it is to-day. It consisted of a Cabinet, with the Viceroy as supreme head. This was a vast improvement upon procedure up to the time of Lord Cornwallis, when supreme power was not vested in the Governor-General; his superiority, apart from his own merits, lay only in his having the casting vote. There was a tendency to consider that a new start both in policy and in administrative activity was made when the Company was abolished and the Government was placed nominally, as it had long been actually, under the Crown. It is scarcely possible to over-estimate the importance and magnitude of the work achieved during the last half century in India, but this has been no more than a natural development along lines which had been consistently followed from the days of the reform, or rather the organization, of the Civil Service under Lord Clive. Before any material progress on a large scale was possible, the gigantic task of reducing to order the conflicting races or creeds of India had to be accomplished, a network of judicial and administrative schemes had to be developed and applied over an immense territory, and the foundation of a permanent and increasing revenue had to be laid; it was also necessary that confidence should be established in our Government, without which it would have been impossible to raise the loans necessary for undertaking great public works.

All this was the work of the first hundred years succeeding the battle of Plassey; the second stage in the development of India had been reached, and was in



active progress, before the Mutiny occurred. A public works department had been organized, the greatest of the irrigation canals had been completed and others were in progress. Contracts with companies for great railway lines had been entered into by the State, and, as we have already seen, a system of vernacular and secondary education had been started. After the Mutiny was quelled, the same objects and the same system were carried out by the same men. The ghastly episode of the Mutiny afforded a convincing proof of the beneficence of the rule which England had inspired in the masses under it; had it been otherwise, not a European would have been left in the country during the interval that elapsed before the arrival of troops from England. This may seem a digression, but it is expedient, lest sufficient stress has not already been laid on facts so important.

Lord Mayo's reign was regrettably short, yet there was ample time to show that he justified the Royal favour bestowed upon him. His first act, on assuming charge, was wisely to learn all he could from the ex-Viceroy; his next act was to inquire into financial matters, depending on his experienced Councillors for the wisdom he by force of circumstances lacked. The ravages of the Mutiny, added to the new needs arising from it, had caused a deficit, which called for prompt consideration. The result of his excellent policy may be adduced from the knowledge that, in the three years which followed his economics, a sum of five and three-quarter millions was the surplus accumulated, and even in the first year of his rule an equilibrium had been accomplished. In his arduous labours he lost an able coadjutor in Sir Richard Temple. This, however, was the opportunity for Sir John Strachey to come into public notice and favour. In assuming Sir Richard Temple's duties, Sir John also became invaluable to the Viceroy as his friend and councillor. The public works

department also called for reform and reorganisation, and that which Lord Mayo established with Sir John Strachey's assistance, or which Sir John Strachey established with Lord Mayo's consent and approval, was the foundation of the existing constitution. Next in importance came the feudatory conditions of the country, with result as satisfactory to the Home Government as to the Indian States. Alwar, now one of India's best-governed States, called then for tactful as well as for stringent measures. The extravagance of the Maharajah then reigning, together with his ill-regulated Government, would have resulted in his deposition but for the efficient policy of Lord Mayo.

It is very contrary to inclination to pass delightful Alwar thus lightly by, but I should, I fear, be guilty of rank plagiarism were I to do otherwise! May I, instead, follow the example of my illustrious namesake and say, see my "Land of Regrets," for a not Alwar's many interests and delights epitomized therein, and I promise if it be my good fortune to visit the state again, and I hope it will, in response to the invitation formerly so kindly given, that a continuation of its records will be for me one of its most pleasant results.

The important State of Bhopal, founded by an Afghan adventurer, and governed then as now by a woman, Sikander Begum, called forth highest praise and commendation from the Viceroy for its excellent Government and for the great improvements she was always devising for it. On Lord Mayo's recommendation the order of the Grand Commander of the Star of India was conferred upon her. Later, when the Duke of Edinburgh visited India, the Begum Sikander's daughter, who then reigned with equal sagacity, was honoured by presentation to his Royal Highness.

In dealing with feudatory states Lord Mayo said, "I object to fight for prestige," and he impressed upon

the rulers that all was done for their good. "If you wish to be great at my Court, govern well at home. Be just, be merciful, come with clean hands; no presents will buy you British favour." In his internal administration and in his military policy, as in all else, Lord Mayo was equally successful. In its social aspect life, too, was fully occupied. Scarcely a night passed that he did not entertain at dinner or hold receptions. Balls, concerts and theatricals were of frequent occurrence, and during the day none of the many calls of State was ever neglected or overlooked. That a reign so full of promise, that a ruler with constitution and frame so powerful for its requirements, and mind and purpose alike in tune for noble and limitless service, should have been cut off in manner so dastardly, must ever remain a horrible stain on India's history, while the extent of her loss remains unestimated.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

**Lord Mayo's Tragic End.**

"This life of mortal breath is but  
The suburb of the life Elysian,  
Whose portal we call Death."

THE terrible tragedy which deprived a good man of his life and India of her Viceroy, happened when Lord Mayo was on tour in the Andaman Islands. In his anxiety to improve the Government there, and more especially the sanitary conditions of the prisons and the lives of the prisoners generally, he determined to start his cold weather tour with Burmah and the adjoining Islands. In this determination Lord Mayo met with opposition from his Councillors. While none had any real cause to fear danger, they yet considered that the enterprise was unwise and a needless risk.

In the incidents of that memorable day, the 8th February, 1872, an insight is gained into the character of the Viceroy which verifies all the goodness attributed to him. In his resolution to visit the convict settlement is illustrated his fearless bravery, unselfishness and humanity; he wanted to reduce suffering—thoughts of self-preservation were secondary. His idea, too, was that punishment to be efficacious must be humane. We all know how injustice or ill-judged correction on the

part of the administrator (in all ranks) hardens rather than reforms the offender. Lord Mayo said, and we reverence him for it, "You have no right to inflict a punishment of death on a person, who has only been sentenced for a term of years or even for life, by keeping him in a disease-stricken jail." The Viceroy was aware from his experience in Ireland that too much severity was exercised, and that generosity and kindness on the part of those in authority, apart from being right, was the more certain course for inculcating virtue or reformation in the sinner.

There is small cause for complaint in the treatment of prisoners in India nowadays. While I have never been inside prison gates in this country (for weal or woe), it was a pleasing fad, chiefly induced by always finding friends in authority in India, to visit the various jails there. I can vouch for their fine condition, for the satisfactory food given, and for the good and profitable work done within the prison confines. One's tour would indeed be incomplete without a visit to them, and the purchase of some of the delightful rugs and dhurries and cloths which are made so well by the prisoners in spite of bolts and bars, and whose sins, alas, are so often the result of ignorance and circumstances which are perhaps not sufficiently protected. The prison garden, too, is always rich in vegetables of the best, which win a useful revenue from their sale and provide healthful outdoor recreation for the prisoners. I know not whence come the thoughts, but I blush not for them, for methinks the responsibility of exercising judgment in serious cases is too great for earthly jurisdiction. Has not one found it so in small things, injustice so great that probably existing thoughts are prompted by it. I would have prisons abolished, except for sure capital offences, and I would have in their place vast self-supporting and beautiful places where the erring ones would be refined and

purified by kindness, and where, if mistaken justice had been administered, there would not be undue suffering or disgrace for the victim. For the extreme of all offences, I maintain that if the sinner is not good enough to live, neither is he good enough to die.

“The kiss of the sun for pardon,  
The song of the birds for mirth—  
One is nearer God’s heart in a Garden  
Than anywhere else on earth.”

Every precaution was necessarily taken for Lord Mayo’s safety in visiting the prison settlement of the Andamans. A detachment of armed police moved with the Viceregal party, in front, flank and rear. Prisoners were kept at their ordinary work, and in the Islands of Viper and Ross, as an additional safeguard, the whole body of troops were under arms. The day was a lovely one of brightest sunshine, and the Viceroy, in the best of spirits, was so thoroughly enjoying it that, wishful to prolong the pleasant excursion, he suggested including Mount Harriet in the day’s inspection. Noticing that one of his attendants was overtired, he dismounted and insisted on him mounting his pony. Another, visibly overtaxed with fatigue, probably increased by an anxiety for his safety of which the Viceroy was unconscious, was ordered to rest. It was, therefore, with a reduced staff that Lord Mayo made the ascent of Mount Harriet, 1,116 feet above sea level, and one and a-half miles distant from Hoptown. There, charmed with the situation, beautified by the setting sun, he considered the possibilities of the Mount as a sanatorium for the convict settlement. “Plenty of room here,” he said, “to settle two million men,” and, sitting down, he gazed delightedly on his surroundings, murmuring again and again—“beautiful, beautiful,” and with reference to the sea and sunset he said, “It’s the loveliest thing I have ever seen.”

And so the day passed to eventide, when a return was made to the jetty at Hopetown, where the ladies of the party, closely surrounded by an escort, had been left. The Viceroy moved in front to descend to his launch when the cruel act was perpetrated — a surprise to the most vigilant. A sound was heard like the rush of some wild animal from covert, a hand was seen raised aloft with knife which gleamed in the torchlit gloaming, then followed the heavy thud of falling—of helpless, defenceless falling—and clearly visible was the form of the prostrate Viceroy, even of him who had been planning good for him and such as his assailant. In a trice, the assassin was overwhelmed, but, alas, the irrevocable deed was accomplished. Lord Mayo had risen, and, blindly staggering, fell over the pier side. He again rose, stunned, but still striving for the mastery. Aid was promptly given, and for the moment fatal results were not anticipated. The wounded man knew better. He was lifted into a native cart, quite inadequate for his proportions. "Lift up my head," he said—his last words—and thus rudely supported and deprived of all earthly dignity, the great man passed to his rest. With every sign of horror-stricken grief, the dead Viceroy was taken to the launch and again to the frigate, where Lady Mayo and her guests, unsuspecting of approaching evil, were awaiting his arrival for dinner. Eight bells were sounded as a primary warning of trouble. Next the lights were suddenly extinguished as a further warning, as well as to conceal for the time what had happened, and to veil the pitiable sight from her who thus received her lord again.

The beautiful equestrian statue, with hand outstretched as if in gentle exhortation, reminds India to all generations of the tragedy of Lord Mayo's death.

Placed on the Mayo Road, facing Park Street, it is certainly one of Calcutta's finest monuments, the work of T. Thornicroft. The nation's feelings found utterance in these words:—

“To the honoured and beloved memory of Richard Southwell, Sixth Earl of Mayo, K.P.C.M., S.I Viceroy and Governor-General of India. Humane, courteous, resolute and enlightened, struck down in the midst of a beneficent career on the 8th of February, 1872, by the treacherous hand of an assassin. The people of India mourning and indignant raise this statue. Born 21st February, 1822, assumed the Viceroyalty 12th January, 1869.”

During his farewell visit to Ireland, previous to his departure for India, Lord Mayo, with a forethought which characterized all his acts, chose the spot where he desired to be buried. “If I never return,” he said, “Let my remains be brought and laid there,” and he pointed to a shady corner in the quiet little God's Acre attached to the church on his own estates of Kildare. In pathetic silence he had wandered all over the scenes of his boyhood, and then to quote from his own diary, “October 13th: Left Palmerston amidst tears and wailing, much leave-taking and great sorrow.” And how much would this have been intensified had the future been an open page before them.

And what of the perpetrator of this crime, so cruel, so ill-deserved. There is pathos in the story, and if we go to the root of the matter there will be pity for the sinner. He knew no better. He thought to avenge a wrong. He hoped by it to win Heaven for himself. Such is one of the mistaken creeds which our Church tries to overcome. Shere Ali was an Alfreedi—an Afghan tribe—his home was in the Terai Mountains.



He had been an excellent and faithful servant in the family of a Mr. Reynell Taylor, from whom I learnt these details. Shere Ali had held a respected position as mounted orderly to Colonel James, the Commissioner of Peshawar. When received into Mr. Taylor's family the warning was given with him that he had a blood feud on hand, with a rival of his own family, and that as developments occurred he would probably desire leave to prosecute revenge in his own country. The opportunity eagerly watched and waited for came. He closed with his enemy in the Peach Groves of Peshawar and took his life. Then there remained the need for expiation for his own soul for the deed he had committed — a deed which, in his belief, remained solely between himself and his god; such action with its private aspiration remained his alone, and were not even to be shared by wife or relatives. He must work out his own salvation, but, unfortunately, his way was not the best.

Meanwhile, the earthly tribunal had dealt with the case, had tried him for murder and sentenced him to death, but out of consideration for the man's good character in service, added to the requirements of his religious convictions, the sentence was commuted to transportation for life. This is the story briefly given of the assassin of England's Viceroy. There was no hatred to Britain in the act, there was no animosity to the Viceroy, there was only for Shere Ali the satisfaction that in depriving one so great and good as Lord Mayo of his life he earned for himself a full and free expiation of his former crime, and won for himself a very high place in Valhalla — in his creed, the abode of the departed. His comparative freedom as a prisoner in the Andamans when Lord Mayo visited the island was on account of his very good conduct as a prisoner, so that a ticket-of-leave or sufficient freedom was granted him to fulfil the office of barber amongst the convicts. For three years

he had awaited his chance, and when he heard the royal salute on the 8th of February, he knew that his opportunity had come. It was quite due to the Viceregal bodyguard that he lived to suffer the sentence of death then surely passed on him, for, but for their intervention, the infuriated mob would have waited not for Courts of Justice but would have lynched him there and then.

## CHAPTER L.

**Succeeding Viceroys.**

"History owes its excellence more to the writer's manner than to the material of which it is composed."

It was very fitting that Sir John Strachey, the friend and adviser of Lord Mayo, should be appointed officiating Viceroy when the sudden need arose for a successor. That he could ill be spared from the general departmental work in which he was engaged necessitated, for the good of his many schemes, his supersession as soon as it could be arranged. It was easier to find a Viceroy than an all-round initiative genius and organiser, such as Sir John had proved himself to be.

With Sir John's name must ever be associated that of his brother, Sir Richard. The history of "The Stracheys" has not yet been written, but they won together a name of fame in our Indian Empire which promises a volume of exceeding interest from an historical as well as from a political point of view. It is matter of genuine interest to recall the great works one continually heard discussed in India as emanating from "the Stracheys." The close union of thought between the brothers was very marked. It was quite easy for each to take up the work of the other and act as each other's substitute when occasion required. Between them they held almost every great office in the State, and were intimately connected with almost every department of the administration. I cannot here enter into the details of

their work, that must be left to future historians; it is as a sort of promissory note that I introduce them in my closing pages, proud to do so from a personal knowledge and experience.

It is as radical reformers that the two Strachey will ever be known in India, and among the reforms which they initiated may be mentioned those dealing with sanitation, land tenure and the customs tariff, the method of dealing with famines and the creation of a famine insurance fund, the decentralization of provincial finance, and the policy of carrying out the great railway and irrigation works on borrowed capital. To them is due the credit of the creation of the Departments of Agriculture and Commerce, of Indian forestry and of scientific Indian meteorology. A tablet in the Fort of Agra commemorates the successful efforts of Sir John to preserve for future generations the great historic Mogul buildings such as the Taj and the tomb of Akbar. A bridge across the Jumna commemorates the services of Sir Richard as Chairman of the East Indian Railway, which, under his management, became the most prosperous trunk line in the world. Both brothers on their retirement were appointed members of the Council of India. They both reached a ripe old age, Sir John died in 1907 aged 86, and Sir Richard at the age of 90 in 1908.

Lord Napier and Etrick, K.T., was the Viceroy chosen to relieve Sir John Strachey and officiate until Lord Northbrook, the Viceroy-elect, arrived from England. It would have been difficult to find a more successful Governor than Lord Napier, but, in order to obtain his services, the game of "general post" had to be continued. He was then the Governor of Madras, but relinquished the office temporarily, and Lord Hobart took his place—but here one is treading on tender ground, for events become too recent for criticism, and

the great name of Napier speaks for itself. It is an all-powerful one in the past and present. We recall with pride the Napier (Sir Charles James) who conquered Scinde, and was afterwards Commander-in-Chief in India. Equally distinguished were his brothers, General Sir George Napier, K.C.B., Commander at Cape of Good Hope, and General Sir William Napier, K.C.B., the historian of the Peninsular War. Then the name also has honoured the Navy in the person of Sir Charles Napier, G.C.M., and still it flourishes in the present generation. The name of Lord Napier of Magdala stands out in bold relief—a lasting honour and glory to our Empire. It was with Lord Napier and Ettrick, as with Sir Charles Napier. It was late in life that he won his pre-eminence, and we have not forgotten that he was middle-aged when he won his first battle at Lucknow, and when his chivalry prompted him to stand aside until Sir Henry Havelock had won his laurels. Lord Napier of Magdala was thoroughly good in all he undertook from the time he entered the Bengal Engineers, after his final course at the Military College of Addiscombe. He was content, without dreaming of a goal of greatness, to spend his years busily and usefully doing completely well the duty of the moment, but fired, without doubt, with that military instinct and ardour of which all true and great soldiers are possessed. He had served twenty years before the special opportunity came to develop his talents, and then in close succession his indefatigable and inexhaustible powers were drawn forth, goodness ever being the foundation of his greatness. We recall him at the battle of Mudki and Firozshah, when charger after charger was shot under him, and yet his charmed life remained preserved for the work for which he was created. We find him in the front of the Sutlej campaign, in the Punjab and Gujerat, and again defending us from the Sikhs. Then in the Crimean

war, and from it he rushed to the Mutiny disaster, while his great name must ever be specially connected with the Abyssinian expedition and King Theodore and Magdala, from which he took his title. His magnificent statue, surrounded by the soldiers he loved so well, with Florence Nightingale and her lamp alongside, are, to my thinking, amongst London's proudest possessions; but, again, we have diverged, and Lord Northbrook claims his rights.

Lord Northbrook arrived in Calcutta to relieve Lord Napier in May, 1872. He was, without gainsay, a splendid Viceroy, and no mere figurehead. He held his own opinions and stood by them; he was no delegate. No detail was too small for him, nor any problem too great, and he was ceaseless in his efforts and indefatigable in his industry. One desirable quality he lacked, one justly termed good, yet too often derided—he lacked in his mixed composition that useful quality called Scottish thrift. Yet, perhaps, the assertion may be qualified. He pitied the people of India. They had been oppressed with taxation to meet the ravages of war, and for this reason he curtailed the personal strain and abolished the income tax, with a fatal result for the Government purse. There was no drawing back, however, from the error, and it was characteristic of the man to stand boldly by his guns until the Spring of 1875, when he resigned and left Lord Lytton to cope with his mistaken indulgence and refill the empty coffers as best he could.

Lord Northbrook's early years will strike a hopeful note in the apprehensions of all anxious-minded parents. As a boy he was wholly given over to sport and excelled in all its outlets. Good at play, he was, however, to prove himself good at work also. The example of others had its beneficial effect upon him and inspired him to action, with the result that unduly dormant faculties were eventually the more brilliant. "I really think we shall

make something of him eventually," said his father. "I once thought he would never be anything more than a good whip." Beginning with private Government secretarial work, he soon evolved into a Member of Parliament, and, as we have seen, even lacking that useful Scottish characteristic, became one of India's best Viceroys. He died in April, 1904.

Lord Lytton was a delightful choice of Viceroy. He had, however, no easy post to fill. He succeeded a great statesman, and there were those who feared that the accomplished litterateur, poet and highly-cultured society favourite, was ill-fitted for the governing of India. That these critics and cavillers only showed their lack of perspicacity was fully demonstrated. Being possessed of exceptional tenacity of purpose, of worth and stability, the regret became general that with a change of Government at home Lord Lytton resigned office in 1880, having been Viceroy since 1876. His was the honour, the 1st May, 1876, to proclaim our good Queen Victoria Empress of India at a Durbar of an order magnificent in detail and surpassing all others previously held in that land of pageants. It was matter for regret that the time that promised to be one of restfulness, prosperity and pleasure for India should have been marred with warfare, for Lord Lytton's term of office was disturbed by the Afghan war.

And now it is only permissible to name the succeeding Viceroys of India in their chronological order. Each had in turn his great and good influence on our Indian Empire. The Marquis of Ripon succeeded Lord Lytton in 1880. The Marquis of Dufferin and Ava followed, and retired in 1888, to be succeeded by Lord Lansdowne (1888 to 1893), whose fine statue facing the Central Drive in the maidan was unveiled by Lord Curzon. Lord Elgin, the second, held the reigns of office from 1894 to 1899, and was succeeded

by Lord Curzon, who governed until 1905. Lord Minto (1906) fulfilled his whole term of office, and was succeeded by Lord Hardinge.

There is much of moment to record in the lives and work of these more or less powerful rulers thus briefly named, but the time has not yet come for the research and scrutiny of them. When that comes, England, and India too, will have cause to honour and revere them as truly as we have done those great and good men in the past, who have too often given their lives for England in their service in India, and whose splendid work has made India what it is to-day, a home of interest, a happiness and usefulness for the sons and daughters of the Empire, as well as so much greater and better for the people of India. It is matter of great and just pride to the author to have enjoyed India under the Government of four Viceroys, and to have been closely connected with all the pleasures, interests and benefits of their respective rules.

Standing out in bold relief, with its great and lasting benefits on India, and its influence for good everywhere, must ever be that most important event, the visit of our beloved King and Queen to India in 1906. Exciting admiration then, when we knew them afar off, let me conclude with an expression of the whole-hearted love we now bear them, for their goodness so real, so tender and humane in every detail, in this our hour of tragic trial.\* A link of affection is indissolubly forged, and if aught can lighten the anguish, if joy can come with grief—it is the work of them, our beloved King and Queen.

\*The Great War, 1914.